The Young and Field ADVANCED LITERARY READER

Part One

THE YOUNG AND FIELD ADVANCED LITERARY READER

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BY

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TO THE READER

Mr. Ruskin once said that every one has a host of friends waiting to talk to him whenever he wishes to listen. They are the wisest and wittiest people of all time; they talk in the best words they can choose and of the things nearest their hearts. They wait patiently upon our bookcase shelves until we are ready to hear them speak. You have already guessed that they are the men and women who talk to us in books.

It is worth while to have such friends as these. They will be true as long as we live, and will give us both joy and knowledge. It is to bring about a closer intimacy with these good companions and a better understanding of them that this book has been prepared.

The first two sections and part of the third will make you familiar with many of our best-known American authors. Some you already know; others will perhaps be new to you. Among the best known of them are Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes, Lanier, Franklin, Irving, Cooper, Thoreau, Burroughs, Clemens, Harte, van Dyke, and Emily Dickinson.

Then you will find, in section four, that great group of English authors which made the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth famous, and you will find them in the order in which they lived and wrote — somewhat like a continued story: Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Lamb, Moore, De Quincey, Byron, Shelley, Keats; and also the two greatest German authors of the same period, Goethe and Schiller.

Some of these selections will make you think; and the more you think, the more you will find in them to think about. You are like a miner digging for precious metal. You find a piece of ore. It looks dark on the outside. Perhaps you are tempted to throw it aside. But hold it up to the light and look at it carefully. It is full of shining gold.

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THE YOUNG AND FIELD

ADVANCED LITERARY READER

PART ONE

OUTDOOR LIFE IN AMERICA

JOHN BURROUGHS

1837–

On the western edge of the Catskill Mountains, in the little village of Roxbury, New York, John Burroughs the naturalist was born in 1837. It was April; the grass and flowers were just opening; the swallows were coming from the South; the woodchucks were waking up and crawling out of their holes; all nature was springing into life, when John Burroughs came to life also.

He grew up on a farm and has always been a farmer at heart. His education was gained at the little red village schoolhouse and at the neighboring academies of Ashland and of Cooperstown. When he stopped going to school as a pupil, he went as a teacher, and taught, "off and on," for about eight years, except when he was farming. It was in one of the small towns where he taught that he found and married Mrs. Burroughs, and it was during these early years that he began to write essays, in the style of Dr. Johnson and of Emerson. One of these essays, printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* when he was twenty-three, was his first public appearance as a writer. Lowell, then

editor of the *Atlantic*, thought that this John Burroughs was trying to deceive him by sending him one of Emerson's early essays. When he was convinced that it was the work of a new writer, he declared that the young man would some day make his mark.

During the Civil War, Mr. Burroughs went to Washington, expecting to enlist in the army, but was offered a position as clerk in the Treasury Department, accepted it, and held it nearly ten years. He spent his leisure writing his first book, "Wake-Robin," and part of "Winter Sunshine." Here are memories of the Roxbury farm and records of walks in the country around Washington.

For more than ten years after leaving his clerkship in Washington, Mr. Burroughs was employed by the government as a bank examiner. He lived simply and saved most of his salary, so that at last he was able to go back to the Catskills and buy a fine farm on the west bank of the Hudson. He planted a vineyard on its sunny slope, built a comfortable house with the stones which he found scattered over his fields, and devoted himself to raising grapes and writing books. He would probably tell you that the grapes were his most important product, but most of us prefer his books. He named the farm Riverby.

Just below the house, and overlooking the vineyard and the river, is a little building of but one room, which Mr. Burroughs uses for his study. Here he does his writing, when he is not at Slabsides or at Woodchuck Lodge.

Slabsides is a cabin a mile or more up in the mountains. Mr. Burroughs built it himself and covered the outside with slabs — hence its name. At Slabsides he lives close to nature. The birds, the rabbits, the gray fox, and the 'possum come to his doorway, and he makes them his friends. 5

Woodchuck Lodge is still farther away. It is a lonely farmhouse, where Mr. Burroughs sometimes spends weeks at a time, making his study in the barn. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that he does his writing in the barn, for his study is the out of doors, as far as he 10 can ramble. At Woodchuck Lodge, as at Slabsides, the wild creatures are all about him, and he knows them well.

Mr. Burroughs is a plain, whole-souled man, who enjoys life and does not care for wealth or style or the other things that most men think important. He has taught 15 the world much about birds and animals, but perhaps the most important thing that he has taught is how little one really needs in this world in order to be happy.

Mr. Burroughs' best-known books, besides "Wake-Robin" and "Winter Sunshine," are perhaps "Locusts 20 and Wild Honey," "Pepacton," and "Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers." "Sharp Eyes" is the title of one of the papers in "Locusts and Wild Honey." This name suggests why the author is so delightful a guide and companion. His eyes are trained to see everything that is 25 going on around him.

The selection which follows is from "Pepacton."

FOLLOWING THE BEES

If you would know the delights of bee-hunting, and how many sweets such a trip yields beside honey, come with me some bright, warm, late September or early October day. It is the golden season of the year, and any errand or pursuit that takes us abroad upon the hills or by the painted woods and along the amber colored streams at such a time is enough. So, with haversacks filled with grapes and peaches and apples and a bottle of milk — for we shall not be home to dinner — and armed with a compass, a hatchet, a pail, and a box with a piece of comb-honey neatly fitted into it — any box the size of your hand, with a lid, will do nearly as well as the elaborate and ingenious contrivance of the regular bee-hunter — we sally forth. Our course at first lies along the highway, under great chestnut trees, whose nuts are just dropping, then through an orchard and across a little creek, thence gently rising through a long series of cultivated fields toward some high, uplying land, behind which rises a rugged wooded ridge or mountain, the most sightly point in all this section. Behind this ridge for several miles the country is wild, wooded, and rocky, and is no doubt the home of many wild swarms of bees. What a gleeful uproar the robins, cedar birds, high-holes, and cow blackbirds make amid the black-cherry trees as we pass along. The raccoons,

too, have been here after black cherries, and we see their marks at various points. Several crows are walking about a newly sowed wheat field we pass through, and we pause to note their graceful movements and glossy coats. I have seen no bird walk the ground with just the same air the crow does. It is not exactly pride; there is no strut or swagger in it, though perhaps just a little condescension; it is the contented, complaisant, and self-possessed gait of a lord over his domains. All these acres are mine, he says, and all these crops; men plow and sow for me, and I stay here or go there, and find life sweet and good wherever I am. The hawk looks awkward and out of place on the ground; the game birds hurry and skulk, but the crow is at home and treads the earth as if there were none to molest or make him afraid. . . .

After a refreshing walk of a couple of miles we reach a point where we will make our first trial — a high stone wall that runs parallel with the wooded ridge referred to, and separated from it by a broad field. There are bees at work there on that goldenrod, and it requires but little maneuvering to sweep one into our box. Almost any other creature rudely and suddenly arrested in its career and clapped into a cage in this way would show great confusion and alarm. The bee is alarmed for a moment, but the bee has a passion stronger than its love of life or fear of death, namely, desire for honey, not simply to

eat, but to carry home as booty. It is quick to catch the scent of honey in the box, and as quick to fall to filling itself. We now set the box down upon the wall and gently remove the cover. The bee is head and shoulders in one of the half-filled cells, and is oblivious to everything else about it. Come rack, come ruin, it will die at work. We step back a few paces and sit down upon the ground so as to bring the box against the blue sky as a background. In two or three minutes the bee is seen rising slowly and heavily from the box. It seems loath to leave so much honey behind, and it marks the place well. It mounts aloft in a rapidly increasing spiral, surveying the near and minute objects first, then the larger and more distant, till having circled about the spot five or six times and taken all its bearings it darts away for home. It is a good eye that holds fast to the bee till it is fairly off. Sometimes one's head will swim following it, and often one's eyes are put out by the sun. This bee gradually drifts down the hill, then strikes away toward a farmhouse half a mile away, where I know bees are kept. Then we try another and another, and the third bee, much to our satisfaction, goes straight towards the woods. We could see the brown speck against the darker background for many yards. The regular bee-hunter professes to be able to tell a wild bee from a tame one by the color, the former, he says, being lighter. But there is no difference; they are both alike in color and

in manner. Young bees are lighter than old, and that is all there is of it. If a bee lived many years in the woods it would doubtless come to have some distinguishing marks, but the life of a bee is only a few months at the farthest, and no change is wrought in this brief time. 5

Our bees are all soon back, and more with them, for we have touched the box here and there with the cork of a bottle of anise oil, and this fragrant and pungent oil will attract bees half a mile or more. When no flowers can be found, this is the quickest way to obtain a bee. 10

It is a singular fact that when the bee first finds the hunter's box its first feeling is one of anger; it is as mad as a hornet; its tone changes, it sounds its shrill war trumpet and darts to and fro, and gives vent to its rage and indignation in no uncertain manner. It seems 15 to scent foul play at once. It says, "Here is robbery; here is the spoil of some hive, may be my own," and its blood is up. But its ruling passion soon comes to the surface, its avarice gets the better of its indignation, and it seems to say, "Well, I had better take possession 20 of this and carry it home." So after many feints and approaches and dartings off with a loud angry hum, as if it would none of it, the bee settles down and fills itself.

It does not entirely cool off and get soberly to work till it has made two or three trips home with its booty. 25 When other bees come, even if all from the same swarm, they quarrel and dispute over the box, and clip and dart

at each other like bantam cocks. Apparently the ill feeling which the sight of the honey awakens is not one of jealousy or rivalry, but wrath.

A bee will usually make three or four trips from the hunter's box before it brings back a companion. I suspect that the bee does not tell its fellows what it has found, but that they smell out the secret; it doubtless bears some evidence with it upon its feet or proboscis that it has been upon honeycomb and not upon flowers, and its companions take the hint and follow, arriving always many seconds behind. Then the quantity and quality of the booty would also betray it. No doubt, also, there are plenty of gossips about a hive that note and tell everything. "Oh, did you see that? Peggy Mel came in a few moments ago in great haste, and one of the upstairs packers says she was loaded till she groaned with apple-blossom honey, which she deposited and then rushed off again like mad. Apple-blossom honey in October! Fee, fi, fo, fum! I smell something! Let's after."

In about half an hour we have three well-defined lines of bees established — two to farmhouses and one to the woods, and our box is being rapidly depleted of its honey. About every fourth bee goes to the woods, and now that they have learned the way thoroughly they do not make the long preliminary whirl above the box, but start directly from it. The woods are rough and dense and the hill steep, and we do not like to follow the line of

bees until we have tried at least to settle the problem as to the distance they go into the woods — whether the tree is on this side of the ridge or in the depth of the forest on the other side. So we shut up the box when it is full of bees and carry it about three hundred yards along the wall from which we are operating. When liberated, the bees, as they always will in such cases, go off in the same directions they have been going; they do not seem to know that they have been moved. But other bees have followed our scent, and it is not many minutes before a second line to the woods is established. This is called crosslining the bees. The new line makes a sharp angle with the other line, and we know at once that the tree is only a few rods into the woods. The two lines we have established form two sides of a triangle of which the wall is the base; at the apex of the triangle, or where the two lines meet in the woods, we are sure to find the tree. We quickly follow up these lines, and where they cross each other on the side of the hill we scan every tree closely. I pause at the foot of an oak and examine a hole near the root; now the bees are in this tree, and their entrance is on the upper side near the ground, not two feet from the hole I peer into, yet so quiet and secret is their going and coming that I fail to discover them and pass on up the hill. Failing in this direction, I return to the oak again, and then perceive the bees going out in a small crack in the tree.

We boldly and ruthlessly assault the tree with an ax we have procured. At the first blow the bees set up a loud buzzing, but the side of the cavity is soon cut away and the interior with its white-yellow mass of comb-honey is exposed, and not a bee strikes a blow. This may seem singular, but it has nearly always been my experience. When a swarm of bees are thus rudely assaulted with an ax, they evidently think the end of the world has come, and like true misers as they are, each one seizes as much of the treasure as it can hold; in other words, they all fall to and gorge themselves with honey, and calmly await the issue. When in this condition they make no defense and will not sting unless taken hold of. In fact they are as harmless as flies.

Bees are always to be managed with boldness and decision. Any halfway measures, any timid poking about, any feeble attempts to reach their honey, are sure to be quickly resented. The popular notion that bees have a special antipathy toward certain persons and a liking for certain others has only this fact at the bottom of it: they will sting a person who is afraid of them and goes skulking and dodging about, and they will not sting a person who faces them boldly and has no dread of them. I have climbed up into a large chestnut that contained a swarm in one of its cavities, and chopped them out with an ax, being obliged at times to pause and brush the bewildered bees from my hands and face.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell what you can of the author of this selection. 2. Describe in your own words the picture with which the selection opens. Why is the season called "golden"? Why are the woods called "painted"? Why are the streams "amber colored"? 3. Why were the birds making so gleeful an uproar? 4. What does Mr. Burroughs say of the walk and actions of the crow?

5. Tell how to find the home of the wild bees. Draw a plan showing the two points where the bee-hunter's box is placed, the home of the bees, and the lines taken by the bees in carrying home the honey. 6. What is the length of a bee's life? 7. What is meant by the bee's seeming to scent foul play? 8. How do the other bees know that one of their companions has found honey? Notice how much stronger and more interesting the description is made by imagining that the bees are talking among themselves. 9. What is the "apex" of a triangle? 10. How do wild bees behave when they are attacked and their honey is taken away? 11. How should one treat bees if one does not wish to be stung? 12. Write a short essay about bees, telling any facts that you may know about them.

If you wish to know more about bees, read all of Mr. Burroughs' "An Idyl of the Honey Bee," from which this selection is taken. It is in "Pepacton" and is also reprinted in "Birds and Bees," Riverside Literature Series. Other easy selections from Mr. Burroughs's nature studies will be found in "Birds and Bees," and in "Sharp Eyes, and Other Papers" of the same series. "Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers" and "Bird Stories from Burroughs" will also interest you.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

1794–1878

(For life of Bryant see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 146)

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN[1]

[Along the roadsides and in the meadows, during the late autumn, the blue gentian holds out its delicately fringed cup to catch the last warm sunshine of the year. It is a flower that Bryant loved, and he here tells us of his feeling toward it. It does not come with the violets nor the columbines. But when all other flowers are gone, and the woods are bare, and the birds have flown, and the frost is on the grass, this little flower looks up through its fringes, as blue as the sky itself.]

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,

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And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall 5
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart. 10

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell briefly what you know of Bryant (see Literary Readers, Book Four). 2. Where and when does the fringed gentian bloom? If possible, have one before you as you read the poem. 3. At what time of the day does the gentian open? How does the poet express this?

4. Explain "the *aged* year." What shows that the end of the year is near? 5. Notice that "quiet" is used a second time in line 3, page 23, as if the poet wished to strengthen the feeling of quietness and peace which pervades the entire poem. 6. What is the "cerulean wall" mentioned in line 6? Define "cerulean." 7. In the last stanza what "hope" does the poet have when he thinks of death? 8. Memorize the poem.

For lists of other autumn poems see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 297, and Book Five, page 353. Also Keats's "To Autumn" (page 353 of this book), Wordsworth's "Nutting," Peck's "Autumn's Mirth," and Very's "The Latter Rain."

THE YELLOW VIOLET[1]

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mold,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

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Oft, in the sunless April day,
  Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May
  I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth forget 5
  The friends in darker fortunes tried.
I copied them — but I regret
  That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
  Awakes the painted tribes of light, 10
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
  That made the woods of April bright.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Explain "beechen buds," the violet's "bell," "russet fields," "the virgin air." 2. How is spring represented in the third stanza? 3. Explain the fourth stanza. 4. What is meant by "earthward bent thy gentle eye"? 5. When the poet overlooks the violet and notices the more showy flowers, what sort of man is he like? Express in simpler words, "I regret that I should ape the ways of pride." 6. Explain "the genial hour," "the painted tribes of light." 7. Memorize the poem. 8. Compare with "To a Fringed Gentian."

For a list of poems on spring or spring flowers by other poets see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 319, and Book Five, page 371. Others are Whittier's "The Mayflowers," Emily Dickinson's "The Grass," Barry Cornwall's "The Violet," and Jean Ingelow's "Seven Times Four."

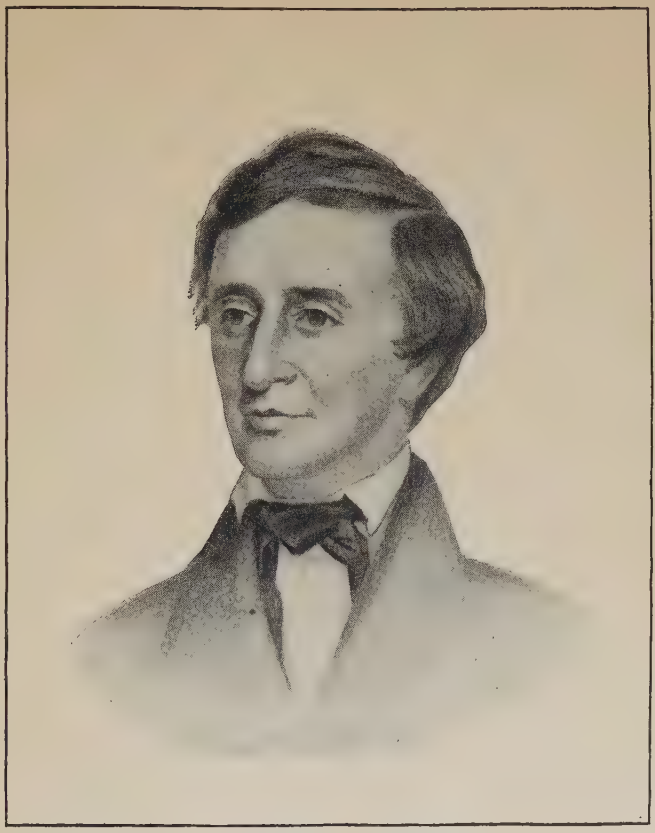
HENRY DAVID THOREAU

1817–1862

Perhaps no one ever lived who was more truly a child of nature than Thoreau. He was a most interesting character — a natural, unspoiled man, who loved children and birds and trees and wild life, but who heartily disliked towns and society.

He was born in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1817. His father had a small business as a maker of lead pencils, and Henry was brought up very simply. He was a thoughtful, serious boy, who always had a way of his own for doing things, and who always did things well. He went to college at Harvard and graduated in 1837. Then he taught school for a time and was a private tutor in several families. For two years he lived with the Emersons, to whom he made himself useful in many ways. He also helped his father, the elder Thoreau, in his business and did odd jobs of surveying, gardening, carpentering, or anything else that came to his hand. It was hard for him to settle down to any regular work. He was not ambitious to make money or to gain fame, but wished only to have enough to live upon and time to study nature.

In the summer of 1839 he and his brother John had made a boat and had paddled down the Concord River to



Henry David Thoreau

its junction with the Merrimac, and up the Merrimac as far as they could go. From there they had tramped to the White Mountains and had returned the way they came. Thoreau had written in his journal a careful description of all that he saw on this journey, and as he thought more and more of the excursion, it seemed to him that he had seen enough in the wild life of the woods and streams to give him material for a book.

He wanted to live in the open air, he wanted to think and to write; so in 1845 he went out into the country by the shore of Walden Pond, near Concord, — a mile from any neighbor, — built himself a small hut, at an expense of twenty-eight dollars, and lived alone in it for more than two years. He supported himself by the labor of his hands, spent part of his time in writing the book which he had planned, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," and put into his journal the material for another book, which he published several years later, and which he called "Walden."

After these two years in the open country he returned to town and lived for another year with the Emersons. Then he went home to his father's house, supporting himself as before by various odd jobs, but chiefly by surveying, in which he was very skillful. He also continued his writing and gave lectures. He interested every one who heard him because of his fresh and original way of looking at things.

At different times during these years Thoreau made three excursions to the woods of Maine, three walking journeys on Cape Cod, and a trip to Montreal and Quebec. He wrote accounts of these trips for the magazines, and after his death they were reprinted in the books "The Maine Woods," "Cape Cod," and "A Yankee in Canada." Still later his complete Journal was published, in fourteen volumes. Thoreau died in 1862, after a long illness brought on by exposure and cold, for he took little care of his body.

Emerson says of him:

He knew the country like a fox or a bird, and passed through it as freely by paths of his own. He knew every track in the snow or on the ground, and what creature had taken this path before him. Under his arm he carried an old music book to press plants; in his pocket, his diary and pencil, a spyglass for birds, microscope, jackknife, and twine. He wore straw hat, stout shoes, strong gray trousers to brave shrub oaks and smilax, and to climb a tree for a hawk's or a squirrel's nest. He waded into the pool for water plants, and his strong legs were no insignificant part of his armor. . . . He was of short stature, firmly built, of light complexion, with strong, serious blue eyes, and a grave aspect — his face covered in the late years with a becoming beard. His senses were acute, his frame well-knit and hardy, his hands strong and skillful in the use of tools. And there was a wonderful fitness of body and mind. He could pace sixteen rods more accurately than another man could measure them with rod and chain.

THE MAINE WOODS AND KATAHDIN

[The selection which we have chosen is from "The Maine Woods." Thoreau made this journey in August, 1846. He went with several companions by team from Bangor up the Penobscot River about sixty miles to Mattawamkeag. Thence the party tramped some thirty miles up the West Branch of the Penobscot to Shad Pond, where they obtained a bateau, or flat-bottomed boat, and with the aid of two backwoodsmen paddled and poled up the river and through a chain of lakes to a point not far from the base of Mount Katahdin. Then, leaving the bateau, they continued the journey on foot up the slope of the mountain.]

At length we reached an elevation sufficiently bare to afford a view of the summit, still distant and blue, almost as if retreating from us. A torrent was seen tumbling down in front. But this glimpse at our whereabouts was soon lost, and we were buried in the woods again. The wood was chiefly yellow birch, spruce, fir, mountain ash, and moosewood. It was the worst kind of traveling. Bunchberries were very abundant as well as Solomon's-seal and mooseberries. Blueberries were distributed along our whole route, and in one place the bushes were drooping with the weight of the fruit, still as fresh as ever. Such patches afforded a grateful repast and served to bait the tired party forward. When any lagged behind, the cry of "blueberries" was most effectual to bring them up. Even at this elevation we passed through a moose yard,

formed by a large flat rock, four or five rods square, where they tread down the snow in winter. At length, fearing that if we held the direct course to the summit we should not find any water near our camping ground, we gradually swerved to the west, till, at four o'clock, we struck again the torrent which I have mentioned, and here, in view of the summit, the weary party decided to camp that night.

While my companions were seeking a suitable spot for this purpose, I improved the little daylight that was left in climbing the mountain alone. We were in a deep and narrow ravine, sloping up to the clouds at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees and hemmed in by walls of rock which were at first covered with low trees, then with impenetrable thickets of scraggy birches and spruce trees, and with moss, but at last bare of any vegetation but lichens, and almost continually draped in clouds. Following the course of the torrent, pulling myself up perpendicular falls of twenty or thirty feet by the roots of firs and birches, and then perhaps walking a level rod or two in the thin stream, — for it took up the whole road, ascending by huge steps, as it were, a giant's stairway, down which a river flowed, — I had soon cleared the trees and paused to look back over the country. The torrent was from fifteen to thirty feet wide, without a tributary, and seemingly not diminishing in breadth as I advanced; but still it came rushing and roaring down, with a copious

tide, over and amidst masses of bare rock, from the very clouds, as though a waterspout had just burst over the mountain.

Leaving this at last, I began to work my way up the nearest peak, at first scrambling on all fours over the tops of ancient black spruce trees, from two to ten or twelve feet in height, their tops flat and spreading, and their foliage blue and nipped with cold, as if for centuries they had ceased growing upward against the bleak sky. I walked some rods erect upon the tops of these trees, which were overgrown with moss and mountain cranberries. It seemed that in the course of time they had filled up the intervals between the huge rocks, and the cold wind had uniformly leveled all over. There was apparently a belt of this kind running quite round the mountain. Once, slumping through, I looked down ten feet, into a dark and cavernous region, and saw the stem of a spruce, on whose top I stood as on a mass of coarse basketwork, fully nine inches in diameter at the ground. These holes were bears' dens, and the bears were even then at home. This was the sort of garden I made my way over, certainly the most treacherous and porous country I ever traveled. But nothing could exceed the toughness of the twigs — not one snapped under my weight, for they had slowly grown. Having slumped, scrambled, rolled, bounced, and walked by turns over this scraggy country, I arrived upon a side-hill where gray, silent

rocks were the flocks and herds that pastured. This brought me to the skirt of a cloud, and bounded my walk that night.

When I returned to my companions, they had selected a camping ground on the torrent's edge and were resting. It was savage and dreary scenery, so wildly rough that they looked long to find a level and open space for the tent. We could not well camp higher for want of fuel; and the trees here seemed so evergreen and sappy that we almost doubted if they would acknowledge the influence of fire; but fire prevailed at last. Some more aërial and finer-spirited winds rushed and roared through the ravine all night, from time to time arousing our fire and dispersing the embers about. It was as if we lay in the very nest of a young whirlwind. At midnight, one of my bedfellows, being startled in his dreams by the sudden blazing up to its top of a fir tree, whose green boughs were dried by the heat, sprang up with a cry from his bed, thinking the world on fire, and drew the whole camp after him.

In the morning, after whetting our appetite on some raw pork, a wafer of hard-bread, and a dipper of condensed cloud or waterspout, we began to make our way up the falls; this time choosing the highest peak, which was not the one I had approached before. But soon my companions were lost to my sight behind the mountain ridge in my rear, and I climbed alone over huge rocks,

loosely poised, a mile or more, still edging toward the clouds; for though the day was clear elsewhere, the summit was concealed by mist. The mountain seemed a vast aggregation of loose rocks, as if some time it had rained rocks, and they lay as they fell, nowhere fairly at rest, but leaning on each other with cavities between. They were the raw materials of a planet dropped from an unseen quarry, which the vast chemistry of nature would anon work up into the smiling and verdant plains and valleys of earth.

At length I entered within the skirts of the cloud which seemed forever drifting over the summit, and yet would never be gone, but was generated out of that pure air as fast as it flowed away. When I reached the summit of the ridge, which those who have seen it in clearer weather say is about five miles long and contains a thousand acres of table-land, I was deep within the hostile ranks of clouds, and all objects were obscured by them. Now the wind would blow me out a yard of sunlight, wherein I stood; then a gray, dawning light was all it could accomplish, the cloud-line ever rising and falling with the wind's intensity. Sometimes it seemed as if the summit would be cleared in a few moments and smile in sunshine; but what was gained on one side was lost on another. It was like sitting in a chimney and waiting for the smoke to blow away. It was, in fact, a cloud-factory. Occasionally, when the windy columns broke in

to me, I caught sight of a dark, damp crag to the right or left; the mist driving ceaselessly between it and me.

At length, fearing that my companions would be anxious to reach the river before night, and knowing that the clouds might rest on the mountain for days, I was compelled to descend. Occasionally, as I came down, the wind would blow a vista open, through which I could see the country eastward, boundless forests, and lakes and streams, gleaming in the sun. Now and then some small bird of the sparrow family would flit away before me, unable to command its course, like a fragment of the gray rock blown off by the wind.

I found my companions where I had left them, gathering the mountain cranberries, which filled every crevice between the rocks, together with blueberries, which had a spicier flavor the higher up they grew. From this elevation, just on the skirts of the clouds, we could overlook the country, west and south, for a hundred miles — immeasurable forest — no clearing, no house! It did not look as if a solitary traveler had cut so much as a walking stick there. Countless lakes — Moosehead in the southwest, forty miles long by ten wide; Chesuncook, eighteen long by three wide; and a hundred others; and mountains, also, whose names, for the most part, are known only to the Indians. The forest looked like a firm grass sward, and the effect of these lakes in its midst has been well compared to that of a "mirror broken into a

thousand fragments and wildly scattered over the grass, reflecting the full blaze of the sun."

Setting out on our return to the river, still at an early hour in the day, we decided to follow the course of the
5 torrent as long as it would not lead us too far out of our way. We thus traveled about four miles in the very torrent itself, continually crossing and recrossing it, leaping from rock to rock and jumping with the stream down falls of seven or eight feet, or sometimes sliding
10 down on our backs in a thin sheet of water. This ravine had been the scene of an extraordinary freshet in the spring, apparently accompanied by a slide from the mountain. For a rod or two, on either side of its channel, the trees were barked and splintered up to their tops, the
15 birches bent over, twisted and sometimes finely split, like a stable-broom; some, a foot in diameter, snapped off, and whole clumps of trees bent over with the weight of rocks piled on them. In one place we noticed a rock, two or three feet in diameter, lodged nearly twenty feet high
20 in the crotch of a tree.

After leaving the torrent, being in doubt about our course, Tom threw down his pack at the foot of the loftiest spruce tree at hand, and shinned up the bare trunk some twenty feet, and then climbed through the
25 green tower.

He descried a little meadow and pond, lying probably in our course, which we concluded to steer for.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you know of the life of Thoreau. 2. Point out on a map Thoreau's route from Bangor to Mount Katahdin. 3. What is an angle of forty-five degrees? Draw one. 4. Why do trees become stunted on the higher slopes of a mountain and at length disappear? 5. Why is it cold on a high mountain? 6. Explain how Thoreau could have walked over the tops of the trees. 7. Explain "where gray, silent rocks were the flocks and herds that pastured." 8. Express in simpler words "skirt of a cloud," "acknowledge the influence of fire," "aërial and finer-spirited winds," "dispersing the embers." Explain "nest of a young whirlwind."

9. What expressions on page 33 make the wind seem like a living thing? What does this add to the picture? 10. Explain "whetting our appetite," "a dipper of condensed cloud or waterspout," "the raw materials of a planet dropped from an unseen quarry." 11. Explain how the "chemistry of nature" changes rocks into earth. 12. How was the cloud "generated out of that pure air as fast as it flowed away"? Why do clouds hang about the tops of mountains? 13. Why are the clouds said to be in "hostile ranks"? 14. Explain "Now the wind would blow me out a yard of sunlight." 15. Why is the mountain called a "cloud-factory"? 16. If you have ever been in a cloud, describe how it seemed to you; if you have not, give Thoreau's description in your own words.

The first two excursions described in "The Maine Woods" have been somewhat abridged by Clifton Johnson and published as "Katahdin and Chesuncook" in the Riverside Literature Series. The book is well fitted to this grade and will give you a better acquaintance with Thoreau.

HENRY VAN DYKE

1852–

It is not often that we find a man so many-sided as Dr. van Dyke. As a poet, an essayist, a story-writer, a preacher, a college professor, and a diplomat, he has been equally successful, and he is, besides, a first-rate fisherman and an enthusiastic lover of nature.

Dr. van Dyke was born in Germantown, now a part of Philadelphia, in 1852. When he was still quite young the family moved to Brooklyn, and there he passed his boyhood. His father was his best friend, and the two spent many a holiday together in the country, tramping and fishing and listening to the birds and the brooks and the wind among the pines.

At sixteen he was ready for college and entered Princeton, where his father and grandfather had been before him. There he distinguished himself as a writer and speaker, taking a number of prizes. He graduated from Princeton College in 1873 and from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1877. Then he spent a year abroad.

In 1879 he was made pastor of a church in Newport, Rhode Island, and four years later went to New York as pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, where he remained for seventeen years. He spent his vacations camping and

fishing, and wrote "Little Rivers," "Fisherman's Luck," several religious books, and his Christmas stories, "The Other Wise Man" and "The First Christmas Tree."

In 1900 he was called to Princeton as professor of English literature, and thirteen years later was appointed United States minister to the Netherlands.

INDIAN SUMMER

[The soft dreamy atmosphere of Indian summer makes the poet think of the olden times when the Indians roamed these fields. The stacks of corn suggest their wigwams, and he seems to see their ghosts stealing through the mist of the evening, to hear their whispers in the breeze, to see and smell the smoke of their camp fires, as they bring back with them all the joy and pain of the Indian life.]

A soft veil dims the tender skies,
And half conceals from pensive eyes
  The bronzing tokens of the fall;
A calmness broods upon the hills,
And summer's parting dream distills
  A charm of silence over all.

The stacks of corn, in brown array,
Stand waiting through the placid day,
  Like tattered wigwams on the plain;
The tribes that find a shelter there
Are phantom peoples, forms of air,
  And ghosts of vanished joy and pain.

At evening, when the crimson crest
Of sunset passes down the west,
  I hear the whispering host returning;
On far-off fields, by elm and oak,
5 I see the lights, I smell the smoke —
  The camp fires of the past are burning.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of the life and work of Dr. van Dyke. 2. Describe in your own words the season of Indian summer. 3. What is meant by "A soft veil dims the tender skies"? Explain "*pensive* eyes," "bronzing tokens of the fall." 4. What does the word "broods" in line 17 suggest to you, and why is it appropriate here? 5. What feeling does the phrase "summer's parting dream" awaken in you? What is meant by "distills"? (To distill is to change a substance into a vapor and let it condense slowly, drop by drop, like the dew. The "charm of silence" falls like the dew over the landscape.)

6. Read the first two stanzas, then shut your eyes and try to see and feel the picture — the brown shocks of corn, the soft skies, the peace, and the silence. Of what is the poet thinking when he calls the shocks "tattered wigwams"? 7. In the last stanza is another picture — the cornfield at sunset. What does the poet hear that he calls "the *whispering* host returning"? What does he see and smell that make him think of the Indian camp fires? 8. Memorize the poem, and think of it when you see a field of shocked corn on a hazy Indian-summer day.

Another interesting poem by Dr. van Dyke is "The Angler's Reveille." Good prose tales are "A Handful of Clay," "The First Christmas Tree," "The Other Wise Man."

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("MARK TWAIN")

(1835–1910)

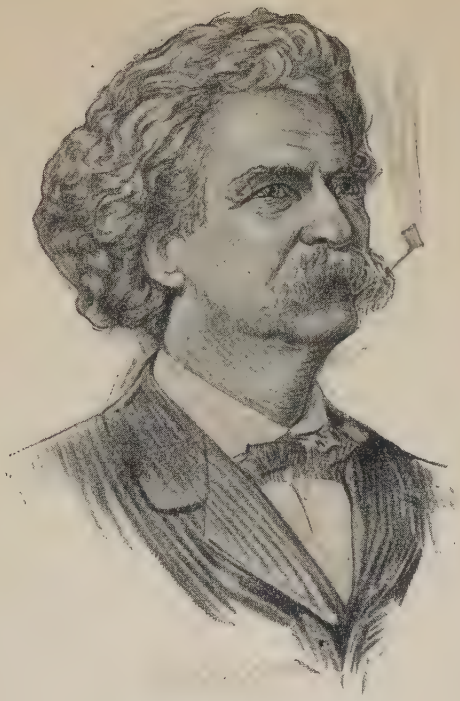
Picture to yourself an old Mississippi River steamboat drawing up to the levee at Hannibal, Missouri, some seventy years ago. A deck hand is standing on the end of the gangplank with a coil of rope in his hand; the mate is shouting orders; a gang of negroes, laden with bales and boxes, are waiting to carry their freight ashore as soon as the gangplank touches the landing stage, and on the levee, watching every movement with keen-eyed interest, stand a crowd of boys, too much excited to keep still. This is such a scene as young Sam Clemens witnessed nearly every day, and it made him long with unspeakable longing to be a river pilot.

Young Clemens was born in the little village of Florida, Missouri, in 1835. His father came of a fine old Virginia family and was better educated than most of the neighbors. His mother too was well schooled for that day, and was a woman of good judgment and a kind heart. When Sam was still very young, the family moved to Hannibal, and there he grew up, going to school in a haphazard sort of way and spending his spare time on and along the river. He says he was dragged out in a drowning condition nine times before he was fifteen.

When he was twelve his father died and the boy was obliged to go to work. He would gladly have found a place as cabin boy on one of the river boats, but his mother objected so strongly that, instead, he went into a local printing office and learned to set type. After three years of this work he was considered an expert compositor and set out to see something of the world, getting jobs in newspaper offices as far east as New York and Philadelphia. It is said that he had saved ten dollars before leaving Hannibal and had sewed it into the sleeve of his coat to be used when most needed, but he was always able to earn his way, and the ten-dollar bill was still in his sleeve when he returned home.

He now went back to his early dream of being a pilot. An old riverman agreed to "teach him the river" from St. Louis to New Orleans for five hundred dollars and take his pay out of the young man's first wages. The agreement was carried out. Clemens learned the river, with all its shoals and snags and shifting currents, secured a position, and for five years was a pilot.

At twenty-six he went to Nevada and tried silver mining. He says that on the side of a canyon he "built a small, rude cabin and roofed it with canvas, leaving a corner open to serve as a chimney, through which the cattle used to tumble occasionally at night." He did not make the fortune that he expected, but he wrote a number of articles for a newspaper in Virginia City, which earned



Samuel Langhorne Clemens

him the position of city editor. These articles were signed "Mark Twain," a name which he took from the cry of the leadsmen on the Mississippi steamboats, as they called out the depth of the water.

From Virginia City Clemens went to San Francisco and later to Hawaii, supporting himself by newspaper work. Upon his return he gave a humorous lecture, which was so successful that he repeated it in New York. Then he joined a party of tourists who were going abroad, and wrote a humorous account of his travels in a book called "Innocents Abroad."

This book made his fame and his fortune. It was different from any book of travel that had ever been written, because it made fun of everything that tourists had taken seriously. Clemens married the sister of a young man whom he met on this excursion abroad, and a few years later settled in Buffalo, New York, as editor and part owner of the *Buffalo Express*. But his success as an author made him unwilling to spend more time in newspaper work. So he moved to Hartford, Connecticut, and devoted the rest of his life to writing books. His summer home was near Elmira, New York, and his writing room was upon a hilltop, with a wide view on all sides. It was built of glass and made to look like the pilot house of a Mississippi River steamboat.

"Innocents Abroad" was followed by "Roughing It," then came "The Gilded Age," which Clemens and Charles

Dudley Warner wrote together; then "Tom Sawyer," "A Tramp Abroad," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Life on the Mississippi," and "Huckleberry Finn."

For a time Clemens engaged in the publishing business, but failed and, like Sir Walter Scott, was obliged to work hard to pay his debts. He spent his last days in peace and prosperity, surrounded by a host of friends.

THE NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

[This selection is from a newspaper account of a speech made by Mr. Clemens at a dinner of the New England Society, in New York City, in 1876.]

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration — and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather within four and twenty hours. It was I who made the fame and fortune of the man who had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial, which so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel around the world and get specimens from all climes. I said, "Don't do it; just come to New England

on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety, and quantity. Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare, weather to hire out, weather to sell, weather to deposit, weather to invest, and weather to give to the poor.

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy and thoroughly deserves it. You take up the paper and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region. See him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, and then see his tail drop. *He* doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something like this: "Probable northeast to southwest winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward and points between; high and low barometer, swapping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes with thunder and lightning." Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind, to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the

program may be wholly changed in the meantime." Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is certain to be plenty of weather, a perfect grand review, but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling pot, and two to one you are drowned. You make up your mind that an earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you are struck by lightning.

But, after all, there are at least two or three things about that weather (or, if you please, the effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. If we had n't our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries — the ice storm. Every bough and twig is strung with ice beads, frozen dewdrops, and the whole tree sparkles cold and white like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms that glow and burn and flash with all manner of colored fires; which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold. The tree becomes a spraying fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels, and it stands there the acme, the climax,

the supremest possibility in art or nature, of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence. One cannot make the words too strong. Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when
5 the ice storm comes at last I say: "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world."

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell what you can of Mark Twain. 2. What is meant by "a *sumptuous* variety"? 3. Much of Mark Twain's humor consists in exaggeration — so great that the reader is not for a moment deceived by it — and in his saying an absurd thing in a perfectly serious way. Find two examples of exaggeration on page 46; on page 47. 4. Who is "Old Probabilities"? 5. What well-known animal is suggested by the phrase "see his tail drop"? 6. Put into simpler words "compensates for all its bullying vagaries."

7. Read the description of the ice storm. Here the author drops his fun and gives a beautiful description of a winter landscape. Have you ever seen such a sight? Is this description too strong? Could you add anything to it? 8. Explain "myriads," "prisms," "inconceivable," "acme," "climax," "supremest," "foibles," "enchanting." 9. What is meant by "the books are square between us"?

Mark Twain's stories for young people are "The Prince and the Pauper," "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," and "Huckleberry Finn."

SIDNEY LANIER

1842–1881

(For life of Lanier see Literary Readers, Book Five, page 278)

TAMPA ROBINS

[This poem was written in Tampa, Florida, toward the end of Lanier's life, when he was seeking for a milder climate that would help him to live through the winter.

He hears the robin singing in the orange tree and thinks the bird is laughing at the winds and storms of the North, which he has just escaped. The robin seems to say, "While my wings can carry me here, and while these orange trees hold out their golden fruit, Time shall bring me only joy."

As the poet looks up into the tree, the oranges seem to him like planets in a sky of leaves, and the robin, with his crimson breast, like a meteor darting among them and leaving behind him a trail of song. "I'll go south with the sun," says the robin. "My wings shall carry me where I can always find summer. I will hold my red breast up to the sun, like a torch, and receive more light and brightness."]

The robin laughed in the orange tree:
"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee!
While breasts are red and wings are bold
And green trees wave us globes of gold,
Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me —
Sunlight, song, and the orange tree.

"Burn, golden globes in leafy sky,
My orange-planets: crimson I
Will shine and shoot among the spheres
(Blithe meteor that no mortal fears)
5 And thrid the heavenly orange tree
With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

. . . . . .

"I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime;
My wing is king of the summer time;
My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;
10 And I'll call down through the green and gold,
'Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me,
Bestir thee under the orange tree.'"

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of Lanier. 2. What is meant by "Ho, windy North, a fig for thee"? ("A fig" here means anything unimportant — "a snap of the fingers.") 3. What are the "globes of gold"? 4. Time is often represented as an old man with a scythe. He is supposed to cut down all living things. What will Time's scythe reap for the robin? 5. Explain the second stanza. Use simpler words for "blithe," "thrid," "minstrelsy." 6. Explain "I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime" (keep the climate I like best). 7. Explain how the robin's wing is "king of the summer time." 8. Why does the robin hold his breast to the sun, and why is his breast called a torch?

Other good selections from Lanier are "The Song of the Chattahoochee" (Literary Readers, Book Six, page 378), "Bob," and "From Morn till Night on a Florida River."

MARY NOAILLES MURFREE
("CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK")

1850–

In one of the early numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1878 appeared a very original story by a new author, Charles Egbert Craddock, giving a picture of life among the mountain people of east Tennessee. No one knew who Charles Egbert Craddock was. Even Mr. Howells, who was then editor of the *Atlantic*, didn't know. He knew only that the manuscript came from St. Louis and was written in a large bold hand with a great deal of ink. Not long after this, when Aldrich succeeded Howells as editor, one of his first acts was to "get some more Craddock stories for the *Atlantic*." They were published and attracted wide attention. A little later these stories and some others were published in a book called "In the Tennessee Mountains." Craddock became known as one of the most popular story-writers of the day, but nobody had ever seen him. Editors and publishers knew him only as the man who wrote the large hand. Aldrich once said, "I wonder if Craddock has laid in his winter's ink yet; perhaps I can get a serial out of him." He got the serial, and it was "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," one of the author's best stories.

At last, in the spring of 1885, Craddock came to Boston and called on Aldrich. Aldrich went into the room expecting to see a six-foot Tennesseean, but what was his surprise to meet a smiling woman of about thirty-five! When he had recovered from the shock, he made a little dinner party at his home and invited Dr. Holmes and Howells "to meet Craddock." They came and were as much astonished as he had been.

Miss Murfree, for such was her real name, was born at the old Murfree homestead near Murfreesboro', Tennessee, in 1850. Her great-grandfather, Colonel Hardy Murfree, had fought in the Revolution, and had come from North Carolina to Tennessee when the latter state was first opened for settlement. Murfreesboro' was named after him. Her father was a lawyer with a large local practice.

Mary went to school in Nashville and later in Philadelphia. After the war the family moved to St. Louis, where she did her first story-writing. She took a man's name because she thought that her stories might have a better chance with the editors if it was thought that the author was a man. When her success was assured she made herself known, as you have read, and took the name that belonged to her. A few years later she went back to live in the old home near Murfreesboro', called "Grantlands," and there she has continued to write, bringing out a long succession of stories. Of these, "Down the Ravine" and "The Story of Old Fort Loudon" are for young people.

Mary Noailles Murfree

DOWN THE RAVINE

["Down the Ravine" was one of Miss Murfree's earliest long stories, and was published in 1885. This selection is from the opening chapter.]

The new moon, a gleaming scimitar, cleft the gauzy mists above a rugged spur of the Cumberland Mountains. The sky, still crimson and amber, stretched vast and lonely above the vast and lonely landscape. A fox was barking in the laurel. This was an imprudent proceeding on the part of the fox, considering the value of his headgear. A young mountaineer down the ravine was reminded, by the sharp, abrupt sound, of a premium offered by the state of Tennessee for the scalp and ears of the pestiferous red fox.

All unconscious, the animal sped nimbly along the ledge of a cliff, becoming visible from the ravine below, a tawny streak against the gray rock. Swift though he was, a jet of red light flashing out in the dusk was yet swifter. The echoing crags clamored with the report of a rifle. The tawny streak was suddenly still. Three boys appeared in the depths of the ravine and looked up.

"Thar now! Ye can't git him off 'n that thar ledge, Birt," said Tim Griggs.

"I ain't goin' ter leave him thar, though," stoutly declared the boy who still held the rifle. . . .

It was a rugged ascent of forty feet or more to the narrow ledge where the red fox lay. Although the face of the cliff was jagged, the rock greatly splintered and fissured, with many ledges, and here and there a tuft of weeds or a stunted bush growing in a niche, it was very steep, and would afford precarious foothold. The sunset was fading. The uncertain light would multiply the dangers of the attempt. But to leave a dollar lying there on the fox's head, that the wolf and the buzzard might dine expensively to-morrow! . . .

To buy a horse was the height of Birt's ambition. His mother was a widow; and as an instance of the fact that misfortunes seldom come singly, the horse on which the family depended to till their scanty acres died shortly after his owner. And so, whenever the spring opened and the plows all over the countryside were starting, their one chance to cultivate a crop was to hire a mule from their nearest neighbor, the tanner. Birt was the eldest son, and his mother had only his work to offer in payment. The proposition always took the tanner in what he called a "jubious time." Spring is the season for stripping the trees of their bark, which is richer in tannin when the sap flows most freely; and the mule was needed to haul up the piles of bark from out the depths of the woods to the tanyard. Then, too, Jubal Perkins had his own crops to put in. Therefore, to hire him out on these terms seemed hardly an advantage to his master.

Nevertheless, this bargain was annually struck. The poverty-stricken widow always congratulated herself upon its conclusion, and it never occurred to her that the amount of work that Birt did in the tanyard was a disproportionately large return for the few days that the tanner's mule plowed their little fields. . . .

The boy appreciated that his simple mother was overreached, yet he could not see that she could do otherwise. He sighed for independence, for a larger opportunity. As he drove the mule round the limited circuit, his mind was far away. He anxiously canvassed the future. He cherished fiery, ambitious schemes, often scorched, poor fellow, by their futility. With his time thus mortgaged, he thought his help to his mother was far less than it might be. But until he could have a horse of his own, there was no hope — no progress. And for this he planned, and dreamed, and saved.

Partly these considerations and partly the love of adventure determined him not to relinquish the price set upon the fox's head. He took off his coat and flung it on the ground beside his rifle. Then he began to clamber up the cliff.

The two Griggs brothers, their hands in the pockets of their brown jean trousers, stood watching his ascent. Birt was climbing slowly. It was a difficult matter. Here was a crevice that would hardly admit his eager fingers, and again a projection so narrow that it seemed to grudge

him foothold. Some of the ledges, however, were wider, and occasionally a dwarfed huckleberry bush, nourished in a fissure, lifted him up like a helping hand. He quaked as he heard the roots strain and creak, for he was a pretty heavy fellow for sixteen years of age. They did not give way, however, and up and up he went, every moment increasing the depth below him and the danger. His breath was short; his strength flagged, he slipped more than once, giving himself a great fright, before he reached the ledge where the dead fox lay.

Then he whooped out his triumph to Nate and Tim in a stentorian halloo, for they had already started homeward, and presently their voices died in the distance. Birt faced about and sat down on the ledge to rest, his feet dangling over the depths beneath.

It was a lonely spot, walled in by the mountains, and frequented only by the deer that were wont to come to lick salt from the briny margin of a great salt spring far down the ravine. Their hoofs had worn a deep excavation around it in the countless years and generations that they had herded here. The "lick," as such places are called in Tennessee, was nearly two acres in extent, and in the center of the depression the brackish water stood to the depth of six feet or more. Birt looked down at it, thinking of the old times when, according to tradition, it was the stamping ground of buffalo as well as deer. The dusk deepened. The shadows were skulking in and

out of the wild ravine as the wind rose and fell. They took to his fancy the form of herds of the banished bison.

Presently he began the rugged descent, considerably hampered by the fox, which he carried by the tail. He stopped to rest whenever he found a ledge that would serve as a seat. Looking up, high above the jagged summit of the cliff, he saw the earliest star, glorious in the crimson and amber sky. Below, a point of silver light quivered, reflected in the crimson and amber waters of the lick. The fireflies were flickering among the ferns. The shadowy herds trooped down the mountain side.

Now and then his weight uprooted a bush in his hands, and the clods fell. He missed his footing as he neared the base, and came down with a thump. . . .

He took his way homeward through the darkening woods, carrying the fox in his hand. It was not long before he could hear the dogs barking, and as he came suddenly upon a little clearing in the midst of the dense, encompassing wilderness, he saw them all trooping down from the uninclosed passage between the two log-rooms which constituted the house. An old hound had half climbed the fence, but as he laid his forepaw on the topmost rail, his deep-mouthed bay was hushed — he was recognizing the approaching step of his master. Then, at the sound of his voice, all the dogs came huddling over the bars, shrilly yelping a tumultuous welcome.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of the author of this story. 2. Why is the new moon called "a gleaming scimitar"? Try to imagine the scene described in the first paragraph. What effect does a vivid description like this at the beginning of a story have upon the reader? 3. Explain "a tawny streak," "a jet of red light." Why did Birt shoot the fox?

4. What does the language used by the boys tell you about them? 5. Explain "precarious foothold," "that the wolf and the buzzard might dine *expensively* to-morrow," "a *jubious* time," "richer in tannin." 6. What kind of man do you think Jubal Perkins, the tanner, was? What tells you? 7. Put into simpler words "canvassed the future," "often scorched . . . by their futility," "determined him not to relinquish the price," "nourished in a fissure." 8. Define "stentorian" and tell the origin of the word (see Vocabulary).

9. Describe a salt lick. 10. What is meant by "the shadowy herds trooped down the mountain side"? 11. Tell what you learn of Birt's character from this selection. What things tell you this? 12. How many different pictures do you find in the selection? Describe them. Which do you like best?

You will be interested in reading the whole story "Down the Ravine," also "The Story of Old Fort Loudon," a tale of the Cherokee uprising of 1760.

(*For memorizing*)

Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

HENRY WARD BEECHER

1813–1887

Henry Ward Beecher was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1813, and was the eighth of a large family of children. His father was the Reverend Lyman Beecher, afterwards a noted clergyman; his mother was a noble woman, who died when Henry was but three years old.

The boy spent his early years at a district school which he afterwards described in these words:

> In winter we were squeezed into the farthest corner, among the little boys, who seemed to be sent to school to fill up the chinks between the bigger boys. We were *read* and *spelt* twice a day, unless something happened to prevent, which *did* happen about every other day. For the rest of the time we were busy keeping still.
>
> Besides this, our principal business was to shake and shiver at the beginning of the school for very cold; and to sweat and stew for the rest of the time before the fervid glances of a great iron box stove, red-hot.

Next, Henry was sent to a private school in a neighboring village, and afterwards to Hartford. When he was thirteen his father became pastor of a church in Boston, and took his family there. But the boy did not like the city. He missed the birds and the flowers and the woods. So he was sent to a school at Amherst, to prepare for college.

At seventeen he entered Amherst College. By that time he had decided to follow his father's profession and be a preacher. He was known in college as a brilliant debater, a fine athlete, and a generous, whole-hearted companion. His love for the beauty of nature, which was always strong, here became still stronger. He says, "I used to look across the beautiful Connecticut River valley and at the blue mountains that hedged it in, until my heart swelled and my eyes filled with tears."

He had very little money, and at least once, at the end of a term, he walked to Boston, more than a hundred miles, because he could not pay his fare in the stage-coach. At another time he earned ten dollars by giving a lecture at Brattleboro, and walked the distance of fifty miles each way.

During Beecher's college course his family moved to Cincinnati, where his father was made president of Lane Theological Seminary. It was natural, therefore, that when the young man graduated from Amherst, in 1834, he should go to Cincinnati to study for the ministry.

At the close of his theological course he married and was made pastor of a little church of twenty members in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, at a salary of two hundred dollars a year. The young couple rented two rooms over a stable and set up housekeeping. Mrs. Beecher sold her cloak for thirty dollars and with the money bought a husk mattress, a table, and a few other necessaries.

Mr. Beecher's father sent them a stove, a bedstead, and a piece of carpet.

After two years at Lawrenceburg the young preacher was called to a larger church in Indianapolis and remained there eight years. During this time he did much missionary work in the smaller villages and the backwoods and was editor of the *Indiana Farmer and Gardener*. As his salary was still small, he helped it out by raising vegetables, which he took to market before daylight.

In 1847 Mr. Beecher went to Brooklyn as pastor of Plymouth Church, and there he preached for forty years, until his death. He was editor of the *Independent* and later of *The Christian Union*; he was interested in all public questions, was a warm friend of Lincoln, and an eloquent speaker on temperance and antislavery. Besides his sermons he published "Star Papers," "Lectures to Young Men," "Eyes and Ears," "Norwood" (a novel), and a number of other books.

A RIDE

[The following selection is from "Star Papers," a series of letters published by Mr. Beecher in the *Independent* and signed with a star (*). The ride described is along the Taconic Mountains in the northwest corner of Connecticut, near Salisbury.]

Come! if you are going to-day, it's high time you were off. It's four miles to the mountain road, and then a

stiff pull up the hills. Is the lunch in the basket? Well, good morning all! And here we are under way. . . .

First you have on your right the swampy meadows, full of rank grasses, clumps of alders. A fringe of bushes and trees winds circuitously through the four-mile stretch, having in charge a brook, whose fair face the sun is not to gaze at too broadly, but only in golden glances, softened and tempered to mildness by the leafy bath of lucid green through which it passes.

Birds are busy as you ride along. Black-winged yellow-birds are harvesting the thistle-tops; kingbirds, perched upon the corner stakes of the rail fence, wait till you are fairly up to them, and then with a fling and a measured circuit they alight upon another stake four or five panels ahead. Crows, briskly flying through the air, are too intent for breakfast to spend time in cawing. Now and then a kingbird makes a dash at them and drives them up or down with unwonted nimbleness. Striped squirrels run along the fence, their pouches protuberant with prudent stores. The grasses and leaves, as you look aslant upon them, glitter with dewdrops; and all about you those nocturnal architects, spiders, have spread forth their crystal palaces, which glitter and quiver along every thread with jewel-drops. . . .

We are at the foot of the hill. It is well that we have a good horse, for it will be a stiff pull. It is the old road up the mountain; and is now principally used in hauling

charcoal. It is seldom repaired, and in many places, particularly at the steepest parts, all that could be washed away has gone long ago, leaving nothing but ledges of rock and loose round stones from the size of a hen's egg upward, indefinitely. Now we come to the first pitch. Loose the checkrein and give the horse his own way. See how bravely he makes at the hill, quickening his step and breaking into a series of jumps; the wagon clatters and shakes and bounds hither and thither, as if it were a great horse-rattle! There! stop and breathe your nag; pat him and praise him; he understands you perfectly and enjoys applause just as much as if he had but two legs instead of four. . . .

The asters are beginning to fringe the way. Goldenrod, one of the most regal of all late summer plants, waves its plumy head. Its little arching boughs, feathered with gold, light up the wayside, shine along the fence corners, and glow in patches all through the field; it follows you up the mountain sides, glittering along the edges of the laurel bush, splendidly pictured on the deep green and varnished leaves. . . .

Come, Charley, away with you: and away it is, sure enough; bounce, clatter, thwack, up here, down a little there, over this side, over upon that, and at length, at full jump, up another pitch steeper than the last. Now, while he breathes, you may see that the next rise is steeper yet, and the next steeper than that; and if you

could see around that turn of the road, as you will full soon enough, you would find another steeper than all of them put together. There is no more riding for the present. We must take it afoot, leaving the horse only an empty wagon to draw. For little silver-threaded streams are coming down the side of the rocks at every few rods; there is also such variety and beauty of leaf, and withal, such a hearty smell of the woods, that with occasional peeps at the distant country through forest and meadows, you find enough to tempt you to leisurely ascent, to say nothing of other reasons for it which your feet find out. . . .

Do you hear that noise? Yes! a storm is coming up — or is it the wind in the forest trees? It is neither; but the sound of a waterfall, mellowed to a deep, grand murmur. Fasten the horse and let us turn off and see it; it is but a few moments' walk, but is worth many hours if you could not reach it sooner. There it opens! It is but a few feet wide; it drops a hundred feet right over the mountain's edge, to begin with, and white as snow; then it lovingly embraces an insensible rock and dashes down beyond it a double fall, whiter than before. Emboldened by its success, it now commences every species of fantastic caper that ever entered the imagination of a mountain brook. It comes together and then widens over that shelving rock, rushing down into a crystal pool.

Let us return. Now, well-rested Charley, let us put at that grand ascent. Nothing loath, he canters up with such right good will that we must run too, over stones, up this bank, down that gully, bearing to the right over
5 that ledge, close up to the left from that gully, round that point; and yonder is the top. Now get in, and we will take the left fork of the road, leaving that log cabin, locked up, to its solitude. We now wind pleasantly round the side of the mountain's upper cone, having a
10 deep, gorgelike valley on our left, at the bottom of which roars one of the most romantic of all mountain streams.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Mr. Beecher's life. 2. What country is described in this selection? Notice how the objects in nature are *personified*, that is, thought of as acting like persons; the bushes *have in charge* the brook, the sun is not to *gaze* too broadly. Name other passages that show this. As personification is used chiefly in poetry, this may be called poetic prose. 3. Explain "circuitously," "golden glances, softened to mildness by the leafy bath of lucid green," "harvesting the thistle-tops," "protuberant with prudent stores," "nocturnal architects," "embraces an insensible rock." 4. What descriptive passages do you especially like?

Other interesting descriptions in "Star Papers" are "A Discourse of Flowers," "The First Breath in the Country," and "Bird Singing." Among Beecher's best speeches are "The American Flag" and "The Death of Lincoln."

HENRY TIMROD

1829–1867

In the old city of Charleston, South Carolina, toward the close of the year 1829 was born one of the most inspired of our Southern poets, Henry Timrod. The father of this boy was also a writer of verse and was the editor of a literary paper; his mother was an earnest lover of nature, and from her the boy received his passionate fondness for the woods and flowers.

When Henry Timrod grew up and went to school, it happened that his seat mate was Paul Hayne, a boy who also became in after years a well-known poet. There was less than a month's difference in age between the two boys, and they became close friends. Hayne tells us that when they were about thirteen, Henry came to school one morning with "a ballad of stirring adventures" which he had just written and which he wanted his friend to read and admire. His friend read and admired it and urged him to write more.

Timrod went to college at the University of Georgia, but left at the end of his first year — partly because of ill health and partly because there was not enough money in the family to pay his expenses. He returned to Charleston and for a time studied law, but it soon

became clear to him that he was not made for a lawyer. Then came the Civil War. Timrod enlisted in the Southern army and went to the front, but was ill most of the time, and at last decided regretfully that he was not strong enough to live a soldier's life. He continued with the army for a time as a newspaper correspondent, but this also proved too hard for him. So he went home and devoted himself to the task of getting well. When he had partly regained his health he became assistant editor of a daily paper in Columbia, and when Columbia was burned he went with his paper to Charleston. He married in 1864 and for a year or two enjoyed fairly good health, but the newspaper work paid him little and his poems still less; he was in sore straits and had to sell his furniture and silver, piece by piece, in order to buy groceries; yet he remained cheerful through it all, and wrote jokingly to Hayne, "We have eaten two silver pitchers, one or two dozen silver forks, several sofas, innumerable chairs, and a huge bedstead."

Matters soon went from bad to worse. The poet found that he had consumption in an advanced stage, and although he was helped somewhat by two visits to Hayne's home among the pines of Georgia, he received no permanent relief, and died two years after the close of the war, at the age of only thirty-seven.

About five years after his death his poems were collected by Hayne and published in book form.

SPRING

[This fine imaginative poem describes the coming of spring in Carolina. Notice how the objects of nature — spring, the jasmine, the forest tree, the crocus, the rose — all seem to the poet *human.* This sympathy with nature is one of the marks of true poetry.]

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air 5
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns 10
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there 's a look about the leafless bowers 15
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn; 20

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

5 Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
10 The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
15 And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there 's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
20 Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Timrod's life. 2. To what part of the country does this poem refer? What tells you? 3. Explain "nameless pathos." 4. Explain lines 9–12, page 69. Notice how the sight of objects in nature recalls to the poet other beautiful or interesting things which are like them. Much of the beauty of poetry lies in these comparisons. Sometimes it is by a word or phrase, called a *metaphor*, as when it is said that "the jasmine burns its fragrant lamps"—meaning that the fragrance of the flower is like the incense from some cathedral lamp, or that the bright yellow of the jasmine in the dark lagoons shines out like the flame of a lamp. Sometimes the comparison is expressed more definitely by saying that one thing *is like* another, — as in the fifth stanza, where it is said that the tassels of the elm put on the brown of the autumn corn, "*like* those strange semblances" between age and childhood. This fuller expression is called a *simile*.

5. Explain lines 13–16, page 69. Find a metaphor and a simile. Find examples of personification in this poem. (Metaphor, simile, and personification are all called "figures of speech.") 6. What figure is in line 3, page 70? 7. What figure in "azure gems," line 6? 8. Explain lines 15, 16, page 70. 9. Explain the last two stanzas. 10. Memorize the stanzas that you like best.

Other fine poems of Timrod are "Hark to the Shouting Wind," "Katie," "A Summer Shower," and "The Cotton Boll."

BRET HARTE

1839–1902

Life in California during the ten years which followed 1849 was a curious mixture of good and evil. Gold had been discovered, and people of every sort were flocking to get it. Farmers, mechanics, lawyers, physicians, scholars, adventurers, gamblers, honest men, and roughs, all went together and worked in the "diggings." They went by wagon or on foot, across the plains, or sometimes by sea around Cape Horn, but the reason of their going was always the same — they were after gold.

Among the thousands who went to California during this period were a Mrs. Harte of Albany, New York, and her son Bret. Mr. Harte, the husband and father, had been a teacher in a large private school in Albany and had died leaving his family without means of support. Bret — or Francis Bret, as the baptismal register had it — was born in 1839, and had received only a common-school education, when, at the age of fifteen, he started with his mother on the long and difficult journey westward to St. Louis and across the plains.

After numerous adventures they reached the end of their journey, but they did not find what they went for. The boy was unsuccessful in his efforts at mining and

Bret Harte

equally so in trying to teach school, but after a time he found a job in a printing office, learned to set type, and three years after his arrival in California was a regular compositor in the office of the San Francisco *Era*. While working at the type case he would occasionally set up something for which he had no copy — a paragraph or two about some scene or event that he remembered in the mining camps — and would slip it into the paper to fill a column. Western newspapers at that time were carelessly managed, and often the men in the composing room would fill in with material that the editor knew nothing about. But these paragraphs of Bret Harte's were so good that the editor, when he saw them, asked for more, and the work of the young compositor gradually changed from typesetting to literary composition.

Not long after this Harte was made the editor of a literary paper in San Francisco called *The Californian*, but it was not a success. Then he secured a position in the United States Mint at San Francisco, which he held for six years, meanwhile writing a number of short stories and poems for various papers. In 1868 a magazine known as the *Overland Monthly* was started in San Francisco, and Harte, who was then becoming known as a writer, was given the editorship of it. The first few stories that he wrote for the new magazine brought him a wide reputation. "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Tennessee's Partner," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and others of

these stories are tales of mining life in which rough and hardened men are shown to have their good side. Harte's poem "Truthful James, or The Heathen Chinee" was also published in the *Overland Monthly* and was copied and read all over the United States and England. 5

In 1871 Harte left California and went to New York, where he wrote stories for the *Atlantic Monthly* and gave popular lectures on California life. About seven years later he was appointed United States consul to the city of Krefeld, Germany, and a little later was transferred to 10 Glasgow. He never returned to the United States to live, but when he had lost his consular position through a change in the administration, he went to London and remained there during the rest of his life.

BABY SYLVESTER

[In this story Harte tells how he once took care of a baby 15 bear that belonged to a miner in California. The miner, Dick Sylvester, who was a friend of Harte's, had suddenly been called East and sent the bear to Harte for protection. Harte says that he sat up nearly all night with Mrs. Brown, his landlady, waiting for its arrival. The story proceeds as follows:] 20

One o'clock came, but no Baby. Two o'clock — three o'clock passed. It was almost four when there was a wild clatter of horses' hoofs outside, and with a jerk a wagon stopped at the door. In an instant I had opened it and confronted a stranger. 25

"Do you reckon to tackle that animile yourself"? he asked, as he surveyed me from head to foot.

I did not speak, but, with an appearance of boldness I was far from feeling, walked to the wagon and called "Baby!"

The straps were cut loose, and Baby quietly tumbled to the ground, and rolling to my side, rubbed his foolish head against me.

I had great difficulty in keeping Mrs. Brown from smothering him in blankets and ruining his digestion with the delicacies of her larder; but I at last got him completely rolled up in the corner of my room and asleep. I lay awake some time later with plans for his future. I finally determined to take him to Oakland, where I had built a little cottage and always spent my Sundays. And in the midst of a rosy picture of domestic felicity I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was broad day. My eyes at once sought the corner where Baby had been lying. But he was gone. I sprang from the bed, looked under it, searched the closet, but in vain. The door was still locked; but there were the marks of his blunted claws upon the sill of the window that I had forgotten to close. He had evidently escaped that way — but where? The window opened upon a balcony, to which the only other entrance was through the hall. He must be still in the house.

I dressed myself hurriedly and slipped into the hall. The first object that met my eyes was a boot lying upon the stairs. It bore the marks of Baby's teeth, and as I looked along the hall I saw too plainly that the usual array of freshly blackened boots and shoes before the lodgers' doors was not there. As I ascended the stairs I found another, but with the blacking carefully licked off. On the third floor were two or three more boots slightly mouthed; but at this point Baby's taste for blacking had evidently palled.

A little farther on was a ladder leading to an open scuttle. I mounted the ladder, and reached the flat roof that formed a continuous level over the row of houses to the corner of the street. Behind the chimney on the very last roof something was lurking. It was the fugitive Baby. He was covered with dust and dirt and fragments of glass. But he was sitting on his hind legs, and was eating an enormous slab of peanut candy with a look of mingled guilt and infinite satisfaction.

I hurried him, with the evidences of his guilt, back to the scuttle and descended on tiptoe to the floor beneath. I met no one on the stairs, and his own cushioned tread was inaudible. I think he was conscious of the dangers of detection, for he even forbore to breathe, or much less chew the last mouthful he had taken; and he skulked at my side with the sirup dropping from his motionless jaws.

I locked him in when I went to breakfast, where I found Mrs. Brown's lodgers in a state of intense excitement over certain mysterious events of the night before and the dreadful revelations of the morning. It appeared that burglars had entered the block from the scuttles; that being suddenly alarmed they had quitted our house without committing any depredation, dropping even the boots they had collected in the halls; but that a desperate attempt had been made to force the till in the confectioner's shop on the corner, and that the glass show case had been ruthlessly smashed. A courageous servant in No. 4 had seen a masked burglar on his hands and knees attempting to enter their scuttle; but on her shouting, "Away wid yees," he instantly fled.

That night Baby and I decamped from Mrs. Brown's. It was nearly midnight when I reached my little cottage on the outskirts of Oakland; and it was with a feeling of relief and security that I entered, locked the door, and turned him loose in the hall, satisfied that henceforward his depredations would be limited to my own property.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Harte's life. 2. Tell something of how the miners lived in California. 3. Put into simpler language "the delicacies of her larder," "a rosy picture of domestic felicity," "without committing any depredation," "a desperate attempt had been made to force the till."

You will be interested in the complete story of Baby Sylvester and in "How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar."

EMILY DICKINSON

1830–1886

In the beautiful old college town of Amherst, Massachusetts, stands a colonial house behind a high thick hedge of evergreens. It is as quiet and secluded a home as one could find, and in it for more than half a century lived one of the most secluded of our poets, Emily Dickinson.

She was born there in 1830, and grew up, a shy, delicate, elfish child, gay and full of fun, but thoughtful beyond her years. Her father was a lawyer and served for many years as treasurer of Amherst College. Emily attended a private school in Amherst and later went to Mount Holyoke Seminary at South Hadley, only about ten miles distant. As a young woman she was brilliant, witty, and well-informed on all subjects. As she grew older she gave herself up to her books and her flowers. It is said that whenever a visitor came through the gate she would leave the family and run away to her room.

She never married, but spent her life with her father and mother in the old home behind the evergreens. Just across the lawn lived her brother and his wife, with a niece and two nephews whom she greatly loved. She played with the children as if she were a child herself.

Her poems were all short, and she wrote them only for her friends, inclosing them in letters which are as quaint and brief and full of meaning as the poems themselves.

Among the closest of these friends was Helen Fiske Jackson, who was born in Amherst a year later than Miss Dickinson and was the daughter of one of the college professors. The two girls grew up together.

THE BLUEBIRD[1]

Before you thought of spring,
Except as a surmise,
You see — God bless his suddenness!
A fellow in the skies
Of independent hues,
A little weather-worn, —
Inspiriting habiliments
Of indigo and brown.

With specimens of song,
As if for you to choose,
Discretion in the interval,
With gay delays he goes
To some superior tree
Without a single leaf,
And shouts for joy to nobody
But his seraphic self!

[1] Copyright, 1891. Little, Brown, and Company.

Emily Dickinson, as a child

IF I CAN STOP ONE HEART FROM BREAKING[1]

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
5 Or help one fainting robin
Into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of the life of Emily Dickinson. 2. Explain "Except as a surmise," "Of independent hues," "A little weather-worn," "Inspiriting habiliments." 3. Why does the poet say "God bless his suddenness"? Is this break in the line better or worse than if she had said "A fellow in the skies comes suddenly"? Why? 4. Explain "With *specimens* of song," "Discretion in the interval" (probably the full meaning is that the bluebird uses discretion in the interval between these bits of song). 5. What do the last two lines tell you of the bluebird's song? Is "seraphic" a good adjective here? Why? Try to *feel* the poem: the bluebird a little ruffled by his long journey, the bare trees, the snatches of song, the joy, the carelessness of it all. 6. Memorize the poem "If I can stop One Heart from Breaking."

Other simple poems by Miss Dickinson are "Out of the Morning" (See Literary Readers, Book Three, page 65), "A Day," "The Robin," "In the Garden," "Autumn," "Chartless."

[1] Copyright, 1890. Little, Brown, and Company.

STORIES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY BY AMERICAN AUTHORS

JOAQUIN MILLER

1841–1913

(For life of Miller see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 134)

COLUMBUS[1]

[We honor Columbus as the discoverer of America, but not for that alone. We honor him quite as much because of the difficulties that he conquered and the dangers that he overcame. You have read in your histories that five hundred years before Columbus, Leif the Norseman sailed down from Greenland along the northern coast of America and found a pleasant land where grapes grew. But like all good things that come easily it was forgotten easily. So far as we know, he never tried again to find it.

But the discovery made by Columbus did not happen; it was the end of years of planning and trying. Even when he had got his ships and sailed out into the west through dreadful storms and still more dreadful calms, his sailors turned against him. But he overcame them as he had overcome the winds and the sea, and at last, by keeping at it and never wavering, he did what he set out to do.

[1] Copyright. Whitaker and Ray-Wiggin Company.

In reading this poem think of the story of that dangerous voyage over an unknown sea, in the three frail little ships; think of the fear of the sailors, of the winds blowing them always in one direction, away from home; think of the storm, of the calm which held them almost motionless for days, of the mutiny of the crew, of the feeling that they were no longer in the world, but in a strange far-off region inhabited perhaps by monsters. Yet Columbus never faltered. He had fixed his heart upon a great work and nothing could make him turn back. Here are two selections from the ship's journal that will show what happened on the last days of the voyage:

Wednesday, October 10, 1492: Sailed west-southwest. . . . Here the crew could stand it no longer. They complained of the long voyage, but the Admiral encouraged them. . . . And he added that it was useless to murmur, because he had come in quest of the Indies, and was going to continue until he found them, with God's help.

Thursday, October 11, 1492: Sailed west-southwest, and encountered a high sea, higher than had been met with hitherto. . . . The Admiral at ten o'clock at night, standing on the deck, saw a light, but so indistinct that he did not dare to say it was land. . . . Two hours after midnight the land appeared two leagues off.]

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
  "Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say, 5
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said: 10
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"— 15
  He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
  "This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait
  With lifted teeth, as if to bite! 20
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
  What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
  "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell something of Joaquin Miller's life. 2. What and where are the Azores? Why "gray"? 3. What are the Gates of Hercules? 4. In the first stanza, what frightened the mate? Why did the stars seem to go out?

5. In lines 1 and 2, page 85, who is speaking? Why were the men mutinous? 6. In the third stanza, what frightened the mate? In the last line of the third stanza, who is speaking?

7. In the fourth stanza, what frightened the mate? (In telling of these fears the mate is speaking for all the sailors.) 8. In line 18 to what does the mate compare the sea? What is the curling lip? the teeth? 9. What was the "one good word" that the mate wanted Columbus to speak? 10. In line 5, page 86, the poet looks forward to the time when this new world which Columbus has discovered shall be the home of a great nation; and the light seems to grow and take the shape of the stars in the American flag. "Time's burst of dawn" means the dawning or beginning of a new age and a new world. What was the world that Columbus gained? What was the great lesson that he gave to the new world?

JOHN FISKE

1842–1901

About the middle of the last century, inhabitants of Middletown, Connecticut, who happened to be passing the house of old Mrs. Fiske, after school was out in the afternoon, often noticed a tall, strong boy with a shock of shaggy red hair reading a book on the doorstep. It was John Fiske, who lived there with his grandmother, and who was known in the village as an unusual boy.

He was born in Hartford, in 1842, his father being a newspaper editor named Green, who afterwards went to Panama and died there while the son was with Grandmother Fiske in Middletown. The boy's name was originally Edmund Fiske Green, but later he took the name John Fiske, which had belonged to his great-grandfather.

John continued to live with his Grandmother Fiske until he was ready for college. He was the only child in the house, and many boys would have thought it a dull life; but there was a fine old library which greatly interested him, and he began to read histories of Greece and Rome when he was only seven years old. Before he was eight he had read all of Shakespeare and some of Milton, Bunyan, and Pope. He was very exact, and would make maps or charts of everything he read.

He began to study Latin at six, and at thirteen had read more of the Latin authors than are read to-day in many colleges. He began algebra at eight and Greek at nine. His Greek dictionary was not complete enough to please him; he wanted a larger one, but the one he wanted would cost five dollars, and his prudent grandmother could not think of paying such a sum for a thing which seemed so unnecessary. John was determined to have the dictionary, however, and set about earning the money for it. A junk dealer on the next street was buying bones at thirty-seven cents a barrel. John picked up bones wherever he could find them until he had filled five barrels. These he sold, and by doing odd jobs of various kinds added to his fund until he had $3.40. At this point his grandmother, seeing him so determined, gave him enough to make up the five dollars.

He entered Harvard at fourteen and did far more work than was required, but he had such perfect health that his work never seemed to wear upon him. After leaving college he studied law. He won his first case and might have become successful in his profession, but he preferred to write. His first works were on philosophy, but later he became interested in American history, and is now best known for his historical writings, the most widely read of which are "The Discovery of America," "Old Virginia and her Neighbors," "The Beginnings of New England," and "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America."

CAPTAIN SMITH VISITS THE POWHATAN

[The following selection is taken from "Old Virginia and her Neighbors." The colonists who settled Jamestown in 1607 had spent much of the following spring in digging a shining kind of ore which they supposed to be gold, but which afterward proved entirely worthless. This discovery of the shining ore came at a time when they should have been planting corn, and the result was that the next autumn they found themselves without enough provisions to carry them through the winter. A number of new settlers had arrived from England, and they too needed food.

It was during the preceding winter that Captain Smith had been captured by the Powhatan and rescued by Pocahontas. The captain was now seemingly on good terms with the Powhatan, and supposed that he could obtain corn from him in exchange for beads and copper. But you will see that their trading proved to be a difficult and dangerous matter.

Before reading the selection it will be well to have freshly in your mind the story of the Jamestown settlement. Read the account in any good American history, or read Mr. Montgomery's story of it in the Literary Readers, Book Four, page 238.]

During the past winter Pocahontas had made frequent and regular visits to Jamestown, bringing corn and occasionally venison, raccoons, and other game; and this aid had been so effective as to ward off famine for that season. But a change had come over her father and his councilors. As the English kept strengthening their

fortifications and building houses, as the second and third shiploads of colonists arrived, the Indians must have begun to realize that it was their intention to stay in the country. On Smith's first visit to Werowocomoco, when the Powhatan said that he should henceforth regard him as a son, he showed himself extremely curious to know why the English had come to his part of the world. Instead of thirty-eight men at Jamestown there were now two hundred. Every painted and feathered warrior knew that these pale children were not good farmers and that their lives depended upon a supply of corn. By withholding this necessary of life, how easy it might be to rid the land of their presence!

As the snows began to come, toward Christmas of 1608, Smith's fears began to be realized. When the Indians were asked for corn they refused with a doggedness that withstood even the potent fascination of blue glass beads. Smith fully comprehended the seriousness of the situation. "No persuasion," he says, "could persuade him to starve." If the Indians would not trade of their own free will, they must be made to trade. The Powhatan asked for some men who could aid him in building a house, and Smith sent to Werowocomoco fourteen men, including four of the newly arrived Germans. Smith followed with twenty-seven men in the pinnace and barge. In the party were George Percy and Francis West, brother of Lord Delaware. At Warrasqueak Bay, where they stopped

the first night, a chieftain told them to beware of treachery at Werowocomoco; the Powhatan, he said, had concocted a scheme for cutting their throats. Captain Smith thanked the redskin for his good counsel, assured him of his undying affection, and proceeded down the river to Hampton, where he was very hospitably entertained by the Kecoughtans, a small tribe numbering about twenty warriors. For about a week — from December 30, 1608, till January 6, 1609 — a fierce blizzard of snow and sleet obliged the party to stay in the dry and well-warmed wigwams of the Kecoughtans, who regaled them with oysters, fish, venison, and wild fowl. As they passed around to the northern side of the peninsula and approached the York River, the Indians seemed less friendly. When they arrived at Werowocomoco the river was frozen for nearly half a mile from the shore, but Smith rammed and broke the ice with his barge until he had pushed up to a place where it was thick enough to walk safely; then sending the barge back to the pinnace, the whole party were landed by instalments. They quartered themselves in the first house they came to and sent to the Powhatan for food. He sent them venison, turkeys, and corn bread.

The next day, January 13, the wily barbarian came to see Smith and asked him bluntly how soon he was going away. He had not asked the English, he said, to come and visit him, and he was sure he had no corn for

them, nevertheless he thought he knew where he could get forty baskets of it for one good English sword per basket. Hearing this speech, Captain Smith pointed to the new house already begun, and to the men whom he had sent to build it, and said: "Powhatan, I am surprised to hear you say that you have not invited us hither; you must have a short memory!" At this retort the old chieftain burst into fits of laughter, but when he had recovered gravity it appeared that his notions as to a bargain remained unchanged. He would sell his corn for swords and guns, but not for copper; he could eat corn, he could not eat copper. Then said Captain Smith: "Powhatan, to testify my love for you I sent you my men for your building, neglecting mine own. . . . As for swords and guns, I told you long ago I had none to spare. You must know that the weapons I have can keep me from want; yet wrong you I will not, except you constrain me by bad usage."

This covert threat was not lost upon the keen barbarian. He quickly replied that within two days the English should have all the corn he could spare. "But," said he, "I have some doubt, Captain Smith, about your coming hither, which makes me not so kindly seek to relieve you as I would. For many do inform me that your coming hither is not for trade, but to invade my people and possess my country. They dare not come to bring you corn, seeing you thus armed with your men. To free us of

this fear, leave your weapons aboard the ship, for here they are needless, we being all friends."

With many such discourses did they spend the day; and on the morrow the parley was renewed. Again and again the old chief insisted that before the corn could be brought the visitors must leave their arms on shipboard; but Smith was not so blind as to walk into such a trap. He said: "Powhatan, the vow I made you of my love, both myself and my men have kept. As for your promise, I find it every day violated by some of your subjects; yet for your sake only we have curbed our thirsting desire of revenge. And I think your judgment sufficient to conceive that had we intended you any hurt, we could long ere this have effected it. . . . As for your hiding your provisions, we shall not so starve as you conclude; your friendly care in that behalf is needless, for we have ways of finding food that are quite beyond your knowledge."

The hint that perhaps white men could get along without his corn, after all, seems to have wrought its effect upon the crafty Powhatan. Baskets filled with the yellow grain were brought, and dickering began. With a sorrowful face and many sighs the chief exclaimed: "Captain Smith, I never used any chief so kindly as yourself, yet from you I receive the least kindness of any. Captain Newport gave me swords, copper, clothes, a bed, towels, or whatever I desired; ever taking what I offered him, and would send away his guns when I entreated him.

None doth refuse to do what I desire but only you. But if you intend so friendly as you say, send hence your arms that I may believe you."

Smith felt sure that this whimpering speech was merely
5 the cover for a meditated attack. Of his thirty-eight Englishmen but eighteen were with him at the moment. He sent a messenger to his vessels, ordering all save a guard of three or four men to come ashore, and he set some Indians to work breaking the ice, so that the barge
10 could be forced up near to the bank. For a little while Captain Smith and John Russell were left alone in a house with the Powhatan and a few squaws, when all at once the old chief slipped out and disappeared from view. While Smith was talking with the women, a crowd
15 of armed warriors surrounded the house, but instantly Smith and Russell sprang forth and with drawn swords charged upon them so furiously that they all turned and fled, tumbling over one another in their headlong terror.

This incident gave the Englishmen a moral advantage.
20 The Indian plot, if such it was, had failed, and now "Powhatan, to excuse his flight and the sudden coming of this multitude, sent our Captain a great bracelet and a chain of pearl, by an ancient orator that bespoke us to this purpose: 'Captain Smith, our chief is fled; fearing
25 your guns, and knowing when the ice was broken there would come more men, he sent these numbers but to guard his corn from stealing, which might happen without

your knowledge. The Powhatan is your friend, and so will forever continue. Now since the ice is open he would have you send away your corn, and if you would have his company, send away also your guns.' " It was ingeniously if not ingenuously said, but the concluding request remained unheeded, and Smith never set eyes on his Father Powhatan again. With faces frowning, guns loaded and cocked, the Englishmen stood by, while a file of Indians with baskets on their backs carried down the corn and loaded it into the barge.

The Englishmen would at once have embarked, but the retreating tide had left the barge stranded, so that it was necessary to wait for the next high water. Accordingly it was decided to pass the night in the house where they were already quartered, which was a kind of outpost at some distance from the main village, and they sent word to the Powhatan to send them some supper. Then the Indians seem to have debated the question whether it would be prudent to surprise and slay them while at supper or afterward while asleep. But "that dearest jewel, Pocahontas," says the narrative, "in that dark night came through the irksome woods and told our Captain great cheer should be sent us by and by; but Powhatan and all the power he could make would afterward come kill us all, if indeed they that brought it did not kill us when we were at supper. Therefore if we would live she wished us presently to be gone. Such

things as she delighted in we would have given her; but with the tears running down her cheeks she said she durst not be seen to have any, for if Powhatan should know it she were but dead; and so she ran away by herself as she
5 came." Within less than an hour eight or ten stalwart Indians appeared, bringing venison and other dainties, and begged the English to put out the matches of their matchlocks, for the smell of the smoke made them sick. The captain sent the messengers back to Father Powhatan
10 with a concise but significant message: "If he is coming to visit me to-night, let him make haste, for I am ready to receive him." One can imagine how such an announcement would chill the zeal of the Indians. A few of their scouts prowled about, but the English kept vigilant guard
15 till high tide and then sailed away.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Fiske's life. 2. Tell briefly what had happened at Jamestown up to the time when this story begins. 3. Trace on a map the route of Smith and his party. 4. Put into simpler language "potent fascination," "concocted a scheme," "landed by instalments," "wily barbarian," "recovered gravity," "moral advantage." 5. What excuse did the Powhatan offer for making Smith wait? What does this show of his character? Is this true of the Indian character generally? The quoted matter is from an old history by Captain Smith.

Fiske's simplest histories are "How the United States became a Nation" and his "School History of the United States."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1807–1882

(For life of Longfellow see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 63)

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

[The story told in this poem is an old tradition of Plymouth. Longfellow prepared himself for writing it by carefully studying the chronicles and letters which have come down to us, and putting himself into the atmosphere of colonial times. The poem was published in 1858, when the poet was living at Cambridge and after he had resigned his professorship at Harvard.]

MILES STANDISH

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,

Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling piece, musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was
5 already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion. . . .

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe inter-
10 rupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.
"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection! . . .
See how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging;

That is because I have done it myself and not left it to others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock, 5
Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,
And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!"
This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams
Dance on the waves of the sea and vanish again in a moment. . . .

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them 10
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding;
Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible. . . .
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman, 15

Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb marks thick on the margin,
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest. . . .

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the
5 Captain,
Reading the marvelous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards,
Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Cæsar!
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally
10 skillful! . . .
Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,
When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,
And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together

There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,
Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,
Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;
Then to widen the ranks and give more room for their weapons;
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other. 5
That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!" . . .

Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth: 10
"When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.
Be not, however, in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!"
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:
"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen, 15

Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish."
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and cuil-
ing his phrases:
"'T is not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.
This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it;
5 Every hour in the day I think it, and feel it, and say it.
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and
dreary;
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden
Priscilla.
She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother
10 Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming,
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the
dying,
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself that
if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,
Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name
is Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other
15 abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared
to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the
most part.
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,

Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language, 5
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness, 10
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered:
"Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it;

If you would have it well done, — I am only repeating your maxim, —
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"
But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth:
"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it;
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,

Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added:
"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me;
Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!"
Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred;
What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!" 5

[Alden went through the woods to the home of Priscilla, plucking as he went a bunch of Mayflowers to give her. As he drew near he heard her singing.

She was seated beside her spinning wheel, with the soft wool piled at her knee. She arose and gave him her hand, saying 10 simply that she knew it was he, for she had heard his step in the passage. He gave her the flowers, sat down, and repeated the Captain's message, blurting it out very bluntly and not at all as the Captain thought he would give it. Priscilla was amazed. She had never thought of such a thing. Alden praised 15 his friend and told how brave and good he was. Then Priscilla, knowing that Alden was embarrassed and that he really loved her, smiled and asked why, instead of urging the claims of his rival, he did not speak for himself.

Alden rushed out into the open air, torn with conflicting 20 feelings — with love for Priscilla and duty to his friend. He saw the *Mayflower* at anchor in the harbor. The ship was to go back to England next day, and he decided to go with it and leave Plymouth forever.]

JOHN ALDEN

Soon he entered his door and found the redoubtable Captain
Sitting alone and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.
Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanor,
Even as one who is waiting an answer and fears not the
5 issue.
"Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us;
But you have lingered so long that while you were going and coming
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous
10 adventure
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;
How he had seen Priscilla and how he had sped in his courtship,
Only smoothing a little and softening down her refusal.
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,

Words so tender and cruel, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"
Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth and stamped on the floor, till his armor
Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,
E'en as a hand grenade, that scatters destruction around it. 5
Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you have betrayed me!
Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!" . . .

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,
Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins on his temples.
But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway, 10
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,
Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians!
Straightway the Captain paused, and without further question or parley
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,

Buckled the belt round his waist, and frowning fiercely, departed.
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.
Then he arose from his seat and looked forth into the darkness,
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the
5 insult,
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and folding his hands as in childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming; . . .
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and
10 defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect;
While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
And beside it outstretched, the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and challenge
15 of warfare,

Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.
This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating
What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,
Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting. . . .
Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth, 5
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger,
"What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses?
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils? . . ."

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture, 10
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this is your answer!"

[Standish marched out of the village early the following morning with eight soldiers and a friendly Indian guide, to pursue the savages. The settlers went about their work. The signal gun announced the departure of the *Mayflower*. Alden was on the shore with one foot upon the gunwale of the boat, ready to embark, when glancing around he caught sight of Priscilla looking at him so sadly and so reproachfully that he turned back. She was now an orphan and without close friends. She trusted in his friendship, and he believed she needed him. So he stayed, and the ship sailed out. As Alden turned to go home he found Priscilla standing beside him. She asked his forgiveness for having spoken as she did the day before and hoped he would still be her friend. He answered that she might always depend upon him.

Months passed. Alden often went to see Priscilla, and they talked together of many things. One autumn afternoon, as he was holding her yarn that she might wind it the more easily, a messenger appeared and breathlessly announced that Miles Standish had been killed — shot by a poisoned arrow. Alden, feeling that he could now honorably marry Priscilla, "spoke for himself," and the wedding day was fixed.]

THE WEDDING DAY

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence and stood like the Law and the Gospel,

One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,
After the Puritan way and the laudable custom of Holland. . . . 5

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,
Clad in armor of steel, a somber and sorrowful figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition?
Why does the bride turn pale and hide her face on his shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air, — a bodiless, spectral illusion? 10
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,

As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand and moved its lips, but was silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.
But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,
Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement
Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!
Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion: "Forgive me!
I have been angry and hurt, — too long have I cherished the feeling;
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,
Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.
Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."
Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us, —
All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"

Then the Captain advanced, and bowing, saluted Priscilla,
Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,
Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,
Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband. . . .

Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,
Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey. . . .
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Longfellow's life. 2. Tell what you can of Miles Standish and his position in the Plymouth colony. 3. Explain "doublet," "Cordovan leather," "corselet," "matchlock." What is meant by Standish's beard being "flaked with patches of snow"? 4. Tell what you can of John Alden. 5. What light do the three books mentioned throw upon the character of Standish? Can you judge of a person by the kind of books he reads? What was the "ponderous Roman"?

6. What is Longfellow's object in making Standish tell this story about Cæsar? 7. Tell what you can of Priscilla. 8. How long had the Pilgrims been at Plymouth, and what tells you this? 9. Explain the line "I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases." Why didn't Standish go to Priscilla himself? Did he have any idea of the sacrifice he was asking of Alden? Why didn't Alden tell him? 10. Define "taciturn," "gainsay," "redoubtable," "sinister omen," "incursions," "choleric." 11. Do Longfellow's careful and exact descriptions of books tell you anything about himself? 12. Explain what a rattlesnake skin filled with arrows meant, and why?

13. What is meant by the Elder and Magistrate standing "like the Law and the Gospel"? 14. Explain the allusion to Ruth and Boaz. 15. Define "laudable," "apparition," "illusion." 16. Why did the Captain hesitate? What does his action here add to your idea of his character? 17. Describe the last picture. What does it add to the effect of the poem? 18. Select the descriptions that you think the finest; the most musical lines; examples of alliteration; fine metaphors; similes. 19. What great thought runs through the poem? How is it illustrated in Alden? in Standish? in Priscilla?

WASHINGTON IRVING

1783–1859

At the end of the American Revolution, and just as the British soldiers were about to leave New York, the family of Mr. William Irving on William Street were rejoiced at the birth of another son, the eleventh child that had come into their home. This was on the third of April, 1783. As General Washington was then in the mind of every loyal American, and as the people of New York were then anxiously awaiting his entry into the city, what could be more natural in naming this boy than to call him Washington? At all events, that is the name his parents gave him — Washington Irving.

It is said that when the lad was about six years old, General Washington, then president of our new nation, happened to be in New York. The old Scotch nurse of the Irving family determined that the president should see his young namesake; so she followed the great man into a shop, leading young Washington Irving by the hand, and said, "Please, your honor, here's a bairn was named after you." The president smiled, placed his hand on the boy's head, and gave him his blessing. He did not then suspect that in later years this same boy would write the greatest of his biographies, the "Life of Washington."

Young Irving grew up like most boys and was distinguished chiefly for his good nature and his happy disposition. He was fond of reading, but not of hard study, and though his father would have been glad to send him to college, he did not care to go. Instead, he read law in the office of a New York attorney and prepared to practice.

But about this time his health failed, and he was obliged to give up work. His friends urged him to go to Europe, thinking that the voyage might benefit him. He went, and remained abroad two years. When he came back he was well and strong again and began the practice of law in New York, writing during his leisure hours. It is interesting to remember that he was one of the lawyers employed at the trial of Aaron Burr in 1807.

He began his literary work by publishing, with a friend, a paper called "Salmagundi," the purpose of which was to make fun of all the foolish things that were to be seen in New York society. This paper was very successful, and Irving followed it by writing a comic history of New York, which he pretended was written by an old gentleman named Knickerbocker, "a small, brisk-looking old gentleman, dressed in a rusty black coat, a pair of olive velvet breeches, and a small cocked hat." This gentleman, he said, had disappeared from the hotel where he had been living, and had left with his landlord the manuscript of this history because he could not pay his board bill. The history begins very seriously, and many

Washington Irving

readers went through a number of pages before they began to see that the writer of it was laughing at them.

Irving was never in a hurry about anything, and for more than five years he did not follow up his success by
5 writing another book. Instead, he went into business with his brothers, but the War of 1812 and the hard times that followed it ruined their plans. During this time Irving went to England, and for several years helped his brother Peter, who had charge of their English branch;
10 but at length the business failed completely, and he then found that he must write in order to support himself.

So he went to London and wrote "The Sketch Book," which contains the now famous stories, "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." This was followed
15 by "Bracebridge Hall" and "Tales of a Traveler." In England he made friends with Scott and visited at Abbotsford. After some five years he went to Spain and lived for a time in that beautiful old Moorish ruin, "The Alhambra," at Granada. In Spain he wrote the
20 "Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus," his first serious history, which brought him both fame and wealth. Then followed the "Conquest of Granada," "Spanish Voyages of Discovery," and "The Alhambra."

After seventeen years abroad Irving came back to
25 America and made a journey over the Western prairies and mountains, writing the "Tour of the Prairies," "Astoria," and "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville."

But he grew tired of this roving life, and in 1835, at the age of fifty-two, he bought an old Dutch farmhouse at Tarrytown on the Hudson (it was the old Van Tassel house mentioned in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow") and added wings and gables to it until he had made of it a beautiful home. He first called it "Wolfert's Roost," but afterwards it was known as "Sunnyside."

Irving never married, but he loved his brothers' children as if they had been his own, and here in this fine old country house he gathered them around him. In 1842, when Tyler was president and Daniel Webster was Secretary of State, Irving was appointed United States ambassador to Spain. He accepted the post with some regret, remained abroad four years, and then came back to enjoy the home and friends that he had left. His last and perhaps greatest work was the "Life of Washington," which was published only a short time before his death, in 1859. During his later years he became a friend of both Dickens and Thackeray. Dickens wrote that he had upon his shelves, and in his thoughts, and in his heart of hearts everything that Irving had ever written, and that he cared more for Irving's praise than for that of any living man. Thackeray called him "the dear and good Washington Irving."

We always think of Irving as a cheery, kind-hearted, fun-loving gentleman, a little old-fashioned perhaps, but thoroughly delightful — such a person as we should all like to know and with whom we should delight to talk.

THE ADVENTUROUS VOYAGE OF COMMODORE VAN KORTLANDT

[This selection is from "Knickerbocker's History of New York," and describes how one of the Dutch settlers named Oloffe Van Kortlandt set out from Communipaw, now Jersey City, to explore the coast and try to discover a better place for their settlement. It is written in the high-sounding language used by many writers of Irving's time, and the fun of it lies in the description of a simple little excursion as if it were a very heroic enterprise. We call this style the mock-heroic.]

No sooner did the first rays of cheerful Phœbus dart into the windows of Communipaw, than the little settlement was all in motion. Forth issued from his castle the sage Van Kortlandt, and seizing a conch shell, blew a far-resounding blast that soon summoned all his lusty followers. Then did they trudge resolutely down to the waterside, escorted by a multitude of relatives and friends, who all went down, as the common phrase expresses it, "to see them off." . . .

The good Oloffe bestowed his forces in a squadron of three canoes and hoisted his flag on board a little round Dutch boat shaped not unlike a tub, which had formerly been the jolly-boat of the *Goede Vrouw*. And now, all being embarked, they bade farewell to the gazing throng upon the beach, who continued shouting after them, even when out of hearing, wishing them a happy voyage,

advising them to take good care of themselves, not to get drowned, — with an abundance other of those sage and invaluable cautions generally given by landsmen to such as go down to the sea in ships and adventure upon the deep waters. In the meanwhile the voyagers cheerily urged their course across the crystal bosom of the bay and soon left behind them the green shores of ancient Pavonia.

And first they touched at two small islands which lay nearly opposite Communipaw, and which are said to have been brought into existence about the time of the great irruption of the Hudson, when it broke through the Highlands and made its way to the ocean. . . . They next coasted by Governor's Island, since terrible from its frowning fortress and grinning batteries. They would by no means, however, land upon this island, since they doubted much it might be the abode of demons and spirits, which in those days did greatly abound throughout this savage and pagan country.

Just at this time a shoal of jolly porpoises came rolling and tumbling by, turning up their sleek sides to the sun and spouting up the briny element in sparkling showers. No sooner did the sage Oloffe mark this, than he was greatly rejoiced. "This," exclaimed he, "if I mistake not, augurs well: the porpoise is a fat, well-conditioned fish, a burgomaster among fishes; his looks betoken ease, plenty, and prosperity. I greatly admire this round fat

fish, and doubt not but this is a happy omen of the success of our undertaking." So saying, he directed his squadron to steer in the track of these alderman fishes.

Turning, therefore, directly to the left, they swept up the strait vulgarly called the East River. And here the rapid tide which courses through this strait, seizing on the gallant tub in which Commodore Van Kortlandt had embarked, hurried it forward with a velocity unparalleled in a Dutch boat navigated by Dutchmen; insomuch that the good commodore, who had all his life long been accustomed only to the drowsy navigation of canals, was more than ever convinced that they were in the hands of some supernatural power, and that the jolly porpoises were towing them to some fair haven that was to fulfill all their wishes and expectations.

Thus borne away by the resistless current, they doubled that boisterous point of land since called Corlear's Hook, and leaving to the right the rich winding cove of the Wallabout, they drifted into a magnificent expanse of water surrounded by pleasant shores whose verdure was exceedingly refreshing to the eye. While the voyagers were looking around them on what they conceived to be a serene and sunny lake, they beheld at a distance a crew of painted savages, busily employed in fishing, who seemed more like the genii of this romantic region, — their slender canoe lightly balanced like a feather on the undulating surface of the bay.

At sight of these the hearts of the heroes of Communipaw were not a little troubled. But as good fortune would have it, at the bow of the commodore's boat was stationed a very valiant man, named Hendrick Kip (which, being interpreted, means chicken, a name given him in token of his courage). No sooner did he behold these varlet heathens than he trembled with excessive valor, and although a good half mile distant, he seized a musketoon that lay at hand, and turning away his head, fired it most intrepidly in the face of the blessed sun. The blundering weapon recoiled and gave the valiant Kip an ignominious kick, which laid him prostrate with uplifted heels in the bottom of the boat. But such was the effect of this tremendous fire, that the wild men of the woods, struck with consternation, seized hastily upon their paddles and shot away into one of the deep inlets of the Long Island shore.

This signal victory gave new spirits to the voyagers; and in honor of the achievement they gave the name of the valiant Kip to the surrounding bay, and it has continued to be called Kip's Bay from that time to the present. The heart of the good Van Kortlandt — who, having no land of his own, was a great admirer of other people's — expanded to the full size of a peppercorn at the sumptuous prospect of rich unsettled country around him, and falling into a delicious reverie, he straightway began to riot in the possession of vast meadows of salt marsh and interminable patches of cabbages. From this delectable

vision he was all at once awakened by the sudden turning of the tide, which would soon have hurried him from this land of promise, had not the discreet navigator given signal to steer for shore; where they accordingly landed
5 hard by the rocky heights of Bellevue. . . .

Here, seated on the greensward, by the side of a small stream that ran sparkling among the grass, they refreshed themselves after the toils of the seas by feasting lustily on the ample stores which they had provided. . . .

10 By this time the jolly Phœbus, like some wanton urchin sporting on the side of a green hill, began to roll down the declivity of the heavens; and now, the tide having once more turned in their favor, the Pavonians again committed themselves to its discretion, and coasting along
15 the western shores, were borne towards the straits of Blackwell's Island. . . .

Just before them the grand course of the stream, making a sudden bend, wound among embowered promontories and shores of emerald verdure that seemed to melt
20 into the wave. The worthies of Pavonia, little mistrusting the guileful scene before them, drifted quietly on, until they were aroused by an uncommon tossing and agitation of their vessels. For now the late dimpling current began to brawl around them, and the waves to
25 boil and foam with horrific fury. Awakened as if from a dream, the astonished Oloffe bawled aloud to put about, but his words were lost amid the roaring of the waters.

And now ensued a scene of direful consternation. At one time they were borne with dreadful velocity among tumultuous breakers; at another, hurried down boisterous rapids. All the elements combined to produce a hideous confusion. The waters raged, the winds howled; and as they were hurried along, several of the astonished mariners beheld the rocks and trees of the neighboring shores driving through the air!

At length the mighty tub of Commodore Van Kortlandt was drawn into the vortex of that tremendous whirlpool called the Pot, where it was whirled about in giddy mazes until the senses of the good commander and his crew were overpowered by the horror of the scene and the strangeness of the revolution.

How the gallant squadron of Pavonia was snatched from the jaws of this modern Charybdis has never been truly made known, for so many survived to tell the tale, and what is still more wonderful, told it in so many different ways, that there has ever prevailed a great variety of opinions on the subject.

As to the commodore and his crew, when they came to their senses they found themselves stranded on the Long Island shore. The worthy commodore, indeed, used to relate many and wonderful stories of his adventures in this time of peril: how that he saw specters flying in the air, and heard the yelling of hobgoblins . . . but the truth of them has never been clearly ascertained.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell the story of Irving's life, and give the titles of six of his books. 2. Why did he write "Knickerbocker's History of New York," and what did he say about its author? 3. Where was the settlement of Communipaw? 4. What is meant by "the first rays of cheerful *Phœbus*"? Who was Phœbus? 5. Why does Irving call the three canoes a *squadron*? 6. What was the *Goede Vrouw*? What is a jolly-boat? 7. Put into simpler words "the briny element," "augurs well," a "well-conditioned fish." 8. What is meant by "a burgomaster among fishes"? "the genii of this romantic region"? "varlet heathens"? "musketoon"? "fired it most intrepidly"? 9. Tell in your own words what Kip did when he saw the Indians. 10. What is meant by Van Kortlandt's heart expanding "to the full size of a peppercorn"? 11. What is meant by the sentence, "By this time the jolly Phœbus," etc., page 124? 12. Express in other words "embowered promontories," "shores of emerald verdure," "mistrusting the guileful scene," "dimpling current," "direful consternation," "tumultuous breakers," "beheld the rocks and trees . . . driving through the air." 13. What is the *vortex* of a whirlpool? 14. Why is the Pot called a "modern Charybdis"? 15. How do you explain the statement that the voyagers told this tale in so many ways? 16. What facts in history show that the early settlers believed in demons?

You may be interested in reading in "Knickerbocker's History" the rest of this account of Van Kortlandt's expedition. Other stories of Irving which may be read in this grade are "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and some of the Moorish legends in "The Alhambra." For "Rip Van Winkle" see the Advanced Literary Reader, Part II.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

1706–1790

One of the great Americans of Revolutionary times was Benjamin Franklin. He wrote the story of his own life so clearly and so interestingly that no one else can hope to tell it half so well. He did not write it to celebrate himself, and did not intend it for publication, but began it as a letter to his son, William Franklin, then colonial governor of New Jersey. In 1771 the elder Franklin, then sixty-five years old, was in England on public business for the colonies, and having taken a brief vacation, he spent part of the time in writing this letter, which consisted of about one third of the present "Autobiography."

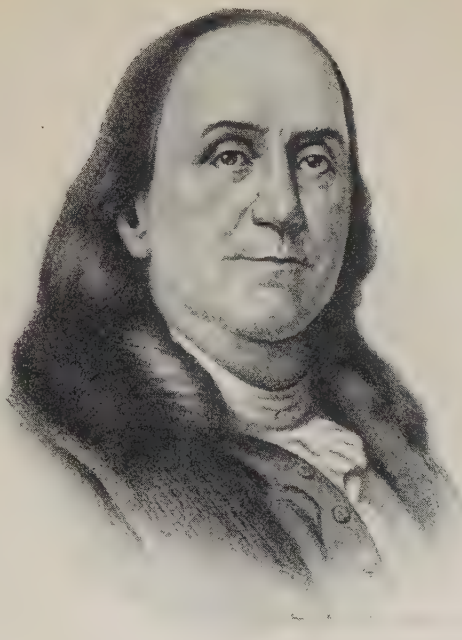
His friends urged him to finish the work, and in response to their continued requests he wrote, thirteen years later, another portion of it. This was written in France, where he was at that time the representative of the new American nation. Toward the end of his life he wrote a little more upon it, but the work was never finished. A part of it appeared in French in 1791, but not until 1868 was the entire book published in English.

The first of the following selections from the "Autobiography" is abridged; the second is nearly complete.

FRANKLIN'S BOYHOOD

I was the youngest son, and was born in Boston, New England. My elder brothers were all put apprentices to different trades. I was put to the grammar school at eight years of age, my father intending to devote me to the service of the Church. I continued at the grammar school not quite one year, but my father, in the meantime, from a view of the expense of a college education, which, having so large a family, he could not well afford, altered his first intention, took me from the grammar school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownell. At ten years old I was taken home to assist my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler. I disliked the trade and had a strong inclination for the sea, but my father declared against it; however, living near the water, I was much in and about it, learnt early to swim well and to manage boats.

From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the "Pilgrim's Progress," my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters,



Benjamin Franklin

to set up his business in Boston. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business and became a useful hand to my brother. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces. My brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me and put me on composing occasional ballads, and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them. Though a brother, he considered himself as my master, and me as his apprentice. He was passionate, and had often beaten me, which I took extremely amiss; and thinking my apprenticeship very tedious, I was continually wishing for some opportunity of shortening it.

At length, a fresh difference arising, I took upon me to assert my freedom. When he found I would leave him he took care to prevent my getting employment in any other printing house of the town, by going round and speaking to every master, who accordingly refused to give me work. I then thought of going to New York as the nearest place where there was a printer. My friend Collins agreed with the captain of a New York sloop for my passage. I sold some of my books to raise a little money, was taken on board, and as we had a fair wind, in three days I found myself in New York, near three hundred miles from home, a boy of but seventeen, without the least recommendation to, or knowledge of, any person in the place, and with very little money in my pocket.

THE JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA

My inclinations for the sea were by this time worn out, or I might now have gratified them. But having a trade and supposing myself a pretty good workman, I offered my service to the printer in the place, old Mr. William Bradford, who had been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but removed from thence. He could give me no employment, having little to do and help enough already; but says he, "My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, by death. If you go thither I believe he may employ you." Philadelphia was a hundred miles further; I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

In crossing the bay, we met with a squall that tore our rotten sails to pieces, prevented our getting into the Kill and drove us upon Long Island. On our way a drunken Dutchman, who was a passenger, too, fell overboard; when he was sinking I reached through the water to his shock pate and drew him up, so that we got him in again. His ducking sobered him a little, and he went to sleep. . . .

When we drew near the island, we found it was at a place where there could be no landing, there being a great surf on the stony beach. So we dropped anchor and swung round towards the shore. Some people came down to the water edge and hollowed to us, as we did

to them; but the wind was so high, and the surf so loud, that we could not hear so as to understand each other. There were canoes on the shore, and we made signs and hollowed that they should fetch us; but they either did not understand us or thought it impracticable; so they went away, and night coming on, we had no remedy but to wait till the wind should abate; and in the meantime the boatman and I concluded to sleep if we could; and so, crowded into the scuttle, with the Dutchman, who was still wet; and the spray beating over the head of our boat leaked through to us, so that we were soon almost as wet as he. In this manner we lay all night, with very little rest; but the wind abating the next day, we made a shift to reach Amboy before night, having been thirty hours on the water, without victuals.

In the evening I found myself very feverish and went in to bed; but having read somewhere that cold water drank plentifully was good for a fever, I followed the prescription, sweat plentifully most of the night, my fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day; I was thoroughly soaked, and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopped at a poor inn, where I stayed all night, beginning now to wish that I had never left home. I cut so miserable a

figure, too, that I found, by the questions asked me, I was suspected to be some runaway servant, and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded the next day and got in the evening to an inn within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and finding I had read a little, became very sociable and friendly. Our acquaintance continued as long as he lived. . . .

At his house I lay that night, and the next morning reached Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before my coming, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday; wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought gingerbread to eat on the water, and asked her advice. She invited me to lodge at her house till a passage by water should offer; and being tired with my foot traveling, I accepted the invitation. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of oxcheek with great good will, and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going towards Philadelphia, with several people in her. They took me in, and as there was no wind, we rowed all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it, and would row no

farther; the others knew not where we were; so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till day-
5 light. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arrived there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning and landed at the Market street wharf. . . .

10 I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was
15 very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it, a man being sometimes more generous
20 when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till near the market house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and inquiring where he got it, I went
25 immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia.

Then I asked for a threepenny loaf and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market street as far as Fourth street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut street and part of Walnut street, eating my roll all the way, and coming round, I found myself again at Market street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draft of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us and were waiting to go further.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them and thereby was led into the great meetinghouse of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them and after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the

preceding night, I fell fast asleep and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

Walking down again toward the river and looking in the faces of people, I met a young Quaker man whose countenance I liked, and accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," says he, "is one place that entertains strangers, but it is not a reputable house; if thee wilt walk with me, I'll show thee a better." He brought me to the Crooked Billet in Water street. Here I got a dinner, and while I was eating it several sly questions were asked me, as it seemed to be suspected from my youth and appearance that I might be some runaway.

After dinner my sleepiness returned, and being shown to a bed, I lay down without undressing and slept till six in the evening, was called to supper, and went to bed again very early, and slept soundly till next morning. Then I made myself as tidy as I could and went to Andrew Bradford the printer's. I found in the shop the old man his father, whom I had seen at New York, and who, traveling on horseback, had got to Philadelphia before me. He introduced me to his son, who received me civilly, gave me a breakfast, but told me he did not at present want a hand, being lately supplied with one;

but there was another printer in town, lately set up, one Keimer, who perhaps might employ me; if not, I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work to do now and then till fuller business should offer.

The old gentleman said he would go with me to the new printer; and when we found him, "Neighbor," says Bradford, "I have brought to see you a young man of your business; perhaps you may want such a one." He asked me a few questions, put a composing stick in my hand to see how I worked, and then said he would employ me soon, though he had just then nothing for me to do. . . .

Keimer's printing house, I found, consisted of an old shattered press and one small, worn-out font of English, which he was then using himself. I endeavored to put his press into order fit to be worked with. A few days after, Keimer sent for me. And now he had got another pair of cases, and a pamphlet to reprint, on which he set me to work.

Franklin proved to be a much better printer than his employer, and Governor Keith promised to help him set up a shop of his own. With this purpose Franklin went to London to buy type and a press, but Keith did not advance the money as he had promised, and the young man had to depend upon himself, as usual. He found

a job in a London printing office and worked there for about a year and a half. Then he returned to Philadelphia and served for a time as clerk in a dry-goods store, but before long was in the printing business again. Later he bought a small newspaper, the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, which Keimer had started, and made it one of the important newspapers of the colonies.

In 1730, at the age of twenty-four, Franklin married Miss Read, the young lady who, as a girl, had seen him eating his rolls on that morning when he entered Philadelphia. He was active in every public work. At twenty-five he founded the Philadelphia Library; at twenty-six he began the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanac," which he continued for a quarter of a century, writing or putting into form for it the proverbs and wise sayings which made it famous. At thirty-one he was made postmaster of Philadelphia, and some years later postmaster-general for the colonies. He suggested and helped to organize an academy which developed into the University of Pennsylvania. He was interested in science, and his experiments with a kite and a silk cord proved that lightning was electricity, a fact not before known. For this discovery several English universities gave him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

He was of great service as an adviser during the French and Indian War; he went to England as a special representative of the colonies before the Revolution and secured the repeal of the Stamp Act; he was

one of the committee who drafted the Declaration of Independence, and during the war represented the colonies in France, gaining the help of the French government at a time when it was most needed. At the close of the war he returned to this country and (although he was then eighty years of age) was elected governor of Pennsylvania, and a few years later was active in framing the new Constitution of the United States. Whatever he did, he did well. That was the reason for his success.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Franklin's life. How did he get his education? 2. Explain "apprentice." 3. What advantage did Franklin's knowledge of books give to him on his journey? Is an educated person better treated than an uneducated one?

4. Does the exactness of Franklin's statements—for instance, that the woman gave him oxcheek for dinner or that he had a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper—increase or lessen the interest of the story? Why? 5. What reason is given for a person's being more generous when he has but little money? Is there any other reason? 6. Explain "Crooked Billet," "composing stick," "font." 7. When Keimer told Franklin that he had no work, what did Franklin do to show that he wished to be helpful? Does this give you a hint as to one reason for his success in life? Name other reasons. Some one has defined success as "a genius for hard work." What does that mean, and how does it apply to Franklin?

You will want to read all of the "Autobiography" and some of the proverbs from "Poor Richard's Almanac."

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

1789–1851

Cooper was the earliest of our great American novelists. He wrote tales of Indians and trappers, of the forest, and of fighting on land and sea. He was the first to write a really good story of American life and to show the romance and heroism of the American pioneers.

Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789, the year in which Washington was elected first president of the United States. When the boy was a little more than a year old the Cooper family moved from New Jersey to central New York, which was then almost an unbroken forest, inhabited by Indians and wild beasts. Cooper's father had come into possession of a large tract of forest land around Otsego Lake, had made a clearing and founded a settlement which was known as Cooperstown. It was there that he took his family. Not long afterward he built among the trees by the shore of the lake a large mansion after the fashion of the manor houses of England, and called it Otsego Hall.

Young Cooper's childhood was thus spent in the wilderness. He had books and a cultured home, with all the advantages that his father could give him, — for the elder Cooper was esteemed a wealthy man for those days, —

James Fenimore Cooper

but he was still in the midst of the forest, and his only friends, outside of the Hall, were trappers, woodsmen, and Indians. It is no wonder that he came to know the forest as few writers have known it, and that the descriptions with which he filled his books were true and sympathetic.

Cooperstown grew rapidly, and a school was soon established in which the boy took his first schooling. Then he was sent to Albany to prepare for college, and at thirteen went to Yale. Instead of graduating he decided to prepare for the navy, and at seventeen took his first step by shipping as common sailor on a merchantman bound for London, Gibraltar, and other foreign ports. The voyage lasted sixteen months. On his return his father, who was a member of Congress, secured an appointment for him as midshipman.

He served three years in the navy; then married, resigned his commission, and went back to New York to take care of his estates, living part of the time at the old home on Otsego Lake and part of the time near his wife's parents in Westchester County.

He had now reached the age of thirty, and had never thought of writing stories. One day, at about this time, he was reading to Mrs. Cooper a new novel that had just come over from England. It did not please him. "I believe I could write a better story myself," he said, as he threw down the book.

"Why don't you try?" asked his wife.

It gave him a new thought. He *did* try. His first story was a novel of English life, and was very crude, but it taught him something, and he discovered that if a story writer would be successful he must write of things that he *knows*. 5

His second story was about just such things. The scene of it was laid in Westchester County, where he was then living, and the time was the Revolution, which was not yet so far distant that he could not find many men who had been through it and who could point out places and 10 describe events. The hero of his tale was a spy named Harvey Birch, who, disguised as a peddler, passed through the British lines and obtained information that was of great service to the American army. Birch was a picture of a real character who, under another name, was well 15 known in Westchester County during the Revolution. The book was called "The Spy." It was widely read both in England and America, and made its author's reputation.

For his next novel Cooper went back to the Indians and trappers and the great forest that he had known 20 so well in his boyhood about Otsego Lake. This story was "The Pioneers." It was even more successful than "The Spy."

But there was still another kind of life that Cooper knew, and he determined to write a story about it. It was 25 the life of the sea. So he wrote "The Pilot," which tells of cruising and fighting on board a man-of-war.

From that time on, Cooper devoted his life to the writing of fiction. He lived for a time in New York City, where he founded a club called the "Bread and Cheese Lunch," among the members of which were Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Morse the inventor, and other well-known men. Then he went to Europe, and remained there seven years, honored everywhere as the "great American novelist" or the "American Scott."

When he returned he wrote several books in which he tried to show Americans some of their faults. People are never fond of being criticized, and the result was that the newspapers turned about and began to criticize *him*. At this same time he wrote a "History of the United States Navy," in which he called things by their right names, and by doing so offended many. Instead of overlooking the attacks of his critics — which would have been the more sensible plan — he attacked them in turn and even sued them in the courts. He won his cases, too, but in doing it he stirred up enough ill-feeling to make him unhappy for the remainder of his life.

His last days were spent in the old home at Cooperstown, writing to the end. He wrote, in all, thirty-two stories. Aside from those already mentioned, the best are "The Deerslayer," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pathfinder," "The Prairie," and "Red Rover."

THE ESCAPE OF THE SPY

[The following selection is from "The Spy." Captain Lawton, with a detachment of British dragoons, has been on an expedition and is on his way to rejoin the main body of the British troops when suddenly Harvey Birch, the "spy," is discovered in his peddler's disguise.]

The gathering mists of the evening had begun to darken the valley as the detachment of Lawton made its reappearance. The march of the troops was slow, and their line extended, for the benefit of ease. In the front rode the captain, side by side with his senior subaltern, apparently engaged in close conference. . . .

Suddenly the captain exclaimed, "What animal is moving through the field on our right?"

"'T is a man," said Mason, looking intently at the suspicious object.

"By his hump 't is a dromedary!" added the captain, eying it keenly. Wheeling his horse suddenly from the highway, he exclaimed, "Harvey Birch! take him, dead or alive!"

Only Mason and a few of the leading dragoons understood the sudden cry, but it was heard throughout the line. A dozen of the men, with their lieutenant at their head, followed the impetuous Lawton, and their speed threatened the pursued with a sudden termination of the race. . . .

For a single instant Birch was helpless, his blood curdling in his veins at the imminence of the danger, and his legs refusing their natural and necessary office. But it was only for a moment. Casting his pack where he stood and instinctively tightening the belt he wore, the peddler betook himself to flight. He knew that by bringing himself in a line with his pursuers and the wood, his form would be lost to sight. This he soon effected, and he was straining every nerve to gain the wood itself, when several horsemen rode by him but a short distance on his left and cut him off from this place of refuge.

The peddler threw himself on the ground as they came near him, and was passed unseen. But delay now became too dangerous for him to remain in that position. He accordingly arose, and still keeping in the shadow of the wood, along the skirts of which he heard voices crying to each other to be watchful, he ran with incredible speed in a parallel line, but in an opposite direction, to the march of the dragoons.

The confusion of the chase had been heard by the whole of the men, though none distinctly understood the order of Lawton but those who followed. The remainder were lost in doubt as to the duty that was required of them, when a man at a short distance in the rear crossed the road at a single bound. At the same instant the stentorian voice of Lawton rang through the valley, shouting, "Harvey Birch! take him, dead or alive!"

Fifty pistols lighted the scene, and the bullets whistled in every direction round the head of the devoted peddler. A feeling of despair seized his heart, and he was about to yield himself to his enemies. Nature, however, prevailed. If taken, there was great reason to apprehend that he would not be honored with the forms of a trial, but that most probably the morning sun would witness his ignominious execution. . . .

These considerations, with the approaching footsteps of his pursuers, roused him to new exertions. He again fled. A fragment of a wall fortunately crossed his path. He hardly had time to throw his exhausted limbs over this barrier, before twenty of his enemies reached its opposite side.

Their horses refused to take the leap in the dark, and amid the confusion of the rearing chargers and the execrations of their riders, Birch was enabled to gain a sight of the base of the hill, on whose summit was a place of perfect security.

The heart of the peddler now beat high with hope, when the voice of Captain Lawton again rang in his ears, shouting to his men to make room. The order was obeyed, and the fearless trooper rode at the wall at the top of his horse's speed, plunged the rowels in his charger, and flew over the obstacle in safety. The triumphant hurrahs of the men and the thundering tread of the horse too plainly assured the peddler of the emergency of his danger.

"Stop, or die!" was uttered above his head and in fearful proximity to his ears.

Harvey stole a glance over his shoulder and saw within a bound of him the man whom he most dreaded. By the light of the stars he beheld the uplifted arm and the threatening saber. Then the horse of Lawton struck the prostrate peddler, and both steed and rider came violently to the earth.

As quick as thought Birch was on his feet again with the sword of the discomfited dragoon in his hand. Vengeance seems but too natural to human passions. There are few who have not felt the seductive pleasure of making our injuries recoil on their authors; and yet there are some who know how much sweeter it is to return good for evil. All the wrongs of the peddler shone on his brain with a dazzling brightness. For a moment the demon within him prevailed, and Birch brandished the powerful weapon in the air; in the next, it fell harmless on the reviving but helpless trooper. The peddler vanished up the side of the friendly rock.

"Help Captain Lawton, there!" cried Mason, as he rode up, followed by a dozen of his men; "and some of you dismount with me and search these rocks."

"Hold!" roared the discomfited captain, raising himself with difficulty on his feet; "if one of you dismount, he dies. Tom, my good fellow, you will help me to straddle Roanoke again."

The astonished subaltern complied in silence, while the wondering dragoons remained as fixed in their saddles as if they composed part of the animals they rode.

"You are much hurt, I fear," said Mason, with something of condolence, as they reëntered the highway. 5

"Something so, I do believe," replied the captain, catching his breath; "I wish our bonesetter was at hand, to examine into the state of my ribs.". . .

"Captain Lawton," said the orderly, riding to the side of his commanding officer, "we are now passing the house 10 of the peddler spy; is it your pleasure that we burn it?"

"No!" roared the captain, in a voice that startled the disappointed sergeant. "Are you an incendiary? Would you burn a house in cold blood? Let but a spark approach, and the hand that carries it will never light another." 15

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Cooper's life. 2. From what book is this story taken, and when and where are the events supposed to have occurred? 3. Who was Harvey Birch? 4. Explain "their line extended, for the benefit of ease." 5. Define "subaltern," "dragoon." 6. Explain "by his hump 't is a dromedary." 7. Why did Birch try to get between his pursuers and the wood? 8. Define and give the origin of "stentorian." 9. Was it natural for Birch to spare Captain Lawton's life? How do you account for it? What was the result?

Perhaps the best of Cooper's books for reading through are "The Deerslayer" and "The Last of the Mohicans."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

1809–1894

(For life of Holmes see Literary Readers, Book Five, page 216)

OLD IRONSIDES

[The United States frigate *Constitution* was nicknamed "Old Ironsides" because of her strength and her ability to withstand storm and shot. She was built in 1797, took part in the bombardment of Tripoli in our war against the Mediterranean pirates in 1804, and distinguished herself in the War of 1812 with England. Her greatest victory was over the British man-of-war, *Guerrière*, off the coast of Nova Scotia, August 19, 1812, when, under command of Captain Isaac Hull, she destroyed the British vessel in less than half an hour.

In 1828 the Navy Department decided that the *Constitution* was unseaworthy and not worth repairing. Therefore orders were given to dismantle her. Holmes, then a student in Harvard Medical School, read the announcement in a newspaper and was so indignant at the thought of putting the old ship to so disgraceful an end that he wrote this poem and sent it to one of the Boston papers. The poem was printed, was copied into other papers all over the country, and aroused such intense feeling that the Secretary of the Navy revoked the order and the gallant old ship was kept at anchor in Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston. Other attempts have since been made to dispose of the *Constitution*, but on each occasion so fierce a protest has arisen that the attempt has been abandoned.]

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
  Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
  That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout, 5
  And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
  Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
  Where knelt the vanquished foe, 10
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
  And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
  Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck 15
  The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
  Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
  And there should be her grave; 20
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
  Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
  The lightning and the gale!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of the author of this poem. 2. Under what circumstances was it written, and what did it accomplish? Give a brief history of the ship. 3. How is the first line to be understood? 4. Explain "the meteor of the ocean air."

5. Notice how much stronger the verses become by making the ship seem to have life and feeling. What is this called? (See page 71.) 6. What are harpies? Explain the metaphor of the harpies and the eagle. 7. Explain "her *thunders*"; "her *holy* flag." What is the force of the word "nail" in line 21? 8. What did the poet wish should be done to the *Constitution*? Should you rather see the ship suffer such an end, or the end which the Navy Department proposed? Give reasons. 9. Years afterward it was suggested that the *Constitution* should be used as a target for gun practice for the other ships of the navy. What should you think of that? 10. What is the advantage of keeping the ship on exhibition at the Navy Yard? What advantage is there in preserving any object that has had a prominent part in our nation's history?

Additional readings: Roche's poem "The Constitution's Last Fight," Dwight's "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," Longfellow's "The Cumberland," Carryl's "When the Great Gray Ships Come In," Stanton's "The War Ship Dixie," Tennyson's "The Revenge," Southey's "Life of Nelson."

Other poems by Holmes suitable for this grade: "The Deacon's Masterpiece," "The Last Leaf," "The Chambered Nautilus" (see Advanced Literary Reader, Part II), "Contentment," "The Boys," "Ode for Washington's Birthday," "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle," "To a Katydid" (see Literary Readers, Book Five, page 222).

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

1809–1865

(For life of Lincoln see Literary Readers, Book Five, page 261)

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

[In the autumn of 1863 a monument was erected upon the battlefield of Gettysburg to mark the spot where thousands of brave men had died. It was dedicated in November, a little more than four months after the battle. A great multitude had assembled, and Edward Everett, the orator of the day, had delivered a long and brilliant address. At its close Lincoln was expected to make a speech. He had written out on a scrap of brown wrapping paper, while on the train from Washington, the few words that he wished to say.

When he arose, the crowd was evidently disappointed at the contrast which he made, in voice and manner, to the distinguished orator who had preceded him. But as he began to speak — simply, earnestly, powerfully — there was a hush; and when he had finished, the great assembly was so deeply moved that applause seemed out of place. Lincoln turned to congratulate Everett, but Everett replied, "Mr. President, I should flatter myself if I had come as near the central thought of this occasion in two hours as you have in two minutes." Lincoln thought this simply politeness and went away feeling that his speech had been a failure; but he was soon made to realize the truth.

The Gettysburg Address is one of the world's great speeches, because it says so much and says it so simply and so briefly.]

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Where and when was this address given? 2. Explain "dedicate," "consecrate," "hallow," "detract." 3. What was the unfinished work that the soldiers left? 4. Explain "the last full measure of devotion," "a new birth of freedom." 5. Memorize the address. 6. What makes it great?

Additional readings: Lincoln's Letter to Mrs. Bixby, First and Second Inaugural Addresses, Andrew's "The Perfect Tribute," and Nicolay's "Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln."

FAREWELL SPEECH AT SPRINGFIELD

[Delivered February 11, 1861, when leaving for Washington.]

My Friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

1807–1870

General Robert E. Lee, who was commander in chief of the Southern armies during the Civil War, was respected, even by his foes, as a man of high character and ability, great generosity, and rare personal charm. He was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 19, 1807, the son of "Light-Horse Harry" Lee, famous in the Revolution as one of Washington's most dashing cavalry leaders. It was natural for the son of so distinguished a soldier to wish to be a soldier too; and at eighteen young Robert Lee entered West Point, to follow his father's profession.

He was a fine student, a bold and graceful rider, a thorough soldier, and a great favorite both with his companions and with his instructors. It is said that during his entire course he did not receive a demerit mark. He early learned that a soldier's duty is to obey. When he graduated, in 1829, he stood second in his class, and was given a position in the United States Engineer Corps, with the rank of second lieutenant. A few years later he married Mary Randolph Custis, a granddaughter of Martha Washington.

During the Mexican War Lee was a member of the staff of General Scott, with the rank of captain. A story

is told that on one occasion Scott was obliged to send a messenger upon a very dangerous mission, to communicate with another division of the army from which he was separated. The way lay through an almost impassable bog, where a false step would mean death and where hidden foes were thought to be lurking. Seven officers had been sent, one after another, and each had come back saying that the space could not be crossed. Lee asked to be allowed to try. He made the journey, delivered the message, and started to return. Night came on and a furious storm arose. In the face of countless dangers he picked his way over trees, rocks, and marsh, and brought back to Scott the answer that made it possible for the two divisions to act together on the following day.

When the Civil War broke out, Lee was a colonel in the United States army. He was opposed to disunion, but considered that his first duty was to his native state. Though he was offered the command of the United States army, he refused, and a few weeks later resigned his commission. He then returned to Virginia, where he was placed in command of the state troops and later received a commission in the Southern army.

After his surrender to Grant at Appomattox Court House, Lee was elected president of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, where he did an important work for five years, until failing health compelled him to resign. He died in 1870, at the age of sixty-four.

DUTY

[The following is selected from a letter which Lee once wrote to his son, G. W. Custis Lee, when the latter was away at school.]

You must study to be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you would wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind.

Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not.

If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path to peace and honor.

In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, — still

known as "the dark day," — a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day — the day of judgment — had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment.

Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place, doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the house could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more; you should never wish to do less. Never let your mother or me wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.

1. Give a sketch of the life of General Robert E. Lee. 2. Explain "Frankness is the child of honesty and courage." 3. What is equivocation, and what is said about it? 4. What dangerous experiment is referred to in lines 16–18, page 158? 5. Sum up in single sentences the directions which Lee gives to his son. 6. What example is given of a man who did his duty?

Suggested readings: Whittier's "Abraham Davenport," Washington's "Rules of Conduct," Jefferson's Ten Rules.

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

1851–1889

Henry W. Grady was one of the most progressive of the men who took part in the reconstruction of the South after the Civil War. He was born at Athens, Georgia, in 1851 and received his education at the University of Georgia. It was his wish to become a journalist, and with this aim in view he began to write, soon after his graduation, a series of letters on the resources and possibilities of his native state. These letters were published and attracted wide attention. He engaged in newspaper work of various kinds and at twenty-nine became managing editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, which position he held until his death. Joel Chandler Harris and Clark Howell were his associates on the editorial staff during these years.

Mr. Grady, besides being a successful newspaper man and magazine writer, was also a distinguished orator. The subject which lay nearest his heart was the future of the South, and most of his more important writings touched upon that theme. No other man in the Southern states did more than he to harmonize the North and the South after the war was over. His speech "The New South," from which this extract is taken, was given before the New England Society in New York in 1886.

THE NEW SOUTH

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find — let me ask you — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training, and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence — the

establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do, this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow; and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full statured and equal, among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, through the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the states was war and not rebellion; revolution and not conspiracy; and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of Grady's life. 2. Where and when was the address "The New South" delivered? What is meant by "The New South"? 3. In the first paragraph what is meant by the parole? 4. Explain "having followed the battle-stained cross," "his very traditions are gone," "the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves," "a heart of gold," "sowed towns and cities in the place of theories" (Do you prefer "sowed" to "built"? Why?), "enamored of her new work" (What was her new work?). 5. Notice that in the next to the last paragraph the South is personified. What does this add to the force of the oration? 6. Explain "her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life," "full statured," "expanded horizon," "her emancipation," "inscrutable wisdom of God." 7. Explain "This is said in no spirit of time serving or apology."

Other poems referring to the end of the war are Father Ryan's "The Conquered Banner," Margaret Junkin Preston's "Acceptation," Finch's "The Blue and the Gray," Kate Putnam Osgood's "Driving Home the Cows," and Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's "Peace."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE SHIP OF STATE

[This is the close of "The Building of the Ship."]

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
5 With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
10 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
15 'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
20 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

PEACE AND WAR

ROBERT SOUTHEY

1774–1843

Southey was closely connected with Coleridge and Wordsworth. He was the youngest of the three, and was born in Bristol in 1774, being the son of a linen draper. Much of Southey's boyhood was spent with an aunt at Bath, where he read through a good-sized library and made several attempts at play-writing. At fourteen he was sent to Westminster School in London. For one of his school exercises he wrote an essay against flogging, which stirred up so much feeling that he was expelled. In those days it was thought that no boy could gain a proper education without being flogged at least once a week.

At Oxford also he got into trouble because of the freedom with which he spoke his mind. He was a revolutionary spirit, always looking for new and better ways of living, and the French Revolution, which was then at its height, inspired him with a feeling of rebellion against all authority.

His friendship with Coleridge began when he was leaving Oxford and was strengthened a short time afterwards,

when the two young men married sisters. Southey studied law for a time and lived in various English towns, making two journeys to Portugal. In 1803 he joined Coleridge in the Lake Country and spent most of the remainder of his
5 life there, devoting himself to literature and writing both prose and poetry. He was made poet laureate of England in 1813, though his best work is in prose.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

[This poem is simple, brief, and full of meaning. It is a criticism of war. Old Kaspar calls the battle a "famous victory"
10 because he has always heard it called so, but in answer to the children's questions he cannot show a single good thing that it accomplished.

The battle of Blenheim was fought August 13, 1704, when the English, Dutch, and Prussians, under the Duke of Marl-
15 borough and Prince Eugene, attacked and defeated the French. About thirty thousand men were killed on both sides, and eight thousand wounded. It was in the War of the Spanish Succession, a conflict that grew out of European jealousies — England, Prussia, and their allies fearing that France and Spain
20 would unite under one ruler and become too powerful.]

It was a summer evening;
  Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
  Was sitting in the sun;
25 And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
  Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
  In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found, 5
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
  Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
  And with a natural sigh, 10
"'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
  For there's many hereabout;
And often, when I go to plow, 15
  The plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"
  Young Peterkin he cries; 20
And little Wilhelmine looks up
  With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And newborn baby, died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

'They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 't was a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he; 5
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin. 10
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 't was a famous victory."

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you know of Southey. 2. When, where, and between what nations was the battle of Blenheim fought? 3. What is the feeling in the first stanza? Is it an appropriate beginning for a poem about a battle? Why? 4. Why did Kaspar call Blenheim a great victory? 5. In lines 3–6, page 169, do you agree with Wilhelmine or Kaspar? 6. Describe the character of Kaspar as you learn it from his talk in this poem. 7. Do you think Kaspar believes what he is saying here? How should you judge Southey, the poet, felt about it, and what was his object in writing the poem?

Other good poems of Southey are "The Inchcape Rock" and "The Cataract of Lodore." His best prose work is the "Life of Nelson."

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

1787–1855

Miss Mitford was born in Hampshire, England, in 1787. She was the daughter of a physician and was educated in London. Her first books were poems, but later she wrote plays and stories. Her best-known work is "Our Village," a collection of sketches of country life. This selection is from her play "Rienzi."

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS

[Rienzi was a Roman patriot who lived from 1313 to 1354. Rome was then ruled by the nobles; the people had no rights. Rienzi was a persuasive speaker, and so stirred the populace that they drove the nobles out. Rienzi governed the city seven months and was then overthrown.]

Friends,
I come not here to talk. You know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beams
Fall on a slave! — not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame,
But base, ignoble slaves — slaves to a horde

Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,
Strong in some hundred spearmen, only great
In that strange spell — a name.

Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder, 5
Cries out against them. But this very day
An honest man, my neighbor — there he stands —
Was struck — struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini, because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air 10
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men
And suffer such dishonor? men and wash not
The stain away in blood?

Such shames are common:
I have known deeper wrongs — I that speak to you. 15
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy: there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved 20
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once, and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheek, a smile
Parting his innocent lips: in one short hour

That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
5 To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and if ye dare call for justice
Be answered by the lash!

Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
10 Of beauty ruled the world, and we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again —
Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! Once again, I swear
15 The Eternal City shall be free!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell about Rienzi; about Miss Mitford. 2. Explain "thralldom," "crimson glory," "feudal despots," "open rapine," "protected murder," "the badge of Ursini." 3. What is meant by "the look of heaven . . . which limners give to the beloved disciple"? 4. Why is "either Brutus" mentioned? (There were two great Romans named Brutus; Lucius Junius Brutus, called "the elder," who lived about 500 B.C., and Marcus Junius Brutus, one of the assassins of Cæsar, 44 B.C.) 5. Explain "The Eternal City."

Additional readings: Bulwer-Lytton's novel "Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes," Miss Mitford's "Our Village."

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

1780–1842

Channing, one of the greatest of American preachers, was born in Newport, Rhode Island, in the spring of 1780, being the son of a distinguished lawyer of that city. As a boy he was of slender build, but active, strong, and daring, with a kind heart and a winning smile, both of which he carried with him through life.

He received his early education at the hands of various teachers in and about Newport and was prepared for college by an uncle in New London. He entered Harvard at fifteen, and after graduating was for nearly two years a tutor in Richmond, Virginia. Then he returned to Newport and took up the study of theology. It is said that he was in the habit of walking alone upon the seashore and preaching sermons to the waves. Thus he gained practice in speaking and the ability to express himself clearly and forcibly, and thus he became conscious of the power that was in him.

When he had finished his theological studies he was made minister of the old Federal Street Church in Boston. There he married and lived many years. As time went on he gave more attention to writing and working for peace, temperance, freedom of speech, and charity.

WAR AND HUMAN BROTHERHOOD

I have written once and again on war — a hackneyed subject, as it is called, yet one would think too terrible ever to become a commonplace. Is this insanity never to cease? False notions of national honor, as false and unholy as those of the duelist, do most toward fanning this fire. Great nations, like great boys, place their honor in resisting insult and in fighting well. One would think the time had gone by in which nations needed to rush to arms to prove that they were not cowards.

"It is the honor of a man to pass over a transgression," and so it is of states. To be wronged is no disgrace. To bear wrong generously till every means of conciliation is exhausted, to recoil with manly dread from the slaughter of our fellow-creatures, to have that consciousness of courage which will make us scorn the reproach of cowardice, to feel that there is something grander than the virtue of savages — these are the principles and feelings which do honor to a people.

For one, I look on war with a horror which no words can express. The thought of man, God's immortal child, butchered by his brother; the thought of sea and land stained with human blood by human hands, of women and children buried under the ruins of besieged cities, of the resources of empires and the mighty powers of nature all turned by man's malignity into engines of

torture and destruction — this thought gives to earth the semblance of hell.

I cannot now, as I once did, talk lightly, thoughtlessly, of fighting with this or that nation. That nation is no longer an abstraction to me. It is no longer a vague mass. It spreads out before me into individuals, in a thousand interesting forms and relations. It consists of husbands and wives, parents and children, who love one another as I love my own home. It consists of a vast multitude of laborers at the plow and in the workshop, with whose toils I sympathize, whose burden I should rejoice to lighten. It consists of men of science, taste, genius, whose writings have beguiled my solitary hours and given life to my intellect and best affections. Here is the nation with which I am called to fight, into whose families I must send mourning, whose fall or humiliation I must seek through blood.

If, indeed, my country were invaded by hostile armies, threatening without disguise its rights, liberties, and dearest interests, I should strive to repel them, just as I should repel a criminal who should enter my house to slay what I hold most dear and what is intrusted to my care. But I cannot confound with such a case the common instances of war.

1. Tell what you can of Channing. 2. What are his arguments against war? 3. In what other way than by fighting may bravery be shown? 4. What is true patriotism?

JOHN RUSKIN

1819–1900

(For life of Ruskin see Advanced Literary Reader, Part II)

THE DAWN OF PEACE

[This song was written about the year 1865 for the pupils of a school at Winnington in Cheshire, England.]

Awake! awake! the stars are pale, the east is russet gray;
They fade, behold the phantoms fade, that kept the gates of day!
5 Throw wide the burning valves, and let the golden streets be free;
The morning watch is past — the watch of evening shall not be.

Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands to dust:
A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better trust;
Nay, bend aback the lance's point, and break the helmet bar;
10 A noise is on the morning winds, but not the noise of war!

Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering troops increase:
They come! They come! How fair their feet! They come that publish peace!
Yea, victory! fair victory! our enemies' and ours!
And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the earth with flowers.

Ah! still depressed and dim with dew; but yet a little while, 5
And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness shall smile,
And every tender living thing shall feed by streams of rest,
Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor nursling from the nest.

For aye, the time of wrath is past, and near the time of rest,
And honor binds the brow of man, and faithfulness his breast, — 10
Behold, the time of wrath is past, and righteousness shall be,
And the Wolf is dead in Arcady, and the Dragon in the sea!

1. What phantoms kept the gates of day? 2. Explain the metaphor in line 5, page 176 ("valves" is used here for hinges). 3. Explain "the watch of evening shall not be," "beat your brands to dust," "How fair their feet! They come that publish peace!" (see Isaiah lii, 7). 4. Compare lines 5–8, page 177, with Isaiah xxxv, 1, and xi, 6–9. 5. Explain the last line (Arcady was a land of joy, but was often visited by wild beasts).

HAMLIN GARLAND

1860–

(For Mr. Garland's life see Literary Readers, Book Five, page 369)

AN OLD-FASHIONED THRESHING ON THE PRAIRIE

[This selection is from "Boy Life on the Prairie."[1] Mr. Garland was brought up on a farm in the Middle West and spent his early years among such scenes as these.]

For weeks Lincoln Stewart had looked forward to the
5 coming of the threshers with the greatest eagerness, and during the whole of the day appointed, Owen and he hung on the gate and gazed down the road to see if the machine were not coming. It did not come during the afternoon —still they could not give it up, and at the falling of
10 dusk still hoped to hear the rattle of its machinery. . . .

It was not uncommon for the men who attended to these machines to work all day at one place and move to another "setting" at night. In that way they might not arrive until nine o'clock at night, or they might come at
15 four o'clock in the morning. And the children were about starting to "climb the wooden hill" when they heard the peculiar rattle of the cylinder and the voices of the McTurgs singing.

[1] Copyright, 1899, by Harper & Brothers.

"There they are," said Mr. Stewart, getting the old square lantern and lighting the candle within. The air was sharp, and the boys having taken off their boots, could only stand at the window and watch the father as he went out to show the men where to set the "power," the dim light throwing fantastic shadows, lighting up a face now and then, and bringing out the thresher, which seemed a silent monster to the children, as they flattened their noses against the cold windowpanes to be sure that nothing should escape them. The men's voices sounded cheerfully in the still night, and the roused turkeys in the oaks peered about on their perches, black silhouettes against the sky. The children would gladly have stayed up to greet the threshers, but they were ordered off to bed by Mrs. Stewart, who said, "You must go to sleep in order to be up early in the morning." As they lay there in their beds under the sloping rafter roof, they heard the hand riding furiously away to tell some of the neighbors that the threshers had come. The crash of the "sweeps" being unloaded sounded loud and clear in the night, and so watching the dance of the lights and shadows cast by the lantern on the plastered wall, they fell asleep.

They were awakened next morning by the ringing beat of the iron sledge as the men drove the stakes to hold the "power" to the ground. The rattle of chains, the clash of rods, the clang of iron bars, intermixed with laughter

and snatches of song, came sharply through the frosty air. The smell of sausages being fried in the kitchen, the rapid tread of their busy mother as she hurried the breakfast forward, warned the boys that it was time to get up, although it was not yet dawn. When they got down to breakfast, the men had finished their coffee and were out in the stockyard completing preparations.

This morning experience was superb. Though shivery and cold in the faint frosty light of the day, the children enjoyed every moment of it. The frost lay white on every surface, the frozen ground rang like iron under the steel-shod feet of the horses, the breath of the men rose up in little white puffs while they sparred playfully or rolled each other on the ground.

The young men were all anxiously waiting the first sound which should rouse the countryside and proclaim that theirs was the first machine to be at work. The older men stood in groups, talking politics or speculating on the price of wheat, pausing occasionally to slap their hands about their breasts. The pitchers were beginning to climb the stacks, and belated neighbors could be seen coming across the fields.

Finally, just as the east began to bloom and long streamers of red began to unroll along the vast gray dome of sky, Joe Gilman — "Shouting Joe," as he was called — mounted one of the stacks, and throwing down the cap-sheaf lifted his voice in "a Chippewa warwhoop." On a

still morning like this his voice could be heard three miles. Long drawn and musical, it sped away over the fields, announcing to all the world that the McTurgs were ready for the race. Answers came back faintly from the frosty fields, where the dim figures of laggard hands could be seen hurrying over the plowland; then David called "All right," and the machine began to hum.

In those days the machine was moved by five pairs of horses attached to a power staked to the ground, round which they traveled to the left, pulling at the ends of long levers or sweeps. The power was planted some rods away from the machine, to which the force was carried by means of tumbling rods, with knuckle joints. The driver stood upon a platform above the huge, savage, cogwheels round which the horses moved.

Driving looked like an easy job, but it was not. It was very tiresome to stand on that small platform all through the long day of the early fall, and on cold November mornings when the cutting wind roared over the plain, sweeping the dust and leaves along the road. It was necessary also for the driver to be a man of good judgment, for the power must be kept just to the right speed, and he should be able to gauge the motion of the cylinder by the pitch of its deep bass hum. There were always three men who went with the machine and were properly the threshers. One acted as driver, the others were respectively feeder and tender; one of them fed the grain

into the rolling cylinder, while the other, oil can in hand, tended the separator. The feeder's position was the high place to which all boys aspired, and they used to stand in silent admiration watching the easy, powerful swing of David McTurg as he caught the bundles in the crook of his arm and spread them out into a broad, smooth band, upon which the cylinder caught and tore like some insatiate monster. . . .

Sometimes David would take one of the small boys upon his stand, where he could see the cylinder whiz, while the flying wheat stung his face. Sometimes the driver would invite Tommy on the power to watch the horses go round, and when he became dizzy often took the youngster in his arms and running out along the moving sweep, threw him with a shout into David's arms.

Lincoln, who was just old enough to hold sacks for the measurer, did not enjoy threshing so well, but to Owen and his mates it was the keenest joy. They wished it would never end. The wind blew cold, and the clouds were flying across the bright blue sky, the straw glistened in the sun, the machine howled, the dust flew, the whip cracked, and the men worked like beavers to get the sheaves to the feeder and to keep the straw and wheat away from the tail end of the machine. . . .

And the straw pile — what delight they had in that! What fun it was to go up to the top where the four or five men were stationed, one behind the other. They

tossed huge forkfuls of the light, fragrant stalks upon the boys, burying their light bulk, from which they came to the surface out of breath, and glad to see the light again.

They were always amused by the man who stood in the midst of the thick dust and flying chaff at the head of the stacker, who took and threw away the endless cataract of straw as if it were all play. His teeth shone like a negro's out of his dust-blackened face, and his shirt was wet with sweat, but he motioned for more straw, and the feeder, accepting the challenge, motioned for more speed, and so the driver swung his lash and yelled at the straining horses, the pitchers buckled to it, the sleepy growl of the cylinder rose to a howl, the wheat rushed out in a stream as big as a stovepipe, and the carriers were forced to trot back and forth from the granary like mad in order to keep the wheat from piling up round the measurer, where Lincoln stood disconsolately holding sacks. . . .

At last the call for dinner sounded, and the driver began to shout to the teams, "Whoa there, boys!" The pitchers stuck their forks down into the stack and leaped to the ground, Billy the band-cutter drew from his wrist the string of his big knife, the men slid down from the straw pile, and a race began among the teamsters to see who should be first unhitched and at the watering trough and at the table.

Mrs. Stewart and the hired girl and generally some of the neighbors' wives stood ready to bring on the food as soon as the men were seated. The table had been lengthened to its utmost and pieced out with the kitchen table, which usually was not of the same height, and planks had been laid for seats on stout kitchen chairs at each side. The men came in with a noisy rush and took seats wherever they could find them, and their attack on the "biled 'taters and chicken" should have been appalling to the women, but it was not. . . .

In the short days of October only a brief nooning was possible, and as soon as the horses had finished their oats, the roar and hum of the machine began again and continued steadily all the afternoon. . . . But all things have an end. By and by the sun grew big and red, the night began to fall, and the wind to die out. At last was heard the welcome cry, "Turn out!" The men raised glad answer and threw aside their forks. . . .

More subdued than at dinner, they washed with greater care, brushing the dust from their beards and clothes. The air was still and cool, the wind was gone, the sky a deep, cloudless blue. . . .

After supper it was a great pleasure to the boys to go out to the barn and shed (all wonderfully changed now by the great new stack of straw), there to listen to the stories of the men as they curried their tired horses, munching busily at the hay. . . .

The boys could hear the mice rustling the straw of the roof, while from the farther end of the dimly lighted shed came the regular strim-stram of the streams of milk falling into the bottoms of the tin pails, as Mr. Stewart and the hired hand milked the contented cows. They peered round occasionally from behind the legs of a cow to laugh at the fun of the threshers or to put in a word or joke. . . .

When they all went toward the house, the stars were out, and the flame-colored crescent moon lay far down in the deep west.

Around the fire the older men sat to tell stories while the girls trudged in and out, finishing up the day's work and getting the materials ready for breakfast. With speechless content Lincoln used to sit and listen to stories of bears and Indians and logging on the "Wisconsc," and other tales of frontier life, and then, after much beseeching, the violin was brought out and David played.

At last came the inevitable call for the "Fisherman's Hornpipe" or the "Devil's Dream," to which Joe Gilman jigged with energy and abandon. Sometimes, if there were enough for a set, the young people pushed the table aside and took places for "The Fireman's Dance," or "Money Musk," and at the end the boys went home with the girls in the bright starlight, to rise next dawn for another day's work with the thresher.

Oh, those rare days and rarer nights! How fine they were then — and how mellow they are growing now as

the slow-paced years drop a golden mist upon them. From this distance they seem too hearty and wholesome and care-free to be lost out of the world.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you know of the author of this selection. 2. In what part of the country did the threshing occur? What makes you think so? 3. What is meant by "another *setting*," page 178, line 14? by "starting to *climb the wooden hill*"? 4. Notice the different pictures in this selection. The first is the arrival of the machine. What do you see in it? ("Power" means the part of the machinery which furnished the power. It was often called "horse power.") 5. What is meant by the "hand" riding furiously away? What were the "sweeps"?

6. The next picture is the early morning. At first the children could see nothing from their attic bedroom. How did they know what was going on? Describe the scene out of doors. 7. Explain "the east began to bloom," "vast gray dome of sky," "capsheaf," "laggard hands." 8. Make a diagram or plan of the "power," showing how the force was produced and carried to the thresher. 9. What are tumbling rods? knuckle joints? cogwheels? a separator? 10. Explain "gauge the motion of the cylinder by the pitch of its big bass hum," "tore like some insatiate monster."

11. Another picture is shown beginning with line 19, page 182. What do you see in it? 12. What other pictures do you find in the selection? Describe them.

Other good descriptions of farm life in "Boy Life on the Prairie" are The Fall Plowing, Planting Corn, Threshing in the Field, and The Corn Husking.

MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

1862–

About fifteen miles south of Boston, in the midst of peaceful farms and meadows, lies the town of Randolph, somewhat back from the sea, yet within distant sight of the low hills and woods that skirt the shore. Here, in 1862, was born one of the most successful short-story writers of the present day, Mary E. Wilkins.

Her father was a carpenter and builder, and her home was a plain two-story frame house within the limits of the town. She loved books, read eagerly, and began very early to write about the things that pleased her. When she was still a small girl the family moved to Brattleboro, Vermont. There she grew up, and from there she went away to school, to Mount Holyoke Seminary, where she was known as a bright scholar and a most interesting girl.

Her life at Brattleboro ended sadly. There she lost her father, her mother, and her sister; then, almost overwhelmed with sorrow, she went back to Randolph and found a home with some of the friends of her early childhood. About this time she wrote a short story for a Boston paper and won a prize of fifty dollars; soon afterward another of her stories was published in *Harper's Bazar* and attracted considerable attention. From that

time on, she devoted herself entirely to writing. Phillips Brooks once said that her story "A Humble Romance" was the best short story he had ever read. Among her other well-known stories are "A New England Nun," "Young Lucretia," and "Pembroke."

In 1902 Miss Wilkins married Dr. Charles M. Freeman. and since then has lived in Metuchen, New Jersey.

TIMOTHY SAMSON, THE WISE MAN

[From "The People of Our Neighborhood."[1]]

Timothy Samson is not a college graduate; not more than three men in this village are. I never heard that he was remarkable as a boy for his standing in the district school, but he is the village sage. Nobody disputes it. The doctor, the lawyer, and the minister all have to give precedence to him. The doctor may know something about physic, the lawyer about law, and the minister about theology, but Timothy Samson knows something about everything.

The doctor's practice suffers through Timothy. If any of the neighbors or their children are ill they are very apt to call in Timothy instead of the doctor. For one reason, they have nearly as much confidence in him; for another reason, it saves the doctor's fee. Timothy Samson seems able to tell almost at a glance whether a child is coming down with a simple cold or the whooping cough, with

[1] Copyright, 1895–1898. Curtis Publishing Company.

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

measles or scarlet fever, with mumps or quinsy. He has a little stock of medicines in his chimney closet in his kitchen. Timothy's medicine bottles, which hold a good quart apiece, are always kept replenished. Nothing is ever lacking in case of need. Most of them he concocts himself, from roots and herbs. . . .

He is a cobbler, a mender of the cheap rustic shoes that wear out their soles and stub their toes on our rough country roads. He used, until machine work came into vogue, to make all the shoes for the neighborhood by hand. Indeed, there are now some few conservative mothers of families who employ him twice a year to fit out their children with his coarse, faithful handiwork. Timothy owns his little cottage house, and his little garden, and his little apple orchard. He paid for them long ago with his small savings, and now he earns just enough by cobbling to pay his taxes and keep himself and his old wife in their plain and simple necessaries of life.

Timothy's shoe shop forms a tiny ell of his tiny house. In it he has a little rusty box stove—which is usually red hot through the winter months, for Timothy is a chilly man—his work-bench with its sagging leather seat, a rude table heaped with lasts, and three or four stools and backless chairs for callers. Often an anxious mother is seen to scuttle down the road with her shawl thrown over her head, and disappear from the eyes of neighbors in Timothy's shoe shop, and reappear with Timothy ambling

at her heels. Timothy is a small, spare old man, and he has a curious gait, but he gets over the ground rapidly when he goes on such errands.

The children like Timothy; they are not as afraid of him as of the doctor. Sometimes one sets up a doleful lament when the doctor is proposed, but is comforted when his mother says: "Well, I'll run over an' get Timothy Samson. I guess he'll do just about as well."

The children run out their tongues quite readily for Timothy to inspect; they even stretch their mouths obediently for his potent doses. There may, however, be reasons for their preference. All of Timothy's medicines are tinctured high with flavors which are pleasant and even delectable to childish palates, and they are well sweetened. So much peppermint and sassafras and wintergreen, indeed, does Timothy infuse into his remedies that the doctor has been known to be very sarcastic over it. "Might as well take sassafras tea and done with it," he said once with a sniff at the dregs of Timothy's medicine, when Mrs. Harrison White called him in to see her Tommy. . . .

Timothy Samson's triumphs in law and theology are even greater than in medicine. He draws up wills, free of charge, which stand without a question; he collects bills with wonderful success. Everybody knows how he made Mr. Samuel Paine pay the twenty-five dollars and sixty-three cents which he had been owing John Leavitt over a year for wood. John had asked and asked, but he

began to think he should never get a cent. Samuel Paine is one of the most prosperous men in the village, too; he owns the gristmill. Finally poor John Leavitt sought aid from Timothy Samson — who bestowed it.

5 Mrs. Samuel Paine had company to tea that afternoon —the minister and his wife, and some out-of-town cousins of hers who have married well. They wore stiff black silks trimmed with jet, and carried gold watches; the neighbors saw them out in the yard. They had taken their 10 seats at the tea table, which Mrs. Paine had bedecked with her best linen and china; the minister had asked the blessing, and Mrs. Paine was about to pour the tea, and Mr. Paine to pass the biscuits, when Timothy Samson walked in without knocking. He bade the company 15 good day, and then, with no preface at all, addressed Mr. Samuel Paine upon the subject of his long-standing debt to John Leavitt. He told him that John Leavitt was a poor man, and in sore need of a barrel of flour.

"Poor John Leavitt can't afford to have such fine 20 company as you've got to-night, an' give 'em such hot biscuits, and peach sauce, and frosted cake," said Timothy, pitilessly eying the table; "he can't have what he actually needs, 'cause you don't pay your just debt."

Samuel Paine, thus admonished, turned red, then white, 25 but said not a word, only pulled his old leather wallet stiffly out of his pocket, and poor John Leavitt had his barrel of flour that night.

And all the village knows how Timothy settled the dispute between Lysander Mann and Anson White. Anson's hens encroached upon Lysander's young garden; he would not shut them up, and Lysander threatened to go to law. They had hot words about it. But Timothy said to Lysander, with that inimitably shrewd wink of his handsome blue eyes, "Why don't you fix up a nice leetle coop, an' some nice leetle nests in your yard, Lysander?" And Lysander did, and Anson shut up his hens when they took to laying eggs upon his neighbor's premises, instead of scratching up his peas and beans. . . .

Besides the wisdom comprised under the three heads of medicine, law, and theology, Timothy has more of varied kinds in stock. He is strangely weatherwise. He seems to read the clouds and the winds like the chapters of a book. Not a woman in the village dreams of going abroad in best bonnet and gown if Timothy Samson says it will storm. Timothy knows when there will be a drought and when a frost. Often we should lose our grapes or our melons were it not for Timothy's timely warning to cover them before nightfall with old blankets and carpets. Timothy is a master gardener, and knows well how to make refractory plants bud and blossom. He grafts sour and stubborn old fruit trees into sweet and luscious bearing; he knows how to prune vines and hedges and rosebushes. If a housewife's carpet will not go down, if her curtains will not roll up, if the stovepipe

will not fit, his aid is sought and never fails. If any one of the thousand little household difficulties beset her, Timothy runs over in his shoemaker's apron and sets the matter right. If there is any matter which Timothy's
5 wisdom can fail to cover we have yet to find it.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of the author of this selection. 2. This is a kind of composition known as the "character sketch" or "character study." It describes a person in such a way as to make you feel acquainted. Give in your own words the points that seem most prominent in Timothy Samson. Was he kind? Was he shrewd? Name other qualities. 3. Do you think he was well paid for his services to his neighbors? In what other ways than by money might he have felt himself rewarded? 4. Do you think he would have been happier if he had been rich? 5. What do the sentences "Timothy owns his little cottage house, and his little garden, and his little apple orchard. He paid for them long ago with his small savings" tell you about him? 6. What do the story of his visit to Mr. Paine and his suggestions about the hens tell you about him?

You will be interested in other sketches in "The People of Our Neighborhood," in "Young Lucretia," and "The Pot of Gold."

(*For memorizing*)

'T is only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON

JAMES LANE ALLEN

1849–

One of the fairest spots in all the Middle West is the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. The sun seems to smile there a little more broadly than elsewhere and the earth to yield more richly. Its name comes from its wide, waving meadows, which, as every one knows, yield the finest grass in the world.

On a farm in the heart of this rich and beautiful country, near Lexington, Kentucky, James Lane Allen was born in 1849. His father was of Virginia stock and his mother of Scotch-Irish parentage. The boy's early education was directed largely by his mother, but stronger than any teaching from books was the teaching of the birds, the flowers, the brooks, and the sky. A deep love of Nature and knowledge of her ways shines out through all his stories.

The Civil War occurred during his boyhood, and he saw the Blue Grass region overrun by both Union and Confederate troops. He was but sixteen when peace was again secured. A year after this he went to college at Transylvania University in Lexington. He was fond of the older English authors and especially of Malory and his legends of King Arthur.

After graduating and pursuing some advanced studies he taught school, first in the neighborhood of Lexington, and later in Missouri. Then he returned to Lexington and became an instructor in Kentucky University. A few years later he went to Bethany College, West Virginia, as professor of Latin and higher English, and finally, in 1884, he gave up all teaching, went to New York, and devoted himself to literary work.

His first volume was a collection of short stories which had already appeared in the magazines. He called it "Flute and Violin." A number of longer stories followed at intervals, the most popular of which were "The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky," "A Kentucky Cardinal," "Aftermath," "The Choir Invisible," and "The Reign of Law."

THE SCARECROW IN THE CHERRY TREE

["A Kentucky Cardinal," from which this selection is taken, is a tale about a cardinal bird, who was the means of bringing two people together. It is full of fine descriptions, as all of Mr. Allen's books are, and the very spirit of nature seems to breathe through it.]

It is unwise to do everything that you can for people at once; for when you can do nothing more, they will say you are no longer like yourself, and turn against you. So I have meant to go slowly with the Cobbs in my wish to be neighborly, and do not think that they could

reasonably be spoiled on one dish of strawberries in three weeks. But the other evening Mrs. Cobb sent over a plate of golden sally-lunn on a silver waiter, covered with a snow-white napkin; and acting on this provocation, I thought they could be trusted with a basket of cherries. 5

So next morning, in order to save the ripening fruit on a rather small tree of choice variety, I thought I should put up a scarecrow, and to this end rummaged a closet for some last winter's old clothes. These I crammed with straw, and I fastened the resulting figure 10 in the crotch of the tree, tying the arms to the adjoining limbs, and giving it the dreadful appearance of shouting, "Keep out of here, you rascals, or you'll get hurt!" And, in truth, it did look so like me that I felt a little uncanny about it myself. 15

Returning home late, I went at once to the tree, where I found not a quart of cherries, and the servants told of an astonishing thing: that no sooner had the birds discovered who was standing in the tree, wearing the clothes in which he used to feed them during the winter, than 20 the news spread like wildfire to the effect that he had climbed up there and was calling out: "Here is the best tree, fellows! Pitch in and help yourselves!" So that the like of the chattering and fetching away was never seen before. . . . 25

Anxious to save another tree, and afraid to use more of my own clothes, I went over to Mrs. Walters, and

got from her an old bonnet and veil, a dress and cape, and a pair of her cast-off yellow gaiters. These garments I strung together and prepared to look lifelike, as nearly as a stuffing of hay would meet the inner requirements of the case. I then seated the dread apparition in the fork of a limb, and awaited results. The first thief was an old jay, who flew towards the tree with his head turned to one side to see whether any one was overtaking him. But scarcely had he alighted when he uttered a scream of horror that was sickening to hear, and dropped on the grass beneath, after which he took himself off with a silence and speed that would have done credit to a passenger pigeon. That tree was rather avoided for some days, or it may have been let alone merely because others were ripening; so that Mrs. Cobb got her cherries, and I sent Mrs. Walters some also for the excellent loan of her veil and gaiters.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of the life of James Lane Allen. 2. From what book is this selection taken, and what is the book about? 3. Explain "acting on this provocation," "resulting figure," "uncanny," "dread apparition." 4. From the action of the birds, what sort of man do you think the writer of the story was? What sort of woman should you guess Mrs. Walters to be?

Other particularly good selections from "A Kentucky Cardinal" are Midwinter in Kentucky (chap. i), March (chap. iii), The Old and the Young Birds (chap. ix).

READINGS FROM EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY AUTHORS

JOSEPH ADDISON

1672–1719

Two hundred years ago, in London, the coffee-houses were the social centers where men met and heard the news and talked of books and politics and lighter things. "Will's Coffee-House" was a meeting place for poets and politicians; "The Grecian" was the resort of scholars; "St. James's" furnished the latest news from abroad. The coffee-houses and chocolate-houses were the clubs of that day.

At one of these coffee-houses, in the early part of the eighteenth century, one might have been pretty sure of seeing, as the center of a group, a quiet, kindly gentleman with a grave smile about his mouth and a twinkle in his eye. It was Joseph Addison, the wit, statesman, poet, and essayist. With him might generally have been seen Dick Steele, a bluff, kind-hearted soldier, who was also a writer. Occasionally, if Dean Swift, the author of "Gulliver's Travels," were in London, he might also be found with them, or sometimes the poet Pope — but Pope was not a very sociable sort of person and did not like these

meetings. Then there was Defoe, who was at that time writing "Robinson Crusoe." He might possibly have dropped in, when in town, but he was not popular with the literary people of his day, and kept much to himself.

5 Joseph Addison, the central figure of these coffee-house meetings, was the son of a clergyman, and was born in 1672 in the little village of Milston, in Wiltshire. He went to the Charterhouse School in London, where he first met Dick Steele, then a small boy of about his own 10 age — short, round, black-eyed, bubbling over with fun and mischief, an orphan of Irish parentage who was being educated by an uncle.

The two boys became fast friends. Joseph, though a few months the younger, was the leader. He was the 15 stronger character, the better student, the more quiet and resourceful. Dick fairly worshiped Joseph, and Joseph loved Dick for his warm Irish heart.

At fifteen the two boys went to Oxford, to the university. Young Addison soon became known as a writer of 20 verses. He had expected to become a clergyman, like his father, but he became interested in politics, and several statesmen, seeing his talent for political writing, offered him a pension of three hundred pounds, or about fifteen hundred dollars, a year to enable him to travel on the 25 Continent, study French, become acquainted with the politics of other European states, and then come back to England to aid their party — the Whigs — with his pen.

Joseph Addison

While this was going on, Dick Steele, who was not overfond of study, saw one day a troop of soldiers in their red coats marching through town to the music of a fife and drum; at this he dropped his college work, ran away, and joined the army.

Addison traveled on the Continent four years, and returned to take up his political work, but his friends were then out of power, and he found little to do. It was during the War of the Spanish Succession, when England, Holland, Prussia, and Austria were fighting against France and Bavaria. (The part of the war which was carried over into America you know in your American histories as Queen Anne's War, or the second of the French and Indian wars.) The English Duke of Marlborough and his allies had won a great victory at Blenheim, in Bavaria (see Southey's poem, page 166, written about a century afterwards). Addison at once wrote a poem celebrating the duke as the greatest of warriors. The poem, which he named "The Campaign," was hailed throughout England as a great work. Queen Anne befriended the poet, Marlborough's friends rewarded him, he was given a government position with a good salary and plenty of leisure, and his fortune seemed to be made. Not long afterwards he became a member of Parliament and later was sent to Ireland as Secretary of State.

While Addison was in Ireland, Dick Steele came back from the wars. After trying his hand at a few plays and

writing a book called "The Christian Hero," Steele conceived the idea of starting a paper which should contain news, gossip, stories of everyday life, and jokes on all sorts of people. He called it *The Tatler*. Addison was greatly interested in this project of his old schoolmate, and offered to write for the paper. He was a better writer than Steele, and he made *The Tatler* a great success. It was published three times a week and had only three or four small pages, but you must remember that this was before the days of real newspapers. There had been several little printed sheets of news published in London from time to time, and there was the paper that Defoe had edited in prison (see Literary Readers, Book Six, page 276), but, excepting Defoe's paper, their literary style was very poor.

After *The Tatler* had been published about two years, Steele discontinued it and started another paper. This was published every morning instead of three times a week, and contained, instead of news, only the little familiar essays that had made *The Tatler* so famous. Addison agreed to help him in this too and the new paper was called *The Spectator*. Each issue was printed on a small sheet and delivered at the breakfast tables of its subscribers. It made fun of all that was wrong and foolish in society and praised all that was good. It told odd stories about imaginary characters, as Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Wimble, and Will Honeycomb.

To-day we call them character sketches, but they were really a kind of short story. Sir Roger de Coverley, simple-minded, kind-hearted, and somewhat pompous, was the most interesting of these characters.

5 In the midst of his work on *The Spectator* Addison wrote a tragedy, "Cato," which, though very popular at the time, is now almost forgotten. In 1716, at the height of his fame, he married the Countess of Warwick, but the style and grandeur of her establishment did not 10 please him, and I suspect he was glad to run away very often to his friends at "Will's" or at "The Grecian." He lived but three years after his marriage.

All England mourned for Addison. A great funeral was held by night in Westminster Abbey, and there was 15 a long and solemn procession, with torches, as they laid to rest the greatest literary man of his time and one of the greatest English essayists of all time. Thackeray has said of him: "In the fields, in the town; looking at the birds in the trees, at the children in the streets; in the morning 20 or in the moonlight, over his books in his own room, in a happy party at a country merrymaking or a town assembly, goodwill and peace to God's creatures and love and awe of Him who made them fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, 25 I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful, a calm death, an immense fame, and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name."

FROZEN WORDS

[In this little essay from *The Tatler*, dated 1710, Addison is making fun of some remarkable tales of travel written by Sir John Mandeville and others. He pretends that this story is from an unpublished manuscript of Sir John's, and he wants to tell us slyly that there is no more truth in some of Sir John's published tales than there is in this.]

There are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman Sir John Mandeville has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention and greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits with as much astonishment as the Travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground and fairy land.

I have got into my hands by great chance several manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not so well attested, would appear altogether improbable. I

am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works lest they should pass for fictions and fables. . . .

The present paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir John's Journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches which he made in the Territories of Nova Zembla. . . . The relation put into modern language is as follows:

We were separated by a storm in the latitude of 73, insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and a French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed in order to refit our vessels and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed that in talking to one another we lost several of our words and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that, too, when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no

sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman that could hail a ship at a league distance beckoning with his hands, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter S, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard everything that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been silent, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard somebody say, "Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed." This I knew to be the pilot's voice, and upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before,

though I could not hear them before the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow and had taken his opportunity of swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies, when I got him on shipboard. . . .

When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile further up into the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done.

At about half a mile's distance from our cabin we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but upon inquiry we were informed by some of our company that he was dead and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a fox.

We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement, and upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unsavory sounds that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word till about half an hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the cabin of the French, who, to make amends for their three weeks' silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than ever I heard in an assembly even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved.

I was here convinced of an error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied that for the freezing of the sound it was necessary for it to be wrapped up and, as it were, preserved in breath; but I found my mistake when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me that it would play there above a week longer if the thaw continued. "For," says he, "finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon

one of the company, who had this musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time we employed in dancing, in order to dissipate our chagrin and kill time."

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell what you can of the lives of Addison and Steele. 2. Describe *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. 3. Tell something of the coffee-houses of Addison's day. 4. What other well-known authors lived at this time?

5. Why did Addison write this story? Why did he call it an unpublished manuscript of Sir John Mandeville? 6. What do you know of Sir John Mandeville? 7. What is meant by giving a writer "an opportunity of showing his *parts*"? 8. Put into simpler words "copiousness of his invention," "a person of infinite adventure," "were they not so well attested."

9. Tell this story in your own words. 10. Where is Nova Zembla? 11. Express in simpler words "inclemencies of the weather," "confirmed in this conjecture," "liquefied," "choleric," "strappado," "pious soliloquies" (How is *pious* used here?), "posthumous snarls," "unsavory," "inarticulate," "obdurate," "kit," "minuet," "in order to dissipate our chagrin."

Other good stories by Addison may be selected from "The Adventures of a Shilling," "The Opera," "Sir Roger de Coverley in the Country," "Sir Roger at Church," "Sir Roger at the Assizes," and "The Vision of Mirza." Read also his hymn "The Spacious Firmament."

Good stories by Steele are "Sir Roger in Love," "Sir Roger in London," "To London by Stage Coach," "Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey."

SAMUEL JOHNSON

1709–1784

While Addison was discussing books and politics with his friends in the London coffee-houses, a boy was born in Lichfield, in 1709, who a half century later was to take that great man's place as the literary authority of England. The boy grew up to be a very different sort of man from Addison, as you shall see. He was not so great a writer nor so agreeable a gentleman, but his influence, while it lasted, was even stronger than Addison's.

This boy, Samuel Johnson, was the son of Michael Johnson, a poor bookseller of Lichfield. He was a large, awkward, overgrown boy, slow in his movements, and very nearsighted. When he was sixteen he left school for some reason and spent two years in his father's shop. We do not know just what he did there, but we do know that he read much in the old books which stood upon the shelves and in this way picked up a great deal of knowledge — odd, unusual, out-of-the-way knowledge, such as was not taught in the schools and such as few men knew.

At this time of his life occurred an incident which Hawthorne has told most interestingly in his "Biographical Stories." You must read it there in full, for I can give you but an outline of it.

Sam's father, then an old man, used to go to the neighboring village of Uttoxeter on every market day and sell books at a stall in the public square. One hot summer morning, feeling quite ill, he asked Sam to go instead. Sam did not want to go. He was shabbily dressed, and he did not like to sell books, so he mumbled something under his breath, and when his father asked him what he said, he replied that he should stay at home. Old Mr. Johnson could not afford to lose the profits of the day's business, so he went himself, stood all day in the sun, and returned at night much the worse for his journey. It was not a pleasant day for Sam. He kept thinking all the time of that old, sick father; yet he was too obstinate to go to him.

The memory of that day never left him. His father's death a few years later added to his remorse, and nearly fifty years afterwards, when he had become one of the most famous men in England, he went out one summer day from London to Lichfield, walked eighteen miles to Uttoxeter, and stood bareheaded in the market place in a driving rain, upon the spot where his father's bookstall had once been, hoping in that way to express his penitence. He stood there a long time, moving his lips as if in prayer, while the people looked at him in amazement and wondered what he was doing. *He* knew; and he went back to London feeling that he had in part at least paid the debt that he owed to his father's memory.

Samuel Johnson

But to go back to Johnson's youth. Old Michael Johnson, who loved books quite as much as his son loved them, was anxious to send Sam to college. Though earning barely enough to keep the family at home, he succeeded at last in getting help from a friend and by making great sacrifices was enabled to send the boy to Oxford.

Sam's teachers were surprised at the extent and variety of his knowledge. His memory was wonderful; it seemed no trouble for him to learn; and he needed only to read his lesson in order to master it. The students who really knew him respected him; those who looked only at the outside laughed and passed him by. He wore shabby clothes, his toes stuck out from the tips of his shoes, and his linen was far from clean. A well-meaning friend, thinking to help him, left a new pair of shoes at his door one morning, but Johnson was so angry that he threw them out of the window.

He did not finish his course at Oxford. His old father earned a little less each year, and at last there was no money left to send to Sam; so the young man got a position as undermaster in a grammar school. At twenty-five he married and set up a school of his own near Lichfield, but his teaching was not a success. He did not like it, and his pupils, for the most part, did not like him. One of them, David Garrick, afterwards a famous actor, set out one day with Johnson to walk to London, where they both determined to seek their fortunes.

For nearly thirty years Johnson's life in London was a struggle against poverty and disappointment. He went to various publishers — or booksellers, as they were then called — and asked for work. One told him he would do better as a porter. Another spoke so insultingly that Johnson, who was quick-tempered, knocked him down with one of his own books. After a time he reported speeches for a newspaper; he wrote a tragedy, which Garrick acted, but it was not successful; he tried his hand at this kind of writing and at that, often not earning enough to pay for his dinner, and sometimes walking the street all night to keep from freezing. Yet he kept on, for he knew that he had brains and that he would sometime find a chance to show them.

The chance came when one of the booksellers employed him to write a dictionary. There had never before been such a thing as an English dictionary, and Johnson made his with so much care and showed so much learning that it at once attracted notice. He spent seven years writing it. Meanwhile he started a paper called *The Rambler*, somewhat after the style of *The Spectator*, but it was too heavy to be very popular. In all his writing he was rather too fond of big words. Goldsmith once said that if he wrote about little fishes he would be sure to make them talk like whales.

As soon as he began to earn something, he sent for his wife, and the two lived together in London until her death.

Soon afterwards his mother died. He was at that time without money, and to pay his mother's funeral expenses he wrote a story called "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia." It took him a week to write it, and it brought him a hundred pounds.

5 In 1762 King George III, seeing that Johnson had become one of the leading scholars of his realm, gave him a pension of three hundred pounds a year. With this the long fight against poverty was over. Two years later, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Johnson formed a club, 10 which included also Goldsmith, Garrick, Gibbon the historian, Burke the orator, and Boswell, a Scotch lawyer who wrote the best biography of Johnson that we have. This club ruled the literary opinions of England, and Johnson ruled the club. He loved to talk, and he talked 15 well. So it came about that he did most of the talking. It was at about this time that he was given a degree by the University of Oxford and was known as Dr. Johnson. When about sixty-five he made a journey to the Hebrides and wrote a book about it. He also wrote "The Lives of 20 the Poets," a series of biographies which is generally considered his best work.

Though Dr. Johnson was often rude he was singularly kind-hearted. During his later years he supported in his house five unfortunate people whom he had picked up 25 from the streets at different times. They were always quarreling among themselves and always abusing him, but he never had the heart to turn them out.

CAPTURED BY ARABS

[Dr. Johnson's story "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia" tells how a prince of that name escaped with his sister Nekayah from the Happy Valley, where they were being educated, and accompanied by the poet Imlac and the lady Pekuah, an attendant or favorite of the princess, went out into the world to seek for true happiness. They did not find it, and at length returned to the valley they had left. One of their adventures, which took place while they were visiting the pyramids of Egypt, is told in the following selection. The party is supposed to be in Cairo, and has just decided to go to the Pyramids.]

The resolution being thus taken, they set out the next day. They laid tents upon their camels, being resolved to stay among the Pyramids till their curiosity was fully satisfied. They traveled gently, turned aside to everything remarkable, stopped from time to time and conversed with the inhabitants, and observed the various appearances of towns ruined and inhabited, of wild and cultivated nature.

When they came to the great pyramid, they were astonished at the extent of the base and the height of the top. They measured all its dimensions and pitched their tents at its foot. Next day they prepared to enter its interior apartments, and having hired the common guides, climbed up to the first passage, when the favorite of the princess, looking into the cavity, stepped back and trembled.

"Pekuah," said the princess, "of what art thou afraid?"

"Of the narrow entrance," answered the lady, "and of the dreadful gloom."

"My dear Pekuah," said the princess, "I will always go before you, and Imlac shall follow you. Remember that you are the companion of the princess of Abyssinia."

"If the princess is pleased that her servant should die," returned the lady, "let her command some death less dreadful than inclosure in this horrid cavern. You know I dare not disobey you; I must go if you command me; but if I once enter I never shall come back."

The princess saw that her fear was too strong for expostulation or reproof; and embracing her, told her that she should stay in the tent. Pekuah was not yet satisfied, but entreated the princess not to pursue so dreadful a purpose as that of entering the recesses of the pyramid.

"Though I cannot teach courage," said Nekayah, "I must not learn cowardice; nor leave at last undone what I came hither only to do."

Pekuah descended to the tents, and the rest entered the pyramid; they passed through the galleries, surveyed the vaults of marble, and examined the chest in which the body of the founder is supposed to have been reposited. Then they returned through the cavity at which they had entered. But when they came to their train, they found every one silent and dejected; the men discovered shame and fear in their countenances, and the women were weeping in their tents.

"You had scarcely entered into the pyramid," said one of the attendants, "when a troop of Arabs rushed upon us. We were too few to resist them and too slow to escape. They were about to search the tents, set us on our camels, and drive us along before them, when the approach of some Turkish horsemen put them to flight; but they seized the lady Pekuah, with her two maids, and carried them away. The Turks are now pursuing them, but I fear they will not be able to overtake them."

In a short time the Turks returned, having not been able to reach the enemy. There was nothing to be hoped from longer stay. They returned to Cairo, repenting of their curiosity, censuring the negligence of the government, lamenting their own rashness, which had neglected to procure a guard, and resolving to do something for the recovery of Pekuah, though none could find anything proper to be done.

Next day the prince presented to the Bassa a memorial of the wrong which he had suffered and a petition for redress. The Bassa threatened to punish the robbers, but did not attempt to catch them, nor indeed could any account or description be given by which he might direct the pursuit.

The princess would not suffer any means, however improbable, to be left untried. While she was doing something she kept her hope alive. As one expedient failed, another was suggested; when one messenger returned

unsuccessful, another was dispatched to a different quarter. In seven months one of the messengers returned, after many unsuccessful rambles, from the borders of Nubia, with an account that Pekuah was in the hands of an Arab chief who possessed a castle or fortress on the extremity of Egypt. The Arab was willing to restore her with her two attendants for two hundred ounces of gold.

The princess was in ecstasies when she heard that her favorite was alive and might so cheaply be ransomed. She could not think of delaying for a moment Pekuah's happiness or her own, but entreated her brother to send back the messenger with the sum required.

Imlac, after some deliberation, directed the messenger to propose that Pekuah should be conducted by ten horsemen to the monastery of St. Antony, which is situated in the deserts of Upper Egypt, where she should be met by the same number, and her ransom should be paid.

That no time might be lost, they immediately began their journey to the monastery, and when they arrived, Imlac went forward with the former messenger to the Arab's fortress. Rasselas was desirous to go with them, but neither his sister nor Imlac would consent. The Arab, in a few days, brought Pekuah with her maids, by easy journeys, to the place appointed, where receiving the stipulated price, he restored her with great respect to liberty and her friends. The princess and her favorite embraced each other and went out together to exchange

professions of kindness and gratitude. After a few hours they returned and the prince required of Pekuah the history of her adventures.

"At what time and in what manner I was forced away," said Pekuah, "your servants have told you. The suddenness of the event struck me with surprise, and I was at first rather stupefied. My confusion was increased by the speed and tumult of our flight, while we were followed by the Turks, who, as it seemed, soon despaired to overtake us, or were afraid of those whom they made a show of menacing.

"When the Arabs saw themselves out of danger, they slackened their course. After some time we stopped near a spring shaded with trees in a pleasant meadow, where we were set upon the ground and offered such refreshments as our masters were partaking. I was suffered to sit with my maids apart from the rest, and none attempted to comfort or insult us. Here I first began to feel the full weight of my misery. The girls sat weeping in silence and from time to time looked on me for succor. I knew not to what condition we were doomed, but I kissed my maids and endeavored to pacify them by remarking that we were yet treated with decency, and that, since we were now carried beyond pursuit, there was no danger of violence to our lives.

"When we were to be set again on horseback, my maids clung round me and refused to be parted. We

traveled the remaining part of the day through an unfrequented and pathless country and came by moonlight to the side of a hill where the rest of the troop was stationed. Their tents were pitched and their fires kindled, and our chief was welcomed as a man much beloved by his dependents.

"We were received into a large tent, where we found women who had attended their husbands in the expedition. They set before us the supper which they had provided, and I ate rather to encourage my maids than to comply with any appetite of my own. When the meat was taken away, they spread the carpets for repose. I observed that the women were apparently struck with the splendor of my clothes, and one of them timorously laid her hand upon the embroidery. She then went out and in a short time came back with another woman, who seemed to be of higher rank and greater authority. She did, at her entrance, the usual act of reverence, and taking me by the hand, placed me in a smaller tent, spread with finer carpets, where I spent the night quietly with my maids.

"In the morning, as I was sitting on the grass, the chief of the troop came towards me. I rose up to receive him, and he bowed with great respect.

"'Illustrious lady,' said he, 'my fortune is better than I had presumed to hope. I am told by my women that I have a princess in my camp.'

"'Sir,' answered I, 'your women have deceived themselves and you. I am not a princess, but an unhappy stranger, who intended soon to have left this country.'

"'Whoever or whencesoever you are,' returned the Arab, 'your dress and that of your servants show your rank to be high and your wealth to be great. The purpose of my incursions is to increase my riches, or more properly, to gather tribute. Do not be disconsolate. I will fix your ransom, give a passport to your messenger, and perform my stipulation with nice punctuality.'

"We traveled onward by short journeys. On the fourth day the chief told me that my ransom must be two hundred ounces of gold; which I not only promised him, but told him that I would add fifty more if I and my maids were honorably treated.

"I never knew the power of gold before. From that time I was the leader of the troop. The march of every day was longer or shorter as I commanded, and the tents were pitched where I chose to rest. At last we came to the dwelling of our chief, a strong and spacious house, in an island of the Nile. 'Lady,' said the Arab, 'you shall rest after your journey a few weeks in this place, where you are to consider yourself as sovereign. My occupation is war; I have therefore chosen this obscure residence, from which I can issue unexpected and to which I can retire unpursued. You may now repose in security; here are few pleasures but here is no danger.'

"He still delayed to send for my ransom and would perhaps never have determined had not your agent found his way to him. The gold, which he would not fetch, he could not reject when it was offered."

5 Nekayah, having heard her favorite's relation, rose and embraced her, and Rasselas gave her a hundred ounces of gold, which she presented to the Arab for the fifty that were promised.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell the story of Johnson's life. For what was he noted? 2. Why was the story of Rasselas written? What is it about? 3. Tell in your own words the story of the capture and return of Pekuah. 4. What are the pyramids of Egypt? 5. What actions of Pekuah show you something of her character, and how would you describe her? Compare her with the princess. 6. What is meant by a fear "too strong for expostulation or reproof"? (On page 218, line 24, "train" is used as "company" or "retinue." In line 25 "discovered" is used in the sense of "showed.") 7. Who was the Bassa, and what is a "memorial"? 8. Why was so great caution taken to pay the ransom and receive the captive at a distant monastery? 9. Do you think the people in this story talk naturally? What should you say of Dr. Johnson's literary style? What did Goldsmith say about it?

The story of Rasselas is so full of philosophical discussion that you will hardly care to read it all. The first five chapters, describing the Happy Valley, and the thirteenth to the fifteenth chapters, in which Rasselas escapes, are the most interesting.

Additional reading: Hawthorne's "Samuel Johnson" in "Biographical Stories."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

1728–1774

If Dr. Johnson was the chief literary figure of the early eighteenth century in England, Oliver Goldsmith was one of its greatest writers. The two men were much together, and Johnson, who was nearly twenty years the older, helped "Goldy," as he affectionately called him, over many a hard place and made his genius known.

Goldsmith was born in the little village of Pallas, in County Longford, Ireland, in 1728. He was the son of a country clergyman and one of a family of eight children. When he was but two years old the family moved to another Irish village named Lissoy, where the good vicar found a better parish and a farm, and where the children grew up.

Oliver first went to school to an old lady in Lissoy, who declared that he was a stupid, worthless child and that he would never be able to learn anything. Perhaps this was because he did not love the lady overmuch and because he did not try. His next teacher was an old soldier, "Paddy" Byrne, who instead of teaching him to read and figure, told stories of the wars and tales of ghosts, fairies, and pirates. This suited Oliver much better. Paddy Byrne also wrote poetry now and then,

and the boy was so charmed by it that at the age of eight he too began to compose verses, which he used to write on slips of paper and drop into the fire. Perhaps that was a good place for them.

5 At about this time Noll, as the boy was called for short, had a severe attack of smallpox, which nearly ended his life and which left his face sadly marred. He was never a handsome boy, and this did not improve his looks. He was undersized, dark-skinned, with a bulging 10 forehead, a receding chin, and spindle legs. He was shy, but active and full of fun; good-hearted, but careless.

After leaving Paddy Byrne, Noll was sent to several different schools in neighboring villages and at seventeen went to Trinity College, Dublin. A story is told of how, 15 once returning home at the end of a term, he was overtaken by darkness and wished to find an inn where he might spend the night. He asked a stranger to direct him to the best house in the neighborhood, and the stranger, thinking to have a joke upon the young man, 20 directed him to the home of Squire Featherstone, one of the richest of the country gentlemen in all those parts.

Noll found the house, knocked loudly at the door, and demanded supper and a good bed. The squire saw the boy's mistake, but carried out the joke and did not set 25 him right until the next morning, when his guest offered to pay the bill. Years afterwards Goldsmith used this incident in his comedy "She Stoops to Conquer."

Oliver Goldsmith

Goldsmith entered Trinity College as a sizar, that is, a scholar who pays part of his expenses by waiting upon tables and other work. He earned something, too, by writing street ballads at five shillings apiece, and was fond of going out at night to hear them sung. One of his fellow students at Trinity was Edmund Burke, the famous orator, who later became one of his best friends.

Goldsmith's father was now dead, but his uncle and several good friends helped the young man to finish his education. His family wanted him to be a clergyman, and he went to the bishop to be examined, but the bishop would not have him; some say because he could not pass the examination, others because he was thought too wild, and still others because he dressed too gayly, for he went up to the examination wearing a pair of bright scarlet breeches.

He tried teaching, but was not successful. Then his uncle gave him money and sent him to London to study law. But Goldsmith could never keep money; he got no farther than Dublin before it was gone, and he came back home without a penny.

A little later his uncle decided to try once more, and accordingly sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine. Goldsmith studied pretty well for about a year and a half, and then set out on a journey through Europe. When his money gave out he tramped, playing his flute in the villages as he went and thus earning a supper and a lodging.

He spent a year in this way, traveling as far as Italy. Then he returned to London, realizing that he must begin to earn a living. What should he do in London? He tried practicing medicine, but could not earn enough to buy his food; he worked for an apothecary; he wrote for Newbery the bookseller a number of children's stories, one of which is supposed to have been the tale of "Little Goody Two-shoes." It was when he began to write, that he showed what he could really do. Dr. Johnson heard of him and became interested in him; and that was enough to bring him into public notice.

But Goldsmith was still careless and generally in debt. When he had money he shared it with others, and it was gone. Once, when he could not pay his landlady, she had him arrested. He sent for Dr. Johnson. The doctor asked him if he had written no book or story that he could sell. Goldsmith replied that he had an unpublished story, "The Vicar of Wakefield." Johnson read it, said it was good, took it out to a bookseller, and sold it for sixty pounds, which he brought to Goldsmith and thus enabled him to free himself. "The Vicar of Wakefield" proved to be the greatest of Goldsmith's works and was one of the first great English novels. But the bookseller who bought it thought so little of it that he kept it in a drawer two years before publishing it.

Goldsmith then wrote a poem called "The Traveler," describing some of the scenes which he had passed through

upon his journeys, and another, "The Deserted Village," picturing his old home at Lissoy, his father, and Paddy Byrne the schoolmaster. He wrote two successful plays, "The Good-Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," the latter based upon the incident of his night at Squire Featherstone's, of which I have already told you.

But Goldsmith's success did him little good. He was always in trouble, and he died at forty-five, very unhappy because of his debts and of the time that he had wasted. He was a man of genius and might have made his fame much greater than it is. But he wrote one novel, one poem, and one play, that will not be forgotten. They are "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Deserted Village," and "She Stoops to Conquer."

MOSES AT THE FAIR

[This selection is from "The Vicar of Wakefield."]

As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that could carry single or double upon an occasion and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. . . .

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me I had a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home.

"No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer. . . .

I wondered what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall.

"Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back!"

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler.

"Welcome, welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Ah, Moses!" cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy!" returned she. "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses, again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast. "Here they are, a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt and brought us back nothing but a gross of paltry green spectacles!"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife, in a passion. "I dare say they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims; for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt and have only got a gross of green spectacles with copper rims and shagreen cases! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong. He should not have known them at all."

"The idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff! If I had them I would throw them into the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had, indeed, been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell.

"Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who
5 pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Goldsmith's life. Name three or more of his works. 2. Explain "hold up our heads a little higher in the world," "carry single or double upon an occasion." 3. What reason, besides the vicar's cold, might have led his wife to oppose his going himself to sell the colt? 4. Explain "stands out and higgles," "deal box," "thunder and lightning," "waistcoat," "gosling green."

5. What do you think is meant by the expression "we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day"? (How does a hen look on a rainy day?) 6. How much is a "gross"? Give definitions of "shagreen," "paltry," "varnished over" (the meaning here is to cover with anything that gives a fair appearance) "prowling sharper," "easy prey," "reverend-looking."

7. After reading this story describe the character of Moses, of the vicar's wife, of the vicar. 8. Do you think the vicar would have made a better bargain than Moses? The fourteenth chapter of "The Vicar of Wakefield" will tell you what sort of bargain he *did* make.

SCENES FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE"

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease, 5
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm, 10
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made!

. . . . . .

Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close 15
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young, 20
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind; —

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

. . . . . .

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
5 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
10 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
15 His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
20 Claimed kindred there and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by the fire and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.

. . . . . .

At church with meek and unaffected grace
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man, 5
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed; 10
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, 15
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school. 20
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee 25
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;

Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
5 The village all declared how much he knew:
'T was certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
10 For, even tho' vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Of what village was Goldsmith thinking when he wrote this poem? 2. Explain "laboring swain," "decent church," "talking age," "responsive as the milkmaid sung," "the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind." 3. What does "passing rich with forty pounds a year" tell of the village and people? 4. Explain lines 11–12, 14, 15–16, 20, 24, page 236.

5. Describe the character of the preacher from the incidents here told. 6. Explain the use of the word "adorned" in line 2, page 237. 7. Explain the figure of speech in lines 13–16, page 237. 8. Explain lines 18, 23–24, page 237; 3–4, 7–8, page 238. 9. What does the description of the schoolmaster tell you of the state of education in Lissoy? 10. Select the lines and expressions that you like best, and memorize them.

ROBERT BURNS

1759–1796

A few miles out from the town of Ayr, on the west coast of Scotland, is the little one-story cottage in which Robert Burns, the greatest of Scotch poets, was born. It is now kept nearly as it was in his time, and is visited by thousands of travelers. The cottage is of rough stone and clay, with a roof of straw. It was built by Burns's father, a hard-working farmer who was very poor, but kind to his children and anxious to give them an education.

There were seven children in the family. Robbie, the poet, was the oldest. He was born in 1759. When he was six years old, his father sent him to school in a neighboring village, but his regular schooling was only for three years. At the age of nine he had to go home and help on the farm, doing such work as a boy could do. The family had moved to another farm while he was at school, and after several years they moved again. The land was poor and it was hard to earn a living from it. But in the winter evenings and often during the noon hour in summer, as they were resting from their work, the father taught the children what he knew, and read to them. The mother and an old servant told them fairy stories and sang them old Scotch songs.

So they learned something, after all; and several times after that Robert went to school again for a few weeks and studied a little French and Latin and surveying. At thirteen he was doing a man's work on the farm, and at sixteen he was his father's chief helper. But he loved to read, and he carried a book of English songs or a volume of Shakespeare in his pocket, reading it as he drove the cart to town, or walked to the field, or ate his supper. In his noble poem "The Cotter's Saturday Night" he gives us a picture of the family at the close of the week, sitting in the evening by the fireside.

When Burns was twenty-three, his father died. The family then took another farm, and the young man worked harder than ever. But he saw poetry in everything, and he wrote verses like those that he had read in his book of English songs, and he repeated to himself the old Scotch songs that he had heard, and tried to make them better, and *did* make them better — so much better that the people listened to them with delight and felt that they were something new. Much of this he did while he was plowing. Once in the autumn his plow turned up the nest of a field mouse and he wrote a poem about it, telling how sad it made him feel to think of the little house all ruined, and winter coming on. At another time he plowed up a daisy and wrote a poem about that. There was nothing so small or so simple that it did not interest him.

Robert Burns

At about this time Burns became discouraged and thought he would go to the West Indies. In order to get enough money to pay for his passage he had some of his poems printed. They not only brought him enough money for the passage but they awakened such interest among literary people that he decided not to go to the West Indies, after all, but to go instead to Edinburgh. There he was invited to dinners and to parties and was made much of. Scott, then a boy of fifteen, saw him, and described him afterwards as a noble-looking man, with the finest eyes he had ever seen.

Some of the friends that Burns made in Edinburgh obtained for him a position as tax collector on the border between Scotland and England. It was his business to see that certain things were not brought over the border until the taxes or duties had been paid upon them, and to do this he had to ride from town to town on horseback. Often he rode at night, through the woods and over the mountains, in the rain or snow, and as he rode he thought out poems. But this sort of life was not good for him. He had fallen in with bad companions years before, and had spent too much time at alehouses. Afterwards he had partly overcome the habit, but now, after a cold ride, he found the taproom of the tavern too pleasant a place; he ruined his health, and when only thirty-seven he died — in a poor little house in Dumfries, where he had been living with his faithful wife and his young children.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

[This is the song of a Scotch Highlander who has been obliged to leave his home and travel in the South.

What you will notice particularly in the song is the music of it. It seems to roll and flow along like one of the Highland rivers.]

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; 5
My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth; 10
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below,
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods, 15
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go. 20

1. Give an outline of Burns's life. 2. Who is supposed to be singing this song? 3. Where are the Highlands of Scotland? 4. What feeling is expressed in the sentence "My heart 's in the Highlands"? 5. Explain "birthplace of valor," "country of worth," "straths," "wild-hanging woods," "torrents."

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

[This is supposed to be the song of an old Scotch peasant woman to her husband. Notice how simple and straightforward it is, and how much feeling there is in it.]

John Anderson my jo,[1] John,
When we were first acquent,[2]
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie[3] brow was brent[4];
But now your brow is beld,[5] John,
Your locks are like the snaw[6];
But blessings on your frosty pow,[7]
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither[8];
And monie a canty[9] day, John,
We 've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun[10] totter down, John,
And hand in hand we 'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

1. Explain "Your locks were like the raven," "We clamb the hill thegither," "Now we maun totter down," "sleep thegither at the foot." 2. Is the feeling in the poem one of contentment or of sorrow? What makes it beautiful?

[1] my dear [2] acquainted [3] handsome [4] smooth [5] bald [6] snow [7] head [8] together [9] happy [10] must

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
  That hings[1] his head, an' a'[2] that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
  We dare be poor for a' that!
    For a' that, an' a' that, 5
      Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
    The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
      The man 's the gowd[3] for a' that.

What tho' on hamely[4] fare we dine,
  Wear hodden-gray,[5] an' a' that; 10
Gie[6] fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
  A man 's a man for a' that.
    For a' that, an' a' that,
      Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
    The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor, 15
      Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie,[7] ca'd a lord,
  Wha[8] struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
  He 's but a coof[9] for a' that: 20
    For a' that, an' a' that,
      His riband, star, an' a' that,
    The man o' independent mind,
      He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man 's aboon[10] his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa'[11] that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree,[12] an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It 's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

1. Explain the first two lines. (Is there any one that hangs his head because of honest poverty?) 2. Explain lines 7–8. (A man's rank in life is like the stamp upon the coin. It does not change the metal that is in it.) 3. Explain "*tinsel* show." 4. Explain "His riband, star, an' a' that." (They are signs of an order of knighthood.) 5. Explain "A prince can mak a belted knight," etc. What can a prince not make? 6. There is a line from Pope: "An honest man 's the noblest work of God." Find a sentence in this poem that means the same thing.

[1] hangs
[2] all
[3] gold
[4] homely
[5] coarse gray cloth
[6] give
[7] a conceited fellow
[8] who
[9] dunce
[10] above
[11] must not try
[12] prize

READINGS FROM EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY AND NINETEENTH-CENTURY AUTHORS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770–1850

(For life of Wordsworth, see Literary Readers, Book Five)

THE DAFFODILS

[This poem was written in 1804, while Wordsworth was living in the Lake Country at Dove Cottage, Grasmere. The flowers which he mentions were seen about two years earlier, on a walk which the poet took with his sister Dorothy through a park along the Ullswater. Dorothy Wordsworth's journal for April 15, 1802, contains this description of them:

I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones, about and above them; some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow of weariness, and the rest tossed and reeled and danced and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew directly over the lake to them. They looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing.

You will notice that Wordsworth has changed the facts slightly. He was not alone, but he probably thought that the poem would be stronger if he made a contrast between the lonely traveler and the gay flowers. It is very simple, as nearly all of Wordsworth's poetry is, but it seems to take hold upon

us so that whenever we read it we can see with the poet that "host of golden daffodils" and enjoy their brightness.

If you read this poem during the daffodil season, try to get one or two of the flowers. Study them; notice their brilliant color, their form, their beauty, their springlike freshness. Then think of them growing in a mass, as Wordsworth saw them — ten thousand, he thinks there were. Can you imagine a sight that would bring more joy to the heart of a poet?]

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills, 5
And dances with the daffodils.

1. Tell what you can of Wordsworth's life. 2. What figure of speech in the first line? Is it a good one? Think of a single cloud floating in the clear sky.

3. Name two figures in the second stanza. In what ways are the daffodils like stars? 4. What danced besides the daffodils? What is meant by "Outdid the sparkling waves in glee"? 5. Explain "A *poet* could not but be gay." Why a poet more than any other person? What *is* a poet?

6. What *wealth* did the sight of the daffodils bring to the poet? 7. Put the last stanza into simpler words of your own. What is a *vacant* mood? a *pensive* mood? What is the "inward eye," and how does it make solitude blissful? (Do you never think of some beautiful or interesting thing that you have seen, and almost think you can see it again in imagination? Does it not give you pleasure to think of, when alone? Is this a reason for looking at beautiful things whenever we can, and for looking at them so earnestly that we shall remember them? Notice that the poet did not simply glance at the daffodils; he "gazed and gazed" until they made an impression that he never forgot.) 8. Select the best lines. 9. What does the poet show of himself in this poem? 10. Memorize the poem.

Other good poems of Wordsworth for this grade are "To the Cuckoo," "Nutting," "Fidelity," "To a Skylark." See also "Written in March" (Literary Readers, Book Four, page 318), "Alice Fell," and list of readings (Book Five, pages 56–60).

THE SOLITARY REAPER

[This poem is a picture in words. After reading it one can almost see that solitary figure in the field and hear the wild, sweet song. The reaper was singing in the language of the Gaelic Highlanders; therefore she could not be understood.]

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:

Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang 5
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listened, motionless and still,
And as I mounted up the hill 10
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

"MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD"

My heart leaps up when I behold
    A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began, 15
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
    Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be 20
Bound each to each by natural piety.

[The last three lines mean that every one is a child before he becomes a man; therefore the child is first. "Natural piety" means one's filial love for the child that he used to be.]

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

1772–1834

In the little village of Ottery St. Mary, among the hills of Devonshire, in England, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, lived the Reverend John Coleridge, vicar and schoolmaster. He was a pleasant, scholarly, absent-
5 minded gentleman, and the care of the large family fell upon his good wife, Anne, who was quite equal to the task. There were thirteen children; of the youngest, Samuel — or Sam, as he was called at home — we are now to talk.

Sam was born in 1772, two years after Wordsworth and
10 the year before the American colonists had their "tea party" in Boston harbor. When he was three years old he was sent to school to an old lady, who taught him his letters so successfully that at six he had read "Robinson Crusoe" and a number of other books, including large
15 portions of the Bible. A little later he found and read a copy of "The Arabian Nights," which so excited him and made him see such sights at night that his father took it away and burned it. In those days he used to play that he was one of the Seven Champions of Christendom, and
20 would rush out into the fields with a stick, slashing the weeds and nettles right and left, calling them false pagan dogs and other humiliating names as he cut them down.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

When Sam was nine years old his father died, and about a year later the boy was sent as a charity pupil to Christ's Hospital, commonly called the Blue-coat School, in London. There he met Charles Lamb, who later became a great essayist and with whom he formed a lifelong friendship. (For a description of school life at Christ's Hospital see the story of Leigh Hunt, Literary Readers, Book Six, page 68.)

Young Coleridge was a dreamy, imaginative boy. He would often climb to the flat roof of the school and, lying there upon his back, would watch the white clouds sailing over his head, seeing in them strange shapes and pictures. His mother, now quite poor, could not send him money for vacation visits, and it is supposed that he did not go home to Ottery for seven years.

At nineteen Coleridge entered Cambridge University, just as Wordsworth was leaving it. He read an astonishing number of books not called for in his class work, and was considered a brilliant student. His room was often filled with fellow students, who came just to hear him talk. But he did not finish his college course. At the end of three years he left Cambridge — we do not know just why, but probably for lack of money. During the last summer's vacation before he left he had taken a walking trip into Wales. On the way he stopped at Oxford, the other of the two great English universities, and there made the acquaintance of a student named Robert Southey.

Southey greatly admired Coleridge, and Coleridge liked Southey. A friendship immediately sprang up between them. They planned to go to America and start a colony on the banks of the Susquehanna River. The colonists were all to marry before leaving England and to take their wives with them. In accordance with this plan Coleridge and Southey married two sisters who they thought would make good colonists, but they never reached the Susquehanna River, for they could not raise money enough to start the colony.

Coleridge then published a small volume of poems, edited a paper, lectured on philosophy and literature, and tried in various ways to make a living, but did not find it easy. In 1797 he settled in the little village of Nether Stowey in the south of England, near the home of Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy. There a strong friendship was formed between the two poets, and they published together a book of poems called "Lyrical Ballads," which included Coleridge's greatest poem, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

The following years of Coleridge's life were broken. He studied in Germany; he returned to London and wrote a translation of one of Schiller's plays; he lectured again, and wrote for various newspapers. Then he went to visit the Wordsworths, who had moved to the north of England and were living near Grasmere (see Literary Readers, Book Five, page 54). He was so delighted with

the country that he took a house called Greta Hall, at Keswick, not far away. Southey later took another part of the same house, and for some years the three poets, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, were much together. They are still known as the "Lake Poets," from their having lived in this Lake Country of England.

But Coleridge lost strength and will power; his health failed; he began many things but finished nothing. Leaving his family to the care of Southey, he went to London again, where the greatest men of his time gathered to hear him talk, for he was the most interesting talker that England had known since Dr. Johnson. But he could apply himself no longer to any definite work; he grew weaker day by day, and in 1834 he died.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

[The plan of the "Ancient Mariner" was thought out during a walk near Nether Stowey one afternoon in the autumn of 1798 by Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Dorothy Wordsworth. One of them suggested their writing a poem together. Coleridge told of a weird dream that a friend had repeated to him a short time before, about being alone on a ship with a crew of dead men. This seemed a good subject. Coleridge made the outline; Wordsworth suggested the shooting of the albatross. They composed the first stanzas as they walked, but Wordsworth soon saw that Coleridge was the only one of them who could handle such a theme; so it was left to Coleridge. The poem was printed in their book, "Lyrical Ballads."

PART I

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

An ancient mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding feast, and detaineth one.

"The bridegroom's doors are opened wide, 5
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he. 10
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye —
The wedding guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child: 15
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding guest is spellbound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

The wedding guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner. 20

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop

The mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line.

Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

. . . . . .

The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice and of fearful sounds where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

Till a great sea bird called the albatross came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an albatross: 5
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew. 10
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And lo! the albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play, 15
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine. 20

The ancient mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus! —
Why look'st thou so?" — With my crossbow
I shot the albatross.

PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

His shipmates cry out against the ancient mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

. . . . . .

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even until it reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'T was sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day, 5
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the albatross begins to be avenged. 10

. . . . . .

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils, 15
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

. . . . . .

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates in their sore distress would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea bird round his neck. 20

Ah! welladay! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

. . . . . .

The western wave was all aflame.
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad, bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

. . . . . .

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter bark.

No twilight within the courts of the sun.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My lifeblood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

At the rising of the moon,

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

one after another,

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

his shipmates drop down dead.

. . . . . .

PART IV

The wedding guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him;

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—

but the ancient mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Fear not, fear not, thou wedding guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

. . . . . .

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

. . . . . .

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

Her beams bemocked the sultry main, 5
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship 10
I watched the water snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of the moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Within the shadow of the ship 15
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue 20
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware. 25

Their beauty and their happiness.

He blesseth them in his heart.

The spell begins to break.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

. . . . . .

He heareth strange sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

. . . . . .

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning! 5

And now 't was like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on 10
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune. 15

. . . . . .

PART VI

. . . . . .

The curse is finally expiated

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek 20
Like a meadow gale of spring —

It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
5 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient mariner beholdeth his native country.

O dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
10 Is this mine own countree?

. . . . . .

The harbor bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

15 The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

. . . . . .

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
20 I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third — I heard his voice: 5
It is the hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He 'll shrieve my soul, he 'll wash away
The albatross's blood. 10

PART VII

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree. 15

The hermit of the wood approacheth the ship.

. . . . . .

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on, 20
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

The ancient mariner is saved in the pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

. . . . . .

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient mariner earnestly entreateth the hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him,

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

and ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;

That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding guests are there: 5
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O wedding guest! this soul hath been 10
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'T is sweeter far to me, 15
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company! —

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends, 20
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest:

and to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
5 For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the wedding guest
10 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Coleridge's life. 2. How did "The Ancient Mariner" come to be written? 3. Describe the opening scene. 4. Who speaks the words in lines 3–8, page 257? 5. Why was the wedding guest compelled to listen?

6. The poem consists of a series of wonderful pictures. Note them as you read, and make a list of them, as (1) the ship leaving the harbor, (2) the storm, (3) the passage through the ice, and so on. Which do you like best? 7. If the sun came up on the left and went down on the right, in what direction was the ship going? 8. In what part of the world was the

ice found? 9. Notice the figure of the ship chased by the storm, like a man bending forward and running away from some pursuer, who is so close that the pursued walks upon his shadow. 10. Explain the comparison "Like noises in a swound." 11. Why did the sailors welcome the albatross? 12. What effect did the sailors think the bird had upon the ship? 13. Put into simple prose lines 17–18, page 259. 14. What made the "fog-smoke"? Try to see the picture of the "white moonshine." 15. Why did the mariner shoot the albatross?

16. What do lines 1–4, page 260, tell you about the course of the ship? 17. What do you understand by a *copper* sky? *bloody* sun? "As idle as a *painted* ship upon a *painted* ocean"? 18. Explain lines 9–12, page 261. 19. Why did the sailors hang the dead bird about the ancient mariner's neck? 20. What does the ship which the mariner sees show itself to be, as it passes across the setting sun? Explain this picture. 21. What made the change from day to night so sudden (lines 1–2, page 263)? What condition of the air makes long twilights and what makes short ones? 22. Explain lines 6–7, page 263. 23. Explain "star-dogged moon," "cursed me *with his eye.*"

24. Explain "or ever," line 14, page 264. 25. Why could the mariner not pray for a time? What made it possible at last for him to pray, and what was the result?

26. Explain "shrieve me, holy man," "The hermit *crossed his brow.*" 27. After his rescue, how did the mariner get relief from his agony when it came upon him? 28. What effect did this voyage have upon the mariner, and how does he express it? 29. What lesson did the wedding guest receive that made him a wiser man? Why was he sadder? Memorize lines 17–24, page 258; line 19, page 260 to line 12, page 261; lines 1–15, page 267; lines 1–6, page 272.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

1771–1832

In our story of Burns we read that when the great Scotch poet was entertained in Edinburgh he made a deep impression upon young Walter Scott, who was then a boy. Scott was twelve years younger than Burns and about the age of Wordsworth and Coleridge. He is known both as a novelist and as a poet. The story of his life is told in the Literary Readers, Book Five, page 198.

THE ARCHERY MATCH AT ASHBY

[This selection is from "Ivanhoe," one of Scott's best-known novels. Prince John, who was ruling England during the absence in Palestine of his brother Richard I, or Richard the "Lion-Hearted," arranged for a great tournament at Ashby. After several days of fierce encounters by the knights, an archery match was held for the yeomen, on the last day of the tournament.

On one of the preceding days Prince John had noticed in the crowd a bold fellow who, he thought, had failed to show him the respect due to his high rank. This angered the prince, and he determined to humiliate the yeoman in the archery match. He did not know that this same yeoman was no other than Robin Hood, who had come in disguise to the tournament to see the sport.]

Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merrymen as stand yonder."

"Under favor, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing discomfiture and disgrace."

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John colored as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their

skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou losest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

5 "And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your Grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many men at arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

10 "If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the Prince, "the Provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," 15 said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men at arms," said Prince John, 20 "his heart is sinking. I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial. And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent, when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern 25 avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access, the distance between that station and the mark

allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank termed the Provost of the Games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded, had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that considering the distance of the mark it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the Provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm till the center or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear.

The arrow whistled through the air and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your Highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow—"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout! In the clout! a Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity that they

could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

5 "And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards 10 attend me," he said, "if you please. I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him 15 to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time that to ask 20 a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used was to put shame upon his skill. For his own part, he said, and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. "A 25 child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists and sticking the

willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life — and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers — or rather I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill. A man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill; his arrow split the

willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which
5 with the bugle thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body guard and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

10 "Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that if ever I take service it should be with your royal brother King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not
15 refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd and was seen no more.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Scott's Life (Literary Readers, Book Five). 2. From what book is this selection taken? Name as many of Scott's other novels as you know, and two or three of his poems. 3. What sort of person was Prince John, and how did he happen to be ruling England at the time of this story? 4. Explain "yeomen," "royal livery," "merrymen," "under favor." 5. Use simpler words for "the object of his

resentment," "discomfiture," "unwittingly," "fallen under your displeasure." What was "Lincoln green"?

6. What does Locksley's reply to the prince show you of Locksley's character? 7. What other words or phrases might be used for "craven," "infamy," "lists," "order of precedence," "yeomanlike," "try conclusions," "baldric"? What was a "shot at rovers"? (A rising shot, not direct.) 8. Why did Hubert say that his grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings?

9. What does Prince John's remark to Hubert after Locksley's first shot show you of the prince's character? 10. What simpler or more common words might be used for "adversary," "a Hubert!" (Hurrah for Hubert!), "in the clout," "mend that shot," "precaution," "competitor," "dexterity"? 11. What further hint of John's character do we get from his asking attendants to go with Locksley as he cuts the willow wand, and what did the cries of the people show? Why did he change his purpose, after the people had expressed their disapproval? 12. Use simpler words or phrases for "vindicated their opinion," "a jubilee of acclamations." 13. What does Locksley, or Robin Hood, show of his character in this selection? What does Hubert show? What does Prince John show?

Notice how Scott here does not make us know the characters by describing them, but by making them say or do something that shows us what kind of men they are.

Other interesting selections from Ivanhoe are The Tournament (chap. xii) and The Attack on the Castle (chaps. xxix–xxxi). "The Talisman" is also full of stirring scenes which illustrate the life of both European and Saracen soldiers during the Crusades, and which show King Richard with the English army in Palestine.

MARMION AND DOUGLAS

[Marmion was a character invented by Scott as the hero of his poem of the same name. He was supposed to be an English nobleman sent by Henry the Eighth as an ambassador to James the Fourth of Scotland, about 1513, to try to prevent the Scots from making war upon England, as England was already at war with France and did not wish to meet another enemy.

Marmion was asked by King James to remain for a time in the castle of Tantallon as the guest of the Scottish Lord Douglas, Earl of Angus. Meanwhile the Scots continued their preparations for war, and at length Marmion, seeing no hope of peace, set out for the English camp of the Earl of Surrey. In taking leave of his host he offered his hand, which Douglas refused. On the next day fighting began between the two armies and resulted in the battle of Flodden, in which the Scots were defeated and their hopes crushed. Marmion is supposed to have died fighting, in the moment of victory.]

The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:

"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone, 5
From turret to foundation-stone —
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire, 10
And shook his very frame for ire,
And — "This to me!" he said,
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head! 15
And first I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here, 20
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near, —
Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword, —
I tell thee, thou 'rt defied! 25
And if thou saidst I am not peer

To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
5 O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth, "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
10 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms — what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need, —
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
15 Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies
20 Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchèd hand,
25 And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Explain who Marmion and Douglas were, and why Marmion was leaving the castle. Where were Marmion's attendants and where Douglas's? 2. Explain "The *train* from out the castle drew," "Though something I might *'plain*," "your king's *behest*," "Tantallon's towers," "my *manors*," "*unmeet* to be the owner's *peer*."

3. What is the duty of a host towards his guest? What added reason had Marmion for being well treated? 4. What did Douglas mean by saying that his castles were his king's but his hand was his own? 5. What do you think of Douglas's refusal to take Marmion's hand? 6. Explain "He who does England's message here." Why would the lowliest of Englishmen bearing the king's message be equal in rank to any Scotch nobleman? 7. What do we now call a person who bears such a message as Marmion bore? 8. Explain "pitch of pride," "flush of rage." 9. To whom are lines 23–24, page 285, addressed, and what do they show is happening? 10. Explain the different uses of the word "peer" in lines 16 and 26, page 285. 11. What do you think of Marmion's language? Was there any excuse for it? 12. Explain "to beard the lion in his den," "unscathed," "Saint Bride of Bothwell" (another name for Saint Bridget. There was a church dedicated to her at Bothwell on the Clyde, near Glasgow. She was a patron saint of the Douglas family.) 13. What order did Douglas give to his attendants? Was he justified in giving such an order? Give reasons for your answer. Explain what followed. 14. Explain "drawbridge," "warder," "portcullis," "rowels," "ponderous grate," "razed," "shook his gauntlet." 15. Which of the two men do you think behaved the better? Give reasons.

BREATHES THERE THE MAN WITH SOUL SO DEAD

[This noble burst of patriotism is found at the beginning of the sixth canto of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." An old Scotch harper has been singing to the ladies of Newark Castle ballads of love and warfare. His listeners praise his lay and ask him why he chooses to wander through Scotland, poor and neglected, while many in England would hear him gladly. He strikes his harp again and answers with these lines:]

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

[Explain "foreign strand," "minstrel raptures," "despite those titles, power, and pelf," "concentered all in self," "doubly dying."]

CHARLES LAMB

1775–1834

In the midst of the noise and bustle of the London streets there is a quiet spot beside the Thames, shut in between high walls and iron gates and used these many years for lawyers' offices and lodgings. It is called the Temple. You enter it through a dark and narrow passage and pass into a maze of queer little courts and alleys with patches of green turf here and there and bits of shrubbery, and at last find yourself in a sort of inclosed park having a fountain and a view of the river, with its mysterious ships and barges moving up and down — no one knows whither.

In one of these courts of the Temple Charles Lamb was born in 1775, the son of a poor law clerk and the youngest of seven children, only three of whom lived beyond their babyhood. As he grew up, the neighbors knew him as a gentle, thoughtful boy, stammering somewhat in his speech and halting a trifle in his walk. He was shy before strangers, yet gay among his playfellows, and so kind and sweet-tempered that everybody loved him. The lawyer for whom his father worked took an interest in the lad and in his sister Mary, and allowed the children to spend an occasional afternoon in his

library. These were Charles's happiest hours, except now and then a rare evening when his father by saving would have a spare shilling to take him to the play. His father loved these evenings as much as the boy did, but they did not come too often.

When Charles was seven, the lawyer whom his father served found a chance to send the boy to Christ's Hospital, or the "Blue-coat School," and there he met Coleridge. The two lads were much together, and when the food on the school table was particularly poor and the milk porridge particularly thin, Charles would smuggle in a cake or two and share his feast with Sam Coleridge and a few other friends.

When Charles was ready for college he met with a great disappointment. Instead of going on, as Coleridge had done, he was obliged to leave school and go to work to help support the family. His father was now growing old, his mother was far from well, his older brother had left home and had apparently forgotten his parents, Mary was earning something as a dressmaker, but not enough to keep the family together; so Charles, who longed to lead the life of a scholar, turned his back resolutely upon his hopes and took a clerkship in a great commercial establishment known as the South Sea House. Two years later he secured a similar position with the East India Company, another large importing organization, and this he held for thirty years.

Charles Lamb

Sad changes soon came upon the family. First, the old employer died, and they had to leave their quiet home in the Temple. Then Mary became violently insane and, without knowing what she was doing, took her mother's
5 life, and had to be sent to an asylum. Not long afterwards the father died, after many years of helplessness.

Through all these troubles Charles worked early and late, on a small salary, to provide the little comforts of which the family stood in need. Mary at times was quite
10 herself again and would come back to live with her brother. Those were happy days for both. Mary kept house; the two spent their evenings reading or writing or going to the play together, and often entertained their friends, of whom they had many. Charles wrote para-
15 graphs and jokes for the *Morning Post* at sixpence each, and after a time he and Mary together published the "Tales from Shakespeare," which are read to-day by hundreds of boys and girls all over the world. A few years later Charles wrote the "Adventures of Ulysses."

20 Both Charles and Mary had always wanted to get back to the Temple, and at last a chance presented itself. Charles was now earning enough to provide them with slightly better lodgings than those which they were then occupying; and in one of the old Temple courts they
25 found comfortable rooms through the windows of which, "when you stand a-tiptoe," as Charles wrote to Coleridge, they could look out over the Thames and the Surrey hills.

Every Wednesday evening they kept "open house" here for their friends, and the greatest writers, painters, and actors of the day came to see them. They were still poor, and there was no style at these friendly gatherings, but there was good fellowship and wit and brilliant conversation; and Lamb came to be known as one of the best talkers in England. Coleridge and Southey and Leigh Hunt and Wordsworth — when he chanced to be in London — were often at these "Wednesday nights" at Charles and Mary Lamb's. There were sad days when Mary would have to go back to the asylum, for she was never entirely cured, yet their life was sweetened by a rare sympathy and love, and when they were together, between the times of Mary's isolation, they were almost as happy as if there were no cloud over their lives.

When Lamb was fifty years old the East India Company gave him his liberty, with a pension which enabled him to live comfortably for the rest of his life and to provide for his sister. His last and most important writings were the "Essays of Elia," a series of familiar letters which he wrote for the *London Magazine*, signing them with the name of an old clerk whom he had known in the South Sea House.

The Lambs had several other homes after living in the Temple, their last being at Edmonton, where Charles died in 1834. Mary lived thirteen years after her brother's death.

THE DISCOVERY OF ROAST PIG

[From "A Dissertation upon Roast Pig" in "Essays of Elia."]

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. . . . The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling, (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swineherd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes.

Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs no less than nine in number perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake

of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage — he had smelt that smell before — indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think.

He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling*!

Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to

the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!"

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig. Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig and fairly rending it asunder thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still

shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father! only taste!" — cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which — make what sour mouths he would for a pretense — proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their

trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig of which the culprits stood accused might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, — without leaving the box or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose

who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of the life of Charles Lamb. From what is this story taken? 2. The "Chinese manuscript" was Lamb's own invention. Notice how Addison (page 205) and Irving (page 116) claim to have manuscripts containing their stories. 3. What is meant by broiling being the "elder brother" of roasting? 4. Explain "a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building," "smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers," "assailed his nostrils," "a premonitory moistening . . . overflowed his nether lip," "crackling," "retributory cudgel."

5. What is the effect of introducing trial by jury, reporters, and insurance companies into a story of ancient China? 6. Explain "inconsiderable assize town"; "simultaneous verdict"; "winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision." 7. How did these frequent fires affect architecture?

Other essays of Charles Lamb that you may find interesting are "Dream Children," "Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago," "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," "The Praise of Chimney Sweepers." Other books by Lamb are "The Adventures of Ulysses" and "Tales from Shakespeare."

THOMAS MOORE

1779–1852

While Scott and Lamb and the Lake Poets were still at school, a bright, warm-hearted Irish lad was growing up in Dublin, full of fun and mischief, often getting into trouble, but never meaning to do wrong. His name was Tom Moore, and his parents kept a grocery shop, over which was the family home. There was certainly nothing very poetical in his surroundings, but he believed that he had in him the making of a poet, and he began at an early age to write verses, several of which were published in a Dublin magazine when he was but fourteen. His schoolmaster, a certain Mr. Whyte, seemed proud of him, wrote pieces for him to speak, and arranged plays in which the boy took part. Young Tom had a fine voice also, and was made to sing on every possible occasion.

Moore went to college at the University of Dublin. He once surprised his professors by writing an examination in verse — and the verse was so good that they gave him a prize of a rather dull book with a high-sounding Latin inscription telling why it was given to him. In his nineteenth year he went to London to study law and to try to find a publisher for some odes which he had translated from the Greek. He found the publisher, and his

Thomas Moore

odes brought him into notice as a poet. He was given a government position in Bermuda, and from there traveled through the United States and Canada, writing several poems suggested by the places which he visited — among them "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp" and the "Canadian Boat Song."

At thirty he married and settled in Wiltshire, about eighty miles from London. Here he wrote his "Irish Melodies," setting them to the music of popular Irish airs. He was a favorite at the houses of lords and ladies, and a great reception seemed hardly complete without a song from the Irish poet.

The "Irish Melodies" were followed by a long oriental poem, "Lalla Rookh," a "Life of Byron," a "History of Ireland," and many other songs and shorter poems.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all 5
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one,
Who treads alone 10
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night, 15
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Is "stilly" a better word here than "still"? Give reason for your answer. 2. Explain the figures of speech in the first four lines. What does Memory bring to the poet? 3. What does the poem suggest as to the age of the singer? 4. Explain the simile of the leaves; of the banquet hall.

Other readings: "The Last Rose of Summer," "Those Evening Bells," and "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls."

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL

[In the Book of Exodus we read that after the Children of Israel had passed through the Red Sea on their way out of Egypt, and the host of the Egyptians had been swallowed up by the waters while trying to pursue them, "Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, 'Sing ye to Jehovah, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.'"—EXODUS xv, 20]

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free.
Sing, for the pride of the Tyrant is broken;
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His work was our arrow, his breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free!

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

1785–1859

Thomas De Quincey, the English essayist, was the son of a prosperous merchant of Manchester and was born in that city in 1785, being ten years younger than Lamb. His father died when the boy was quite young, and the family then lived for some years in the country. When Thomas was about eleven they moved again and went to Bath, in the south of England, where his mother placed him in the grammar school.

He proved to be a brilliant scholar, but was not strong in body, and lived chiefly among his books and his own thoughts. His schoolmates thought him a queer boy. At fifteen he could read Greek and, what is more, could speak it fluently. One of his teachers said of him, "That boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one." But the praise of his teachers worried his mother. She feared it would make him vain, and to spare him from this misfortune, she took him out of the Bath Grammar School and sent him to a very inferior school in Wiltshire, where she thought the teacher would not flatter him.

At fifteen he was ready to enter Oxford, but his family wished him to go first to the Manchester Grammar School,

where by studying three years he could earn a scholarship that would pay his expenses at the university. He began his work at Manchester, but he had already completed most of the studies offered there, and they now seemed very childish to him. At last the work grew so distasteful that he decided to give up all his plans for a college education and go out to "see the world."

He began by taking a walking journey through Wales, his family allowing him a guinea a week for expenses. For some reason — we do not know just why — after he had got away from home he did not ask for his guinea a week. Instead, he made his way like a common tramp, and in time found himself in London. There, after he had suffered great hardships, he was found by his friends and taken home. He was then sent to Oxford, and spent nearly four years there, but just as he was ready to take his degree he disappeared again.

At about this time he became acquainted with Wordsworth and Coleridge. He had already met Lamb in London. His admiration for Wordsworth was so great that he followed him into the Lake Region and for ten years lived in Dove Cottage, near Grasmere — the house which had been Wordsworth's first home in that region.

Here he married and settled down to the life of a literary man. Most of his essays were written for magazines, but a few years before his death they were published in book form. His later years were spent near Edinburgh.

Thomas De Quincey

When a young man he had been subject to severe attacks of neuralgia, and to ease the pain he had taken opium. The opium habit grew upon him, and his whole life became a struggle to free himself from it. His best-
5 known book is "Confessions of an English Opium Eater." Among his best essays are "The English Mail-Coach," "Joan of Arc," and "The Revolt of the Tartars."

A NIGHT ON THE MAIL-COACH

[This selection is abridged from De Quincey's essay "The English Mail-Coach," which was written in 1849.]

10 The mail recommenced its journey northwards about midnight. Wearied with the long detention at a gloomy hotel, I walked out about eleven o'clock at night for the sake of fresh air, meaning to fall in with the mail and resume my seat at the post office. The night, however,
15 being yet dark, as the moon had scarcely risen, and the streets being at that hour empty, so as to offer no opportunities for asking the road, I lost my way and did not reach the post office until it was considerably past midnight; but to my great relief (as it was important for
20 me to be in Westmoreland by the morning), I saw in the huge saucer eyes of the mail, blazing through the gloom, an evidence that my chance was not yet lost. Past the time it was, but by some rare accident the mail was not even yet ready to start.

Having mounted the box, my attention was drawn to the fact that the coachman was a monster in point of bulk, and that he had but one eye. These personal distinctions identified in an instant an old friend of mine whom I had known in the south for some years as the most masterly of mail coachmen. Great joy was at our meeting. But what was Cyclops doing here? Had the medical men recommended northern air, or how? I collected, from such explanations as he volunteered, that he had an interest at stake in some suit at law now pending at Lancaster; so that probably he had got himself transferred to this station for the purpose of connecting with his professional pursuits an instant readiness for the calls of his lawsuit.

Meantime, what are we stopping for? Surely we have now waited long enough. Oh, this procrastinating mail and this procrastinating post office! What are they about? The guard tells me that there is a large extra accumulation of foreign mails this night, owing to irregularities caused by war, by wind, by weather, in the packet service. But at last all is finished. Sound your horn, guard! Manchester, good-by! Off we are at last!

From Manchester to Kendal there were at this time seven stages of eleven miles each. The first three stages terminate in Preston. During the first stage I found out that Cyclops was mortal; he was liable to the shocking affection of sleep — a thing which previously I had never

suspected. If a man indulges in the vicious habit of sleeping, all the skill in aurigation of Apollo himself, with the horses of Aurora to execute his notions, avails him nothing. "Oh, Cyclops!" I exclaimed, "thou art mortal. My friend, thou snorest!"

Through the first eleven miles, however, this infirmity betrayed itself only by brief snatches. On waking up he made an apology for himself which, instead of mending matters, laid open a gloomy vista of coming disasters. The summer assizes, he reminded me, were now going on at Lancaster, in consequence of which for three nights and three days he had not lain down on a bed. During the day he was waiting for his own summons as a witness on the trial in which he was interested. During the night, or that part of it which at sea would form the middle watch, he was driving. This explanation certainly accounted for his drowsiness, but in a way which made it much more alarming; since now, after several days' resistance to this infirmity, at length he was steadily giving way.

Throughout the second stage he grew more and more drowsy. In the second mile of the third stage he surrendered himself finally and without a struggle to his perilous temptation. All his past resistance had but deepened the weight of this final oppression. Seven atmospheres of sleep rested upon him; and to consummate the case, our worthy guard, after singing "Love

amongst the Roses" for perhaps thirty times, without invitation and without applause, had in revenge moodily resigned himself to slumber — not so deep, doubtless, as the coachman's, but deep enough for mischief. And thus at last, about ten miles from Preston, it came about that I found myself left in charge of his Majesty's London and Glasgow mail, then running at the least twelve miles an hour. The usual silence and solitude prevailed along the road. Not a hoof nor a wheel was to be heard. And to strengthen this false luxurious confidence in the noiseless roads, it happened also that the night was one of peculiar solemnity and peace. Obliquely upon our left we were nearing the sea; which also must, under the present circumstances, be repeating the general state of halcyon repose. The sea, the atmosphere, the light, bore each an orchestral part in this universal lull. Moonlight and the first timid tremblings of the dawn were by this time blending; and the blendings were brought into a still more exquisite state of unity by a slight silvery mist, motionless and dreamy, that covered the woods and fields, but with a veil of equable transparency. Except the feet of our own horses, — which, running on a sandy margin of the road, made but little disturbance, — there was no sound abroad. In the clouds and on the earth prevailed the same majestic peace.

Suddenly I was awakened to a sullen sound, as of some motion on the distant road. It stole upon the air

for a moment; I listened in awe; but then it died away. Once roused, however, I could not but observe with alarm the quickened motion of our horses. It was not that I feared for ourselves. *Us* our bulk and impetus charmed against peril in any collision. But any carriage that we could meet would be frail and light in comparison of ourselves.

What could be done — who was it that could do it — to check the storm-flight of these maniacal horses? Could I not seize the reins from the grasp of the slumbering coachman? You, reader, think that it would have been in *your* power to do so; and I quarrel not with your estimate of yourself; but, from the way in which the coachman's hand was viced between his upper and lower thigh, this was impossible.

The sounds ahead strengthened, and were now too clearly the sounds of wheels. Who and what could it be? Was it industry in a taxed cart? Was it youthful gayety in a gig? Was it sorrow that loitered, or joy that raced? Whoever were the travelers, something must be done to warn them.

Might I not sound the guard's horn? Already, on the first thought, I was making my way over the roof of the guard's seat. But this, from the foreign mails being piled upon the roof, was a difficult and even dangerous attempt to one cramped by nearly three hundred miles of outside traveling. And fortunately, before I had lost much time

in the attempt, our frantic horses swept round an angle of the road which opened upon us that final stage where the collision must be accomplished and the catastrophe sealed.

Before us lay an avenue straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees, which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high overhead, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this Gothic aisle, a frail, reedy gig, in which were seated a young man and by his side a young lady. The little carriage is creeping on, and the parties within it are bending down their heads. I shouted — and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted — and now he heard me, for now he raised his head.

Here, then, all had been done that, by me, *could* be done; more on *my* part was not possible. Mine had been the first step; the second was for the young man; the third was for God. If, said I, this stranger is a brave man, or if he feels the obligation, pressing upon every man worthy to be called a man, of doing his utmost for a woman confided to his protection — he will at least make some effort to save her.

He saw, he heard, he comprehended, the ruin that was coming down; already its gloomy shadow darkened above him, and already he was measuring his strength to deal with it. Suddenly he rose, stood upright, and by

a powerful strain upon the reins, raising his horse's forefeet from the ground, he slewed him round on the pivot of his hind legs, so as to plant the little equipage in a position nearly at right angles to ours.

5 Thus far his condition was not improved; except as a first step had been taken towards the possibility of a second. If no more were done, nothing was done; for the little carriage still occupied the very center of our path, though in an altered direction. Yet even now it may not 10 be too late. One almighty bound may avail to clear the ground. Hurry, then, hurry! for the flying moments — *they* hurry. Oh, hurry, hurry, my brave young man! for the cruel hoofs of our horses — *they* also hurry!

One blow, one impulse given with voice and hand, by 15 the stranger, one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence, landed the docile creature's forefeet upon the crown or arching center of the road. The larger half of the little equipage had then cleared our overtowering shadow; that was evident even to my own 20 agitated sight. But the rear part of the carriage — was *that* certainly beyond the line of absolute ruin? What power could answer the question?

Faster than ever millrace we ran past them in our inexorable flight. Oh, raving of hurricanes that must 25 have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! Even in that moment the thunder of collision spoke aloud. Either with the swinglebar, or with the

haunch of our near leader, we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig, which stood rather obliquely and not quite so far advanced as to be accurately parallel with the near-wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. I rose in horror to gaze upon the ruins we might have caused. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene; which in a moment told its own tale.

The horse was planted immovably, with his forefeet upon the paved crest of the central road. The little cany carriage,— partly, perhaps, from the violent torsion of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given to it, — as if it sympathized with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man trembled not, nor shivered. He sat like a rock. But *his* was the steadiness of agitation frozen into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look round; for he knew that, if anything remained to do, by him it could no longer be done.

. . . . . .

The moments were numbered; the strife was finished; the vision was closed. In the twinkling of an eye our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at the right angles we wheeled into our former direction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant and swept it into my dreams forever.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of De Quincey's life. 2. Describe briefly a stagecoach of the type referred to in this selection. 3. Explain "in point of bulk," "personal distinctions," "identified." 4. Why did De Quincey call the driver Cyclops? 5. Explain the reference to Apollo and the horses of Aurora. What is "skill in aurigation"? 6. Explain "a gloomy vista of coming disasters," "summer assizes," "seven *atmospheres* of sleep rested upon him." (An atmosphere means in scientific language the weight or pressure of the air at the level of the sea. Seven atmospheres would be seven times this.) 7. Explain "halcyon repose" (see Vocabulary). 8. What is meant by the sea, the atmosphere, and the light each bearing "an orchestral part in this universal lull"? (This beautiful description likens the scene of the early dawn to music; each object is like an instrument, all blending into perfect harmony.) 9. Explain "*equable* transparency," "Was it industry in a taxed cart?" (There was a tax on market carts in England.) 10. What touch of feeling is given to the description by likening the place of the collision to a cathedral aisle? 11. What is a gig? 12. What figures of speech are found in the words "was all alive with tremblings and shiverings," page 315, line 14? Explain "torsion." 13. Compare the description of the collision with a modern newspaper account of some fatal accident. Which seems to you the stronger? Why?

Another selection from "The English Mail-Coach" — one which illustrates De Quincey's humor — is the description of the state coach presented to the emperor of China, and how he used it.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

1788–1824

If you remember the story of the life of Swift (Literary Readers, Book Six, page 304) you will recall that he was a man who was always unhappy because he was always thinking of himself. Byron was like him. Wherever he looked he seemed to see his own reflection. 5

Byron was unfortunate, to begin with, in not having good parents. His father was of an ancient and aristocratic family but had squandered all that belonged to him and lived so wild and reckless a life that his comrades called him "Mad Jack"; his mother was a weak 10 and silly woman, whom his father married for her money and whom he left as soon as he had spent it. George Gordon was born in London in 1788. The American Revolution had then been fought and won, and the French Revolution was about to begin. The spirit of 15 revolt was in the very air. It was a time when authority of every kind was being questioned, and Byron's life was a continual rebellion.

Soon after the boy's birth his father ran away to France and died in that country. The mother then took George 20 up to Aberdeen, in Scotland, where she lived as well as she could upon the little money that was left her, until

George was ten years old. At that time his great-uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, died, and as he had no children of his own, the title and estate descended to young George, who was his nearest kin and who thus became the sixth Lord Byron and master of the broad lands and mansion of Newstead Abbey, near Nottingham, in Sherwood Forest.

At thirteen he was sent to school at Harrow. He was a proud and passionate boy, and for a time did not get along very well with his schoolmates. He had a handsome face but a lame foot, and he was very sensitive about the latter. Yet in spite of his lameness he was a good cricket player, swimmer, and boxer, and was generally in a fight with some one. He would rather fight than do anything else in the world.

From Harrow he went at seventeen to Cambridge. Here he gave more attention to shooting, boxing, and riding than to his studies, and was so idle that it is hard to understand how he ever got through. At college he published his first volume of poems, called "Hours of Idleness" (which, by the way, was a most appropriate title), but it attracted no attention except from a Scotch literary paper, the *Edinburgh Review*, which made great fun of it. Byron replied with a poem called "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which made fun of the *Review* and which brought him into notice — and that was just what he wanted.

George Gordon, Lord Byron

After leaving Cambridge he traveled through southern Europe as far as Greece and Turkey, and wrote the first two parts, or cantos, of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." Then he returned to London, published his poem, and
5 was at once hailed as a great poet. "I awoke one morning," he said, "and found myself famous." Scott and Tom Moore, the Irish poet, became his warm friends. He was invited to countless receptions, balls, and parties. People imitated his melancholy manner, his speech, and
10 even his dress. In the midst of this flattery he married a wealthy and beautiful young woman and entered Parliament; but his successes turned his head, he grew dissipated, and within a year his young wife had to leave him, taking with her their child, a baby girl.

15 Those who had honored him now turned against him, and he became so unpopular that he had to leave England. He wandered again through southern Europe. In Italy he engaged in several revolutionary plots and was much with Shelley, whose life you will read a few pages
20 farther on in this book. Leigh Hunt also joined them for a time. During these years Byron kept on writing poetry, completing "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" and producing "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Mazeppa," and several other poems.

25 In 1824, after eight years of this wandering life, Byron became interested in the struggle of the Greeks to free themselves from Turkey and threw himself into the fight

with his whole soul. It was the sort of thing he loved, and in it he showed more strength of character than he had ever shown before. He was made leader of the Greek forces and prepared for a great battle against the Turks, but just as he was about to make his attack he was seized with a fever and died a few days later.

THE NIGHT BEFORE WATERLOO

[This selection is taken from the third canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." The revelry described in the first stanza was a ball given to the English officers in Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond, on the night of June 15, 1815. The English army under the Duke of Wellington was encamped just outside the city, awaiting an attack by the French under Napoleon. Napoleon, thinking that the English were off their guard, attacked them suddenly on that night. The battle which followed was really two battles — the first known as the battle of Quatre Bras, and the second, two days later, as the battle of Waterloo. Supporting the English army were the armies of the Netherlands, Belgium, Prussia, and others of the German states, the last-named under Marshal Blücher. Napoleon's power was crushed, and he was soon after made prisoner.

Lady de Ros, daughter of the Duchess of Richmond, in her "Personal Recollections" says of the ball:

When the Duke of Wellington arrived, rather late, I was dancing, but at once went up to him to ask about the rumors. He said very gravely, "Yes, they are true; we are off to-morrow." This terrible news was circulated directly, and while some of the officers

hurried away, others remained at the ball and actually had not time to change their clothes, but fought in evening costume.

I went with my oldest brother to his house, which stood in our garden, to help him pack up, after which we returned to the ballroom, where we found some energetic and heartless ladies still dancing. It was a dreadful evening, taking leave of friends and acquaintances, many never to be seen again. The Duke of Brunswick, as he took leave of me in the anteroom adjoining the ballroom, made me a civil speech as to the Brunswickers being sure to distinguish themselves. I remember being quite provoked at Lord Hay for his delight at the idea of going into action; and the first news we had on the sixteenth was that he and the Duke of Brunswick were killed. At the ball supper I sat next to the Duke of Wellington. In the course of the evening the duke asked my father for a map of the country. He put his finger on Waterloo, saying the battle would be fought there.

Thackeray also describes scenes in Brussels at this time, in the twenty-ninth and thirty-first chapters of "Vanity Fair."]

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat; 5
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival, 10
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell. 15
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness; 20
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise! 25

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
5 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips — "The foe! They come!
they come!"

10 And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose,
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes: —
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
15 Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves.
20 Dewy with Nature's teardrops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
25 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass

Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife, 5
The morn the marshaling in arms, — the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunderclouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent, 10
Rider and horse — friend, foe — in one red burial blent!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Byron's life. 2. Name three of his poems. From which is this selection taken? 3. Tell what you can about the battle of Waterloo. Between whom was it fought, where was it, and what did it decide? 4. Describe the picture in the first two stanzas. What immediately followed? (The strength and interest of the poem lie largely in the contrast between these two scenes and in the sudden change from gayety to fear and death.) 5. Put into simple prose "Belgium's capital had gathered then her Beauty and her Chivalry," "Music arose with its voluptuous swell." 6. What is a "rising knell"? 7. Explain "let joy be unconfined," "to chase the glowing Hours with flying feet."

8. Who was "Brunswick's fated chieftain," and how fated? 9. What is meant by "Death's prophetic ear"? 10. What do you learn in the third stanza about Brunswick's father? (He

was Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick and had been killed by the French at Jena, nine years before.) 11. What was the deep thunder (page 324, line 5)? The "Cameron's Gathering" was the war call of the Cameron clan of Scotch Highlanders. Who was Lochiel, and what are "Albyn's hills"? 12. What is "the noon of night"? Describe the pibroch. 13. "Evan's, Donald's fame," refers to Evan Cameron and his grandson Donald, both famous chiefs. How would their memory affect their clansmen?

14. What is Ardennes? Explain "dewy with Nature's teardrops," and why "teardrops"? 15. Explain "Which now beneath them, but above shall grow in its next verdure," "fiery mass of living valor," "The thunderclouds close o'er it," "covered thick with other clay, which her own clay shall cover." 16. Memorize lines or stanzas that you particularly like.

Other poems of Byron which you can read in this grade are "The Isles of Greece," portions of "The Prisoner of Chillon," and "Mazeppa"; also "The Ocean," and "The Gladiator" from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." A stirring poem upon the Greek revolution is Fitz-Greene Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris."

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto IV

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

[This poem describes the closing event in the expedition of Sennacherib, king of Assyria, against the Jews under King Hezekiah, in the seventh century B.C. Sennacherib was one of the great warriors of ancient times. He reigned from 705 to 681 B.C. and conquered the neighboring nations. In this expedition against the Jews he took forty-six fortified cities and more than two hundred thousand captives, and shut up Hezekiah in Jerusalem, "like a bird in a cage," as he says in one of his inscriptions, "building towers round the city to hem him in and raising banks of earth against the gates so as to prevent escape." Hezekiah was obliged to pay a heavy tribute, giving Sennacherib all the silver that was in the temple and the palace, and cutting off the gold from the doors and pillars. Having exhausted his treasure he went to Isaiah the prophet and besought him to pray for help. And Isaiah replied, "Thus saith Jehovah: 'Be not afraid. . . . [The king of Assyria] shall hear tidings and shall return to his own land, and I will cause him to fall by the sword in his own land.'"

Almost immediately after this message Sennacherib was called away by the news that other enemies were rising against him, and the soldiers were withdrawn from Jerusalem, but with the threat that they would come again.

This threat disturbed Hezekiah, and he went into the temple and prayed to Jehovah. In response, word was sent to him again through Isaiah the prophet, "Thus saith Jehovah concerning the king of Assyria: he shall not come unto this city nor shoot an arrow there, neither shall he come before it with shield nor cast up a mound against it."

What followed is told in 2 Kings xix, 35–37: "And it came to pass that night, that the angel of Jehovah went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when men arose early in the morning, behold, these were all dead bodies. So Sennacherib king of Assyria departed, and went and returned, and dwelt at Nineveh. And it came to pass, as he was worshiping in the house of Nisroch his god, that Adrammelech and Sharezer smote him with the sword." See also 2 Kings xviii, 13–xix, 37 and Isaiah xxxvi, xxxvii.]

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail, 5
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What historical event does this poem describe? Tell what you can about it. Why do we say "from 705 to 681 B.C.," instead of "from 681 to 705 B.C.," line 4, page 327? 2. What two similes are found in the first stanza? in the second? Explain them. 3. Notice that the poem presents two pictures — before the plague and after it. In what line does the second begin? 4. Notice the fine metaphor in the third stanza. What was the Angel of Death? 5. Explain "the *widows* of Ashur." (Ashur, the name of the national god of Assyria, is here used for the country itself.) 6. *Broke* and *smote* were formerly proper past participles of *break* and *smite*. What forms are now used instead? 7. Explain "the idols are broke." Who was Baal? 8. What *Gentile* is referred to here? Explain the last two lines. 9. What lesson do you think this poem teaches? 10. Memorize the poem.

Byron's "Vision of Belshazzar" and the Biblical account in the fifth chapter of Daniel give another instance of pride humbled by Divine Power.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792–1822

In 1792, when Byron was a child of four years, in Aberdeen, and Wordsworth and Coleridge were young men taking tramps together and writing poetry in the south of England, and Scott was beginning to practice law in Edinburgh, and Burns was chasing smugglers and collecting duties on the Border, another was born into the great company of English poets. The newcomer was Shelley.

Shelley was the son of a country gentleman, afterwards a baronet, who lived at Field Place, near Horsham, in Sussex. He was the eldest of six children, and we are told that when a boy he used to entertain his sisters with marvelous tales of goblins and strange animals that he said inhabited their garden, and of a dragon in a neighboring wood, also of an alchemist with a long gray beard, who was supposed to dwell in an abandoned room of the old house. He liked to go out at night and walk among the trees. In one of his poems he says:

> While yet a boy, I sought for ghosts and sped
> Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
> And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
> Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

The boy was first taught by a tutor and began to study Latin when he was six years old. Then he went to a school kept by an old Scotchman, who did quite as much flogging as teaching. It was a horrible place, and the boy was thankful when his father took him away and sent him to Eton. The big boys at Eton tried to bully him, but he fought them with the utmost boldness and banded all the smaller boys together to resist their tyranny. It was here that he began to show that spirit of rebellion against authority which marked him all through life and which was characteristic of the times in which he lived. We have seen how strong it was in Byron. While at Eton, Shelley, then about sixteen, wrote a story, which he sold for forty pounds. He also published with his sister a book of poems. He read eagerly and almost constantly, but did not apply himself closely to his studies.

After finishing his preparatory work at Eton, Shelley went to Oxford. Here he wrote a rebellious pamphlet which got him into trouble and made it necessary for him to leave college. This was his first serious mistake.

He went to London. While there he frequently visited his sisters, who were at a neighboring school, and he became so interested in one of their schoolgirl friends that he ran away with her and married her. This was another mistake. They were very young and were not at all suited to each other; after three years they separated. Several years later he ran away with another young woman.

At twenty-six he left England never to return. He took his wife with him and lived for a time in Naples, in Rome, in Leghorn, and in Pisa. Pisa was especially attractive to him. There, in that quiet old city, he had nothing to fight against and nothing to disturb him. He and Mrs. Shelley made a home there, and there he did his best work. While in Italy he frequently saw Byron. It was in Byron's villa at Este that he began his drama "Prometheus Unbound." At about the same time, or shortly after, Keats, another brilliant young English poet, died in Rome. Shelley, who admired him greatly, wrote a dirge or elegy called "Adonais," which is one of his best works. In 1822 Shelley and his wife went with some friends to Lerici, near Spezia, on the east coast of Italy. He had planned with Byron to establish a magazine, for which both poets should write and which Leigh Hunt should edit. They had sent to London for Hunt, and when Hunt and his family arrived at Leghorn, Shelley sailed down the coast from Spezia in a little boat to meet and welcome him. On his return a violent thunderstorm came up and wrecked the boat. Shelley was drowned. His body was found and burned, as he had wished it should be. The ashes were buried in the little Protestant cemetery in Rome near the grave of Keats.

Aside from the poems already mentioned, Shelley's finest poems are perhaps his short lyrics "The Cloud," "To a Skylark," and "Ode to the West Wind."

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams;
5 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
10 And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
15 And all the night 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder, —
20 It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I, all the while, bask in heaven's blue smile, 5
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead, 10
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath, 15
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove. 20

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleecelike floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet, 25
Which only the angels hear,

May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
5 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
10 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridgelike shape,
Over a torrent sea,
15 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
20 Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
25 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph, 5
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Shelley's life. 2. Explain how a cloud is made. 3. Give examples of personification in the first stanza. 4. Who is called the *mother* of the buds, and how does she dance about the sun? 5. Explain the metaphor in "I wield the flail of the lashing hail." 6. To what is the lightning likened in the second stanza? the thunder? 7. Lightning, the pilot, is supposed to be guiding the cloud onward to find the genii or spirits of the earth and sea — perhaps magnetic forces. The lightning is attracted to these spirits and tries to find them wherever he dreams they are. Explain how the cloud can "bask in heaven's blue smile" while the lightning below is "dissolving in rains."

8. What is meant by the "*sanguine* sunrise"? What are the "meteor eyes" and "burning plumes" of the sunrise? Notice this figure of the sunrise leaping upon the back of the cloud. If you have ever seen the morning sunlight just touching a cloud, you will feel the beauty of the comparison. 9. What does *rack* mean, as here used? Why is the morning star spoken of as shining *dead*? 10. Explain the comparison beginning with

line 11, page 335. Is it a simile or metaphor? 11. Explain "the *lit* sea." Why is "ardors" used in referring to the sunset?

12. Explain "the *crimson pall* of eve." Where is the "airy nest" of the cloud, and in what ways is a cloud like a brooding dove? 13. Who is "the orbèd maiden"? Define "orbèd." 14. The top of a cloud, as seen from a mountain or a balloon, seems level like a floor. Give the poet's explanation of the breaks or openings in the cloud at night. Think of these lines when you see the moon shining through a cloud. 15. What seems like a swarm of golden bees? 16. Why are the rivers, lakes, and seas like strips of the sky, and with what are they *paved*? What is meant by "paved with the moon"?

17. Explain lines 9–12, page 336. (The volcanoes seem dim by comparison with the brightness of the cloud when the sun shines on it; and the stars seem to reel when the moon shines on it and the whirlwinds blow it along.) 18. Explain "sunbeam-proof." What seem to be the columns that support the roof of the sky? 19. What is the arch in line 17, page 336? Explain "When the powers of the air are chained to my chair." 20. What is "the sphere-fire above"?

21. Explain why the cloud is called "the daughter of earth and water, and the nursling of the sky." Explain "I change, but I cannot die." 22. Explain "when, with never a stain, the pavilion of heaven is bare." Why is heaven called a pavilion? Compare this with "blue dome," line 4. Which do you like the better? 23. What does "convex" mean?

24. What is a cenotaph? What is the cenotaph of the cloud? Why does the cloud laugh, and how does it "rise and unbuild it again"? 25. Select what you think are the finest lines in the poem. 26. Find all the similes and metaphors. 27. Memorize the stanzas that you like best.

TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
  Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
  Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art. 5

Higher still and higher
  From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
  The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 10

In the golden lightning
  Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightning,
  Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun. 15

The pale purple even
  Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
  In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight, 20

Keen as are the arrows
  Of that silver sphere,

Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,

Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves, 5
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass, 10
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine; 15
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine:

Chorus hymenæal,
Or triumphal chaunt, 20
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
5 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be —
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
10 Thou lovest — but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
15 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
20 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
25 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
  Of delightful sound —
Better than all treasures
  That in books are found —
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground! 5

Teach me half the gladness
  That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
  From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then — as I am listening now. 10

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Find out what you can about the European skylark. What peculiarities has it? 2. Explain "profuse strains of unpremeditated art," "unbodied joy." 3. What is the silver sphere mentioned in the fifth stanza, and what is meant by "Whose intense lamp narrows in the white dawn"? 4. What are the heavy-wingèd thieves, line 8, page 341? Explain "vernal showers." 5. What is the subject of "surpass" in line 13? Reread this stanza, giving to the words their prose order. 6. Explain "chorus hymenæal," "the *fountains* of thy happy strain," "satiety." 7. Explain the stanza beginning "Waking or asleep." 8. In the following stanza (line 16) notice that *we* is contrasted with the skylark — *we* pine, but the skylark does not. 9. What is the *skill* of the skylark for which the poet longs (line 5, page 343)? 10. Find all the similes and metaphors in this poem and explain them. 11. Memorize stanzas that you like, at least the first four and the last.

JOHN KEATS

1795–1821

The last of the group of English poets who made the beginning of the nineteenth century ever memorable was John Keats. His life was short (he was little more than twenty-five when he died), yet in the few years before his death he wrote some of the most perfect and beautiful poetry that we shall ever find.

Keats was three years younger than Shelley, having been born in 1795. He had the same high poetic spirit and love for the beautiful that Shelley had, but he came from a very different home, for he was the son of a stable keeper and was born over the stable of a London inn. You may think that a strange birthplace for a great poet, but it doesn't matter much what one's surroundings are if one is made of the right sort of stuff and is determined to do something worth while.

Keats's father was not poor. He had worked hard and by his prudence and industry had become manager of the stable, had married his master's daughter, and had been able to lay aside enough to educate his four children. John, the oldest of the family, was sent to school at Enfield, where he studied and played as most boys do, and did not distinguish himself for anything in particular

John Keats

unless it was for his kindness and good-nature. He was small for his age, but was broad-shouldered and vigorous.

Troubles came upon him early. His father was killed by a fall from a horse; his mother died a few years later, 5 and at fifteen John was taken from school by his guardian and apprenticed to a physician at Edmonton.

He found time in the midst of his medical studies for some reading, and often walked over to Enfield, to see Cowden Clarke, the son of his old schoolmaster, with 10 whom he had kept up a warm friendship. Young Clarke was fond of literature, and on one of these visits lent Keats a copy of Spenser's "Fairy Queen." The reading of this book inspired the young poet to write. His first poems were imitations of Spenser, and were rich with 15 beautiful forms and gorgeous color, but irregular and crude. Something else was needed to perfect his style, and that came at last through his discovery of Homer. One evening as he was visiting young Clarke, the latter took down from a shelf Chapman's translation of the 20 great poet, and the two began to read it together. Keats knew nothing of Greek, and this translation opened a new world to him. As they read he became so excited that at times he shouted for very joy. They read on without any thought of time, until day broke in the east. 25 Keats walked home in the early dawn with a strange new feeling in his heart, and a few days later he sent Clarke his sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's

Homer." From that time forth he felt that poetry was to be his life work. He continued his medical studies and for two years was an assistant in a London hospital, but he had lost interest in medicine. It was at about this time that he said to a friend, "The other day during a lecture there came a sunbeam into the room, and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray; and I was off with them to Oberon and fairyland."

In London Keats became acquainted with Shelley and Leigh Hunt. Hunt, who was at that time publishing a paper, *The Examiner*, printed several of Keats's sonnets. A little later, in 1817, he helped him to bring out a small volume of poems, but the book attracted no attention and did not sell. Yet Keats was not discouraged. He knew that he could do better, and about a year later he published a longer poem, "Endymion," which told the story of the Greek youth who was loved by the Moon. The magazines made fun of it, and Keats, greatly disappointed but not discouraged, determined to make his next still better.

About this time one of his brothers became very ill. Keats took care of him and wore himself out with nursing. The brother died, and Keats, thinking to get a little rest and change, took a tramp through the Lake Country and into Scotland. He became overtired, was drenched with rain, took a severe cold, and came back with consumption fastened upon him. He was then but twenty-three.

During the next three years, with steadily failing health, Keats did his best work. "The Eve of St. Agnes," "On a Grecian Urn," "To a Nightingale," "Lamia," and the beautiful fragment called "Hyperion" were written during that time. The book which contained these poems was published in 1820 and brought its author fame, but he was then beyond caring for that. In the autumn of the same year he went to Rome, thinking that the milder climate might lengthen his life, but he died during the following February, and was buried in the little Protestant cemetery just within the city wall. He asked that upon his tombstone should be placed the words, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." The words were placed there, as he wished, but they did not prevent his name from becoming famous.

ROBIN HOOD

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years:
Many times have Winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh, 5
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon, 10
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan, 15
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent; 20
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw 25
Idling in the "grenè shawe";

All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfèd grave,
And if Marian should have
5 Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
10 She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her — strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is: yet let us sing
Honor to the old bowstring!
15 Honor to the bugle horn!
Honor to the woods unshorn!
Honor to the Lincoln green!
Honor to the archer keen!
Honor to tight Little John,
20 And the horse he rode upon!
Honor to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honor to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood clan!
25 Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of the life of Keats. 2. Tell who Robin Hood was, and how and where he lived. 3. What days are spoken of in the first line? Explain "buried all under the down-trodden pall of the leaves of many years." What is a pall? 4. Explain lines 21–25, page 348. (The North and the East are spoken of as "Winter's shears" because their winds are so sharp and because they cut down between them all the grass and flowers. The poet thinks of the old feasts of Robin Hood and his merrymen in Sherwood Forest, and suggests that for many years the North and the East have sounded their tempests to the feast of only the "forest's whispering fleeces" — that is, of the driving snow — since those days when the forest was free and when men did not have to pay rent or make leases for it.)

5. Explain "Silent is the *ivory* shrill" (ivory whistle). What is a *heath*? 6. Explain lines 5–8, page 349. (No laugh is now to be heard in the midst of the forest, as in Robin Hood's time, when often some traveler would hear the echo of talking and jesting. The echo would give him only half of the jest or the last words of it.) 7. What are the *seven stars*? the *polar ray*? a *ditty*? 8. Who was Little John? 9. Explain lines 13–20, page 349. (You cannot now see one of Robin Hood's men thrumming on an empty can, down beside the river Trent, where, after having left the crowd with their merry tales, to get some ale at a neighboring town, he stops a while and thus beguiles or enlivens his way through the green forest to the place where Merriment is hostess; that is, to the village tavern.)

10. Explain "merry morris din" (see Vocabulary). 11. What was the song of Gamelyn? (It was an old song from Chaucer.)

"Grenè shawe" is old English for greenwood and is used in the Robin Hood ballads. 11. Who was Marian? 12. Explain lines 7–9, page 350. (The oaks of the forest have been cut down by the ax of the men from the dockyard and made into ships, which have already rotted on the seas.)

13. Explain "woods unshorn," "Lincoln green," "tight Little John," "Sherwood clan," "Let us two a *burden* try" (the burden of a song; that is, let us try to make a song about it).

If you do not remember the stories about Robin Hood, read Howard Pyle's "Robin Hood" or Miss Lansing's "Life in the Greenwood." Some of the original Robin Hood ballads are in the last-named book.

LINES FROM "I STOOD TIPTOE UPON A LITTLE HILL"

The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves:
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.

. . . . . .

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight:
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.

TO AUTUMN

[This poem was written at Winchester in the autumn of 1819. In a letter from that place, dated September 22, Keats says:

How beautiful the season is now! How fine the air — a temperate sharpness about it! . . . I never liked stubble fields so much as now — aye, better than the chilly green of the spring. Somehow, a stubble field looks warm, in the same way that some pictures look warm. This struck me so much in my Sunday's walk that I composed upon it.]

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
  Close bosom friend of the maturing Sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
  With fruit the vines that round the thatch eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
  And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
    To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
  With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
    For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
  Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
  Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;

Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
5 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them; thou hast thy music too, —
10 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
15 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Why is Autumn a "close bosom friend of the maturing sun," and how is their friendship shown? What figure of speech is found in this line? What is meant by the *maturing* Sun? by thatch eaves? 2. What does the word *mossed* tell you about the age of the trees? What does the word *bend* add to the picture of the apple trees? What flowers would a late autumn be likely to bring out for the bees? 3. Explain the line "For

Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells." 4. Mention all the things in the first stanza that Autumn and the Sun conspire to do.

5. To whom does *thee* refer in line 21, page 353? Name some of the things that make up the store of Autumn. 6. Notice this fine personification of Autumn as a young woman sitting among the grain. What is meant by *winnowing* wind? If a winnowing wind lifted the hair of Autumn, what should you think the *hair* might represent? 7. Why is Autumn represented as asleep on a half-reaped furrow? 8. Explain "Drowsed with the fume of poppies." Why does Autumn's hook spare the next swath? 9. Describe the picture of Autumn as a gleaner. What is meant by "thy laden head"? (A print of "The Return of the Gleaners" or of "The Shepherd Star" by Breton will answer this question.) 10. How many pictures of Autumn do you find in the second stanza, and which do you like the best?

11. How does the poet compare Autumn with Spring? 12. Describe "*barrèd* clouds," "*bloom* the soft-dying day." (Think of how clouds look at evening with the reflection of the setting sun upon them.) 13. Describe the stubble plains, and tell where they get their rosy hue. 14. Explain "in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn." Why does the poet think of the sound as "wailful"? What are river *sallows*? 15. Explain "borne aloft or sinking as the light wind lives or dies." 16. Explain "hilly bourn," "with treble soft," "garden croft." 17. In the last line, why are the swallows gathering? 18. Memorize the poem. As you read, try to feel the soft, sweet, drowsy atmosphere of a warm day in autumn. Compare with Dr. van Dyke's "Indian Summer," page 39 of this book.

Other poems of Keats which you can read are "On the Grasshopper and the Cricket" and "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer."

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

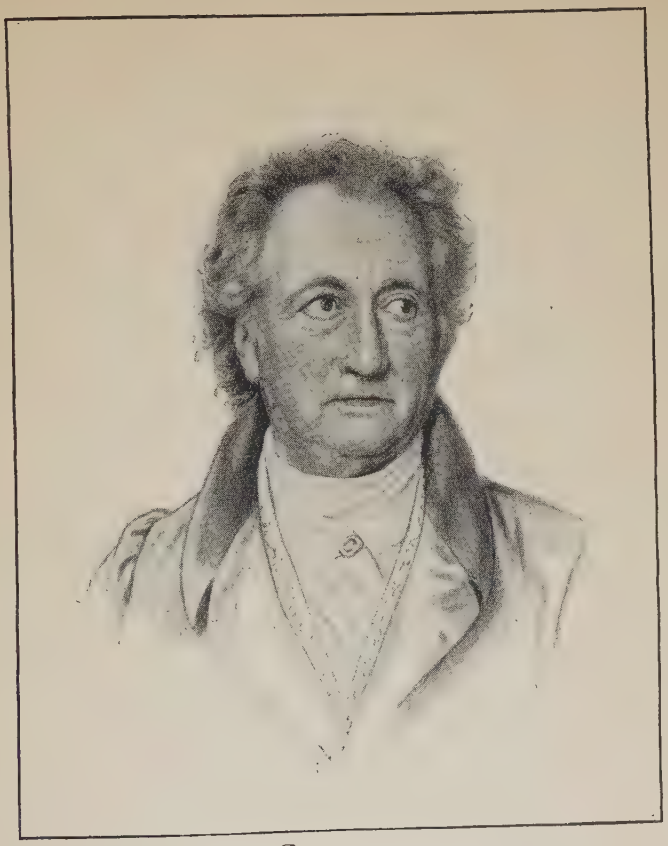
1749–1832

Goethe is the greatest name in the literature of Germany, as Shakespeare is in that of England. He was a dramatist, poet, novelist, literary critic, statesman, and man of science, and he was eminent in all these lines.

5 He was born on the 28th of August, 1749, at Frankfort on the Main. His father was a lawyer who had obtained the title of Imperial Counselor, and was a man of moderate wealth and good education, with little to do but to teach his children and to make them walk very strictly in 10 the way that they should go. He was stern and precise, and his children — of whom Wolfgang was the eldest — respected him, but did not love him overmuch.

Frau Goethe was a daughter of the chief magistrate of the city, and was a happy, affectionate young woman, 15 thoroughly devoted to her children. She played with them and told them stories and always seemed to them like a child herself. Of the six children who composed the family, only two, Wolfgang and his sister Cornelia, lived to grow up.

20 Young Wolfgang was a wonderfully bright child, and at seven is said to have written exercises in Latin, Greek, French, and Italian. The Frankfort of that day was a



Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

quaint old walled city surrounded by fortresses and filled with shops and factories, busy streets, and market places. The boy's favorite walk was along the inner side of the city wall, where he could look down into the little courtyards and gardens and see the people at their work.

When Wolfgang was ten Frankfort was occupied by the French, and a French officer was quartered with the family. This officer was a kindly man and gave the boy a ticket which would admit him at any time to the French theater that had been established with the coming of the troops. The elder Goethe seems to have been so shaken by the French occupation that he gave up for the time all attempts at family discipline, and the boy went to the theater as often as he wished — which was nearly every afternoon. He had learned enough French to understand parts of the plays, and he became so interested in them that he wrote a play himself and made a puppet theater in which he played it. He also wrote verses, and would often gather a group of boys and tell them marvelous stories, which he made up as he went along.

After a few years the French left Frankfort, and the father took up Wolfgang's training again. The boy studied English, mathematics, drawing, and music; and at twelve wrote a story in seven languages by making his characters live in different countries and write letters to one another, each writing in the language of the country where he lived.

At sixteen he went to Leipzig to the university. There he studied law, not because he wished to, but because his father was determined that he should become a lawyer. There, too, he fell in love with a young woman somewhat older than himself, and when she married he returned to Frankfort quite ill.

He recovered, however, and went back to college, but this time to Strassburg. There he became greatly interested in Shakespeare. At Strassburg also he fell deeply in love, but he was all his life falling in love and falling out again, so it will not be worth while to follow him in these experiences, further than to say that he married in middle life and had several children, only one of whom, his oldest son, lived to grow up.

Having passed his examination at Strassburg, he began to practice law, but his real interest was in literature, and he had soon written his first important drama, "Götz von Berlichingen," and a story, "The Sorrows of Werther," which was exceedingly popular in its day, but is now little read.

The most important event of Goethe's life was probably his going to Weimar in 1775, at the invitation of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. The duke was a young man of about nineteen — some seven years younger than Goethe — and the two became warm friends. Goethe was made the duke's chief counselor, and Weimar became his home for the rest of his life. At first he was inclined to

take his official duties rather lightly, but when he realized that the duke was depending largely upon him for the government of his little realm, he took hold of state affairs with seriousness and became the real power behind the throne.

After about ten years at Weimar, Goethe obtained from the duke a leave of absence, and spent a year and a half in Italy, chiefly in Rome.

When he returned to Weimar he wrote the story of "Wilhelm Meister" and the dramas "Iphigenie" and "Faust," the last-named being his greatest work.

The poet Schiller, who was ten years younger than Goethe, came to Weimar to see him, and a friendship was formed between the two men which inspired and helped them both. As Goethe grew older, honors were heaped upon him. The greatest men of the time came to visit him. On his last birthday Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, Carlyle, and a number more of well-known Englishmen sent him a handsome seal engraved with his motto, which translated means "Without haste, but without rest." Thackeray, then a young student at Weimar, thus describes Goethe:

I remember very well the perturbation of spirit with which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long-expected intimation that the Herr Geheimrath would see me on such a morning. This notable audience took place in a little antechamber of his private apartments, covered all around with antique casts and

bas-reliefs. He was habited in a long gray or drab redingote, with a white neckcloth, and a red ribbon in his buttonhole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauck's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear, and rosy; his eyes extraordinarily dark, piercing, and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them. . . . His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself, which I answered as well as I could.

About a year after this, in 1832, Goethe, after a brief illness, passed away at the age of eighty-three, the greatest writer of his time and one of the greatest of all times.

THE RESCUE OF MIGNON

[One of the most interesting passages in Goethe's story "Wilhelm Meister" is that in which the hero rescues from the hands of a traveling showman the child Mignon, who had been stolen from her home and trained as a dancer.]

On alighting at an inn, upon the market place, Wilhelm found matters going on very joyously. A great company of ropedancers, leapers, and jugglers, having a Strong Man with them, had just arrived with their wives and children, and while preparing for a grand exhibition they kept up a perpetual racket. They first quarreled with the landlord, then with one another. Undetermined whether he should go or stay, Wilhelm was standing in the door, looking at some workmen who had just begun to erect a stage in the middle of the square, when a child ran

against him. The young creature was dressed in a short silk waistcoat with slashed Spanish sleeves, tight trousers with puffs, and was very pretty. Its long black hair was curled and wound in locks and plaits about the head. Wilhelm looked at the figure with astonishment and could not decide whether to take it for a boy or a girl. However, he decided upon the latter, and as the child ran by he asked her to whom she belonged, though he easily perceived that she must be a member of the vaulting and dancing company lately arrived. She looked at him with a dark, sharp side look, and ran into the kitchen without making any answer. . . .

The people by degrees dispersed, and the square had again become empty. Again the child ran past him, as he stood upon the threshold.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"They call me Mignon," she replied.

"How old are you?" asked Wilhelm.

"No one has counted," she said.

He asked her a few more questions; she gave her answers in a kind of broken German and with a strangely solemn manner, every time laying her hands on her breast and brow and bowing deeply.

Wilhelm was irresistibly attracted by the child. Her face was not regular but striking, her brow full of mystery, her nose finely formed, her mouth, although it seemed too closely shut for one of her age, was very

lovely. Her brownish complexion could scarcely be discerned through the paint. At the end of Wilhelm's questioning she made her little bow again and darted like lightning through the door. . . .

In these amusements the time passed on insensibly. The ropedancers had commenced their operations. A multitude of people had again assembled in the square; and Wilhelm was struck by the appearance of a tumult in the crowd, occasioned by a throng of men rushing towards the door of the inn. He sprang forward to see what it was, and pressing through the crowd, was struck with horror to observe the master of the ropedancing company dragging out of the house poor Mignon, by the hair, and unmercifully beating her little body with the handle of a whip.

Wilhelm darted on the man like lightning and seized him by the collar. "Let the child alone!" he cried in a furious tone, "or one of us shall never leave this spot." So speaking, he grasped the fellow by the throat with a force which only rage could have lent him. The showman, on the point of choking, let go the child and endeavored to defend himself against his new assailant. But several bystanders who had felt compassion for Mignon, yet had not dared to begin a quarrel for her, now laid hold of the ropedancer, wrenched his whip away, and threatened him with great fierceness and abuse. Being now reduced to the weapons of his mouth, he began bullying and cursing

horribly; the lazy, worthless urchin, he said, would not do her duty; refused to perform the egg dance, which he had promised to the public; he would beat her to death, and no one should hinder him. He tried to get loose and seek the child, who had crept away among the crowd. Wilhelm held him back and said sternly: "You shall neither see nor touch her till you have explained before a magistrate where you stole her. I will pursue you to every extremity. You shall not escape me." These words, which Wilhelm uttered in heat, without thought or purpose, out of some vague feeling, or if you will, out of inspiration, soon brought the raging showman to composure.

"What have I to do with the useless thing!" cried he. "Pay me what her clothes cost, and make of her what you please. We shall settle it to-night." And being liberated, he made haste to resume his interrupted work and to calm the public by bold displays of his craft.

So soon as all was still again, Wilhelm commenced a search for Mignon, whom however he could nowhere find. Some said they had seen her on the street, others on the roofs of the adjoining houses; but after seeking unsuccessfully in all quarters, he was forced to content himself and wait to see if she would not come of herself.

Our friend next proceeded to his bargain with the showman for Mignon. Thirty crowns was the price set. For this the black-bearded Italian surrendered his claims, but of Mignon's history or birth he would tell nothing.

Next morning was chiefly spent in searching for the child. It was in vain that they rummaged every hole and corner of the house and neighborhood; she had vanished. Wilhelm passed a dreary, thoughtful day. Nor at evening could the utmost efforts of the tumblers and dancers, exerting all their powers to gratify the public, divert the current of his thoughts, or clear away the clouds from his mind. . . .

That evening Mignon came to the inn where Wilhelm was staying and asked him to allow her to show what she could do. She carried a little carpet under her arm, which she spread out upon the floor. Wilhelm said she might proceed. Thereupon she brought four candles and placed one upon each corner of the carpet. A little basket of eggs, which she next carried in, made her purpose clearer. Carefully measuring her steps, she then walked to and fro on the carpet, spreading out the eggs in certain figures and positions; which done, she called a man who was waiting in the house and who could play upon the violin. He retired with his instrument into a corner; she tied a band about her eyes, gave a signal, and like a piece of wheelwork set a-going she began moving the same instant as the music, accompanying her beats and the notes of the tune with the strokes of a pair of castanets.

Lightly, nimbly, quickly, and with hairbreadth accuracy, she carried on the dance. She skipped so sharply and surely along between the eggs and trod so closely

down beside them that you would have thought every instant she must trample one of them in pieces or kick the rest away in her rapid turns. By no means! She touched no one of them, though winding herself through their mazes with all kinds of steps, wide and narrow, nay even with leaps and at last half-kneeling.

Constant as the movement of a clock, she ran her course, and the strange music at each repetition of the tune gave a new impulse to the dance.

At the end she softly with her foot rolled the eggs together into a heap, left none behind, harmed none; then taking the bandage from her eyes, she concluded her performance with a little bow.

[Wilhelm took good care of the child. Some time afterward he sent her to a friend to be educated, but she was never strong and did not live long. She was entirely devoted to her protector.]

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Goethe's life. 2. From what book is this story taken? 3. Who was Mignon, and how was she rescued? 4. Does Mignon's reply when Wilhelm asks her age seem to you like an effort to retort sharply, or does it mean simply that she did not know? (She had been stolen from home when she was a baby.) 5. Explain "brow full of mystery," "reduced to the weapons of his mouth." 6. What does the showman's fear of being brought before a magistrate tell you? 7. What are castanets? 8. What seems to you particularly attractive in the character of Mignon?

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

1759–1805

When Goethe was a child of ten, writing his Latin exercises and playing with his puppet theater in Frankfort, another great German poet was born into the world. This was Friedrich Schiller, or to be more exact, Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller. He was born in Marbach, Württemberg, in 1759, the same year in which Burns was born in Scotland.

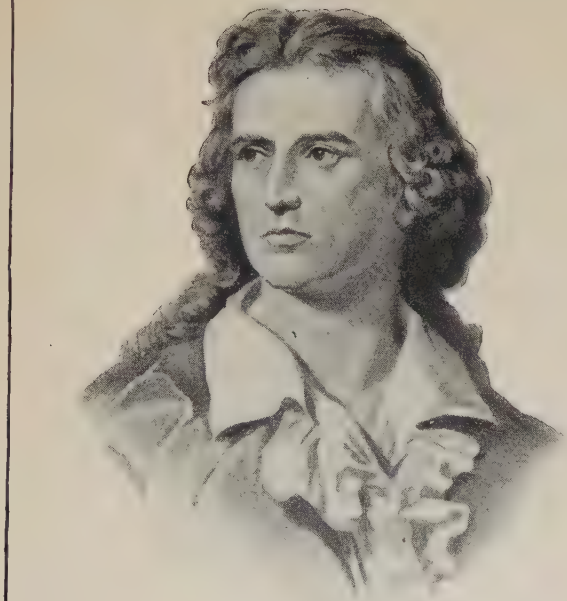
Schiller's father was an industrious man who had risen from a barber's apprentice to the position of military surgeon, lieutenant, and captain. He had married an innkeeper's daughter and after the War of the Austrian Succession had retired from service and been given charge of the large nurseries of the Grand Duke of Württemberg. Frau Schiller was a gentle and affectionate mother, greatly beloved by her children.

Friedrich, when a child, wanted to be a clergyman, and stories are told of how he used to mount a chair in the nursery and preach to his sister Christophine. As he grew older he persisted in his wish; his parents approved, and it was decided to educate him for the Church. But the duke had just established a military school, and as pupils did not flock to it in great numbers he wrote to

Captain Schiller asking him to send his son to the school, to be educated at the public expense. Captain Schiller very respectfully thanked the duke but said that he had other plans for the boy. The duke was angry and repeated the offer in such a way as to amount to a command — and a command from a grand duke was not to be disregarded.

So at thirteen young Friedrich Schiller went to the military academy. He did not want to be a soldier. The soldiers of the Duke of Württemberg were hired out to foreign countries to fight their battles, and the money, except the meanest wages, was used to support the duke's extravagant court. Young Schiller felt that he could do something better for a living than to kill men, and as there was a small law department in the academy, he asked to be allowed to take the law course. Not liking this, he was permitted to study physiology, but his real love was for poetry and literature, and he found time to read translations of Plutarch's Lives, Shakespeare, and other classics while his fellow students were at play.

The military spirit of the school grew more and more distasteful, and when the time came for Schiller to graduate he displeased the duke by speaking too freely. The result was that he was obliged to stay another year, although he was one of the best scholars in his class. He was now twenty, and the injustice of this act, together with all else that the duke had done, made



Friedrich von Schiller

him so angry that he could scarcely contain himself. He wrote a play which was hot with rage against tyrants and oppression, and he read it aloud to his companions while one of them watched for the duke or his in-
5 spector, for if the young man had then been discovered as the author of such a work he would doubtless have been thrown into prison.

When Schiller was finally allowed to graduate, the duke gave him a position as army surgeon with a salary
10 of eighteen florins a month, which amounted to about seven or eight dollars in our money. This meanness enraged him still more. A year later he published his play, which he called "The Robbers," borrowing money to do it, for no publisher would take the risk. It was
15 put upon the stage at Mannheim, and Schiller went secretly to see it played. He got back to his regiment without having been discovered, but on a later occasion he was not so fortunate, for he was arrested on his return, put into prison for two weeks, and commanded to
20 write nothing more and to have no communication with any one outside of Württemberg.

This was too much for Schiller. He carefully laid his plans, and in the autumn of 1782, during the excitement of a festival, he escaped with a friend, crossed the border,
25 and left the duke forever. If he had been discovered in almost any of the German states, he could have been arrested and brought back, but fortunately he found a

retreat near Meiningen and kept under cover. He was there known as Dr. Ritter, and spent his time writing more plays, which he hoped would bring him fame.

After a time the theater at Mannheim, where "The Robbers" had been played, offered him a small salary to write for them. Mannheim was outside of the Duke of Württemberg's domains, and Schiller felt that the duke had probably forgotten him by that time; so he went. Two new plays were given at Mannheim, one of which was very successful, but Schiller became ill and dissatisfied, and when a year later he was invited to Leipzig by some new-found friends, he was glad to go. He had now achieved fame, but was still poor and in debt.

One of his new friends, named Körner, supplied him with money, supported him for a time near Leipzig, and afterwards took him into his own home in Dresden. There he finished the play "Don Carlos," which was a great success, and wrote a "History of the Revolt of the Netherlands." The history was as popular as the play. It secured for him an appointment as lecturer on history at the University of Jena, and at his first lecture such a crowd assembled to hear him that they filled the room, sat upon the steps and in the windows, and some were turned away.

The young professor was married in 1790. He wrote a history of the Thirty Years' War and worked so hard that he brought on an illness from which he never

entirely recovered. His good friend Körner helped him again, and he obtained a pension.

Schiller had called upon Goethe several years before, at Weimar, and it was largely Goethe's influence that had secured for him the position in the University, but there was no real friendship between the two men until after Schiller's illness. Then Goethe wrote asking Schiller to visit him, and during the days that followed they talked of their work and plans and became firm friends. Together they edited a magazine which contained some of Schiller's best verse, including the "Song of the Bell."

Goethe felt that Schiller's real talent was as a poet and dramatist, and it was upon his advice that Schiller gave up his professorship and removed to Weimar. There he devoted his time to writing dramas. "Wallenstein" had already been written. "Mary Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," "The Bride of Messina," and "William Tell" followed. During all this time Schiller's health had been failing. He knew that he must soon die, but he wished to do as much as possible before the time should come. He had now paid his debts and overcome his poverty, had become so famous that whenever he appeared in a theater he was recognized and greeted with the wildest enthusiasm, he had been made a noble by the Emperor Francis II, and had reached the perfection of his art, when death overtook him in 1805.

WILLIAM TELL AND THE APPLE

[This scene is from "William Tell." Gessler, the Austrian governor of Switzerland, had oppressed the people so brutally that they were about to rebel. To humiliate them he had ordered that a cap should be placed upon a pole and that every one who passed should bow to it.] 5

SCENE: A meadow near Altdorf. Trees in the foreground. At the back, a cap upon a pole, and behind it FRIESSHARDT and LEUTHOLD, two Austrian men at arms. TELL enters, carrying his crossbow and leading his young son WALTER.

WALTER. Oh, father, see the cap upon the pole!

TELL. What is the cap to us? Let us begone.

(FRIESSHARDT, presenting his pike, blocks the way.)

FRIESSHARDT. Halt! I command you, for the Emperor!

TELL (seizing the pike). What would you? Wherefore do you block my way?

FRIESSHARDT. You 've disobeyed the order. Follow us. 10

LEUTHOLD. You have not bowed your head before the cap.

TELL. Friend, let me pass.

FRIESSHARDT. Nay, off to prison, quick!

WALTER. What! Father go to prison? Help, oh, help!

(Calling to the people in the background)

Good people, help! They 're dragging him away!

(Enter ROSSELMANN the pastor and PETERMANN the sacristan, with three others.)

PETERMANN. What now?

ROSSELMANN. Ay, wherefore have you seized this man?

FRIESSHARDT. He is a traitor to the Emperor.

TELL (seizing him violently). What! I, a traitor!

ROSSELMANN. Friend, you're wrong. That's Tell,
A loyal subject and an honest man.

WALTER (seeing his grandfather FÜRST and running to his side). Grandfather, help! they do my father wrong.

FRIESSHARDT. Away to prison!

FÜRST. Stay, I offer bail.
In heaven's name, what is the matter, Tell?

(Enter MELCHTHAL and STAUFFACHER, friends of TELL.)

LEUTHOLD. He would not pay his homage to the cap.

FÜRST. Must he for this be sent to prison, friend?
Come, take my bail for him and let him go.

FRIESSHARDT. Best keep your bail yourself; you'll need it soon.
We only do our duty. Off with him!

MELCHTHAL (to the people). Oh! This is tyranny! Shall we stand by
And see Tell dragged away before our eyes?

PETERMANN. We are the stronger; friends, endure it not!
Our countrymen will stand behind us here.

FRIESSHARDT. Who dares to disobey the Viceroy's word?

THREE PEASANTS (running up). We'll help you!
Come, all hands, and put them down!

TELL. Nay, nay, good people, I can help myself.
Think you that if I chose to practice force
I should be frightened by their flimsy pikes?

MELCHTHAL (to FRIESSHARDT). Try, if you dare, to take him from our midst.

FÜRST and STAUFFACHER. Peace, peace, friends; peace!

FRIESSHARDT (shouting). Ho! Riot and revolt! 5

(Hunting horns are heard outside.)

WOMEN. Hark! 'T is the Viceroy.

FRIESSHARDT (shouting more loudly). Riot! Mutiny!

STAUFFACHER. Shout till you burst, base knave!

ROSSELMANN and MELCHTHAL. Hold! hold your tongue!

FRIESSHARDT (still louder). Help, help! Come help the servants of the law!

FÜRST. The Viceroy comes! Now we shall smart for this!

(Enter GESSLER on horseback with a falcon on his wrist. RUDOLPH DER HARRAS, Gessler's master of horse; BERTHA, a noble Austrian lady; RUDENZ, a young Swiss noble; and other attendants and men at arms follow him, forming, with their spears, a circle around the entire group.)

RUDOLPH. Room for the Viceroy!

GESSLER. Drive the clowns apart! 10
Why do they throng together? Who said "Help"?
Who was it? I *will* know. (All are still.)
(To FRIESSHARDT.) And who are you,
And wherefore have you seized this man?

(He gives his falcon to an attendant.)

FRIESSHARDT. O mighty lord, I am a soldier true,
And standing sentinel beside the cap,
I caught this fellow in the very act
Of passing by without saluting it;
5 And so I seized him, as was your command,
But now the people try to rescue him.

GESSLER (after a pause). Tell, do you hold the Emperor in scorn,
And me, his Viceroy, who directs the State,
That you refuse to bow before the cap?

10 TELL. Pardon me, good my lord! The act was done
From carelessness, and not from willful scorn.

GESSLER (after a longer pause). I hear you are a master with the bow
And can outshoot all others at a mark.

WALTER. 'T is true, my lord, for at a hundred yards
15 Father can strike an apple off the tree.

GESSLER. Tell, is that boy your son?

TELL. He is, my lord.

GESSLER. Have you another?

TELL. Yes, my lord, one more.

GESSLER. Which do you love the better of the twain?

TELL. I do not know; I love them both alike.

20 GESSLER. Then, Tell, if at a hundred yards you strike
An apple from the tree, let 's prove your skill.
Take up your bow — you have it there I see —
And shoot an apple from the youngster's head;

But I must warn you, take good aim, and hit
The apple at the first shot from your bow,
For if you miss, your head shall pay the price.

TELL. My lord, what monstrous thing is this you ask?
That from the head of my own darling boy — 5
No, no, kind sir, you cannot mean it so!
May God forbid! You surely could not ask
A father to perform a deed like that!

GESSLER. You are to shoot an apple from his head.
I have commanded, and will be obeyed. 10

TELL. What! Point my crossbow at the darling head
Of my own child! No, rather let me die.

GESSLER. Shoot, or your boy and you shall both be slain.

TELL. Must I become the murderer of my boy?
You have no children, sire; you do not know 15
The love that dwells within a father's heart.

GESSLER. Ah, Tell, you have grown prudent all at once.
They told me that you were a dreamy soul
And were not molded like the common herd,
But loved unusual things; so I have now 20
Thought out for you a strange and daring deed;
Another man might shrink from it, but you
Will doubtless brace yourself and do it well.

BERTHA. Oh, do not jest, my lord, with these poor souls!
See how they tremble; see how pale they grow! 25

So little are they used to jests from thee.

GESSLER. Who told you 't was a jest?

(Seizing a branch above his head)

The apple 's here.

Make room, and let him pace the distance off
Just eighty paces — as the custom is —
5 No more, no less. Remember 't was his boast
That at a hundred he could hit the mark.
Now, bowman, shoot, and see you miss it not.

BERTHA. This is enough, my lord. It is not kind
To trifle with a father's anguish thus.
10 If this poor man had given up his life
For his offense, it were not near so hard.
He has endurèd tenfold more than death.
Come now, and let him go in safety home.

GESSLER (to TELL). Open the way there! Wherefore do you wait?
15 Your life is forfeit; I might slay you now,
But see, I mercifully rest your fate
Upon the skill of your own practiced hand.
One surely cannot say his doom is harsh
Who thus is made the master of his lot.
20 You said you had a steady eye. 'T is well.
See to it, bowman, that you show your skill.

FÜRST (kneeling to GESSLER). My lord, we bow to your authority,
But oh, let pity rule o'er justice now!

Take half my goods — nay, freely take them all;
But save the father from this awful trial.

WALTER. Grandfather, kneel not to that wicked man.
Where must I stand? I have no thought of fear.
My father hits the wild fowl on the wing 5
And will not miss this mark or hurt his child.

STAUFFACHER (to GESSLER). Does the boy's innocence not move your heart?

ROSSELMANN. Bethink you, sir, there is a God in heaven
To whom you must account for all your deeds.

GESSLER. Bind him to yonder linden tree.

WALTER. Bind me! 10
Nay, I will not be bound. I'll stand as still
As any lamb — nor even draw my breath;
But if you bind me, I can not be still,
For I should have to struggle with my bonds.

RUDOLPH. But let them put a bandage on your eyes. 15

WALTER. Why bind my eyes? No! Do you think I fear
An arrow from my father's bow? Not I!
I'll wait it firmly and not even wink.
Come, father, let the Viceroy see your skill.

(He goes to the tree and the apple is placed upon his head)

GESSLER (to TELL). Now do your work!

TELL (bending his bow and fitting an arrow to it). Make 20 room there! Give me room!

STAUFFACHER. Nay, Tell, you must not. No, not now, at least!
You tremble, and your hands and knees are weak.
TELL (lowering the bow). The apple seems to swim before my eyes!
(to GESSLER) Release me from this shot! Here is my heart! (Tears open his coat)
5 Call for your soldiers. Let them strike me down.
GESSLER. I do not want your life; I want the shot.
You are a marksman, Tell; you have no fear.
You rescue others; rescue now yourself.

(TELL stands struggling fearfully with his feelings. His hands clutch convulsively. His eyes are now fixed on GESSLER and now raised to heaven. Suddenly he grasps his quiver and takes from it a second arrow, which he places in his belt.)

WALTER. Shoot, father, shoot! I do not fear.
10 TELL. I must. (He collects himself and levels his crossbow.)
RUDENZ. My lord, you will not urge this matter more.
I know you will not. It was but a test.
You've gained your object. Sternness pushed too far
Is like to miss its mark, though wisely aimed;
15 The bow that's overstrained will often snap.
GESSLER. Be silent till you're asked.
RUDENZ. Nay, I will speak!
I will be bold. I love the Emperor,
But deeds like this will make his name abhorred;

'T is not his will to cause such needless pain.
In doing thus, you go beyond your powers.

GESSLER. Ha! You are bold, I think.

RUDENZ. I've held my peace
At all the cruel deeds that I have seen,
But to be silent longer were to be 5
A traitor to my country and my king.

BERTHA (throwing herself between RUDENZ and GESSLER).
For Heaven's sake, do not anger him still more!

GESSLER. Rash youth, do you dare speak so to your lord?

RUDENZ. The Emperor's my lord, not you! I am
As free, by birth, as you are, and as strong 10
In every virtue that becomes a knight.
Did you not represent the Emperor —
Whose name I honor, though it is abused —
I'd throw my gauntlet down before your face
And make you take my challenge as a knight. 15
Ay! Beckon to your soldiers! Here I stand
But not, like these, unarmed. I wear a sword.
Let him who dares, approach!

STAUFFACHER (calling). The apple's fallen!

(While the attention of the crowd has been turned toward RUDENZ and GESSLER, TELL has shot.)

The boy still lives!

MANY VOICES. The apple has been hit!

(FÜRST staggers and is about to fall. BERTHA supports him.)

GESSLER (astonished). What! Has he shot? The madman! Has he shot?

BERTHA (to FÜRST). The boy is safe, good father; have no fear.

WALTER (bounding forward, with the apple). Here is the apple, father! I was sure
You could not miss your shot and hurt your boy!

(TELL stands leaning forward, as if still following with his eye the flight of the arrow. The bow falls from his hand. Seeing WALTER advance, he meets him with outstretched arms and embracing him sinks down, exhausted, to the ground.)

STAUFFACHER. Let God be praised!

5 LEUTHOLD. That was a shot, indeed!
It will be talked of till the end of time.

RUDOLPH. Ay, men will speak of Tell the archer bold
Long as these mountains stand upon their base.

(He hands the apple to GESSLER.)

GESSLER. By heaven! the apple's cloven through the core!
10 That was a master shot, I must allow.

STAUFFACHER. Be of good courage, Tell! You've freed yourself.
Now go in peace and seek your quiet home.

GESSLER. Stop, Tell!

TELL. What is your pleasure?

GESSLER. You did place
A second arrow in your belt. Ay, ay,
15 I marked it well. Say, wherefore did you so?

TELL (confused). It is a custom with all archers, sire.

GESSLER. No, Tell. That answer will not pass with me.
There was some other purpose, I am sure.
Tell me the truth, freely and fearlessly.
Whate'er it be, I promise you your life. 5
Why was this second shaft?

TELL. Well, then, my lord,
Since you have promised not to take my life,
I 'll tell you all the truth, without reserve.

(He draws the arrow from his belt and fixes his eyes sternly upon GESSLER.)

If I had chanced to hit my darling child,
This second arrow should have pierced your heart, 10
And be assured, I should not then have missed.

GESSLER. Well, Tell, 't is true I promised you your life;
I pledged my knightly word, and that I 'll keep,
But since I 've now unveiled your evil mind
I 'll put you safely in a dungeon cell 15
Where neither sun nor moon shall reach your eyes;
So from your arrows I shall be secure.
Seize on him, guards, and bind him with your chains.

(TELL is bound and led away amid hostile demonstrations from the people.)

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Schiller's life. 2. Why did Gessler make the people bow to the cap? 3. What reasons, if any, had the peasants to help Tell, aside from their friendship for him? 4. Does Walter's remark about his father's skill seem like boasting? (It is said that Goethe advised Schiller to have Walter make some such remark, in order to give a reason for Gessler's commanding Tell to shoot the apple.)

5. Why did Gessler ask Tell whether he had another son? 6. What do you think of Gessler's remark that he mercifully rested Tell's fate in his own hands? 7. Why would Walter have to struggle if he was bound? 8. Was this trial of the bow harder for Tell or for Walter? Why? 9. Who is the bravest character in the play? Why? 10. "You rescue others," line 8, page 380, refers to the fact that Tell was a skillful boatman and swimmer and had saved many from drowning. Is this said to encourage Tell? 11. Does the dialogue between Gessler and Rudenz add to the strength of the scene or weaken it? 12. Why did Tell at first try to conceal the reason for putting the second arrow in his belt? Was it fear? 13. Did Gessler keep his promise to Tell? 14. From your reading of this selection describe the character of Gessler, of Tell, of Walter, of Rudenz, of Bertha.

If you do not find it convenient to read more of the drama, read at least some good account of Tell and find out what happened after his arrest. Read also Schiller's short poem "Hope, Faith, and Love."

SHORT SELECTIONS FOR MEMORIZING

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year. — EMERSON

Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle. — MICHELANGELO

Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall. — PROVERBS OF SOLOMON

Reading maketh a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man. — FRANCIS BACON

I will be lord over myself. No one who cannot master himself is worthy to rule, and only he *can* rule. — GOETHE

> Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
> For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
> And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
>
> SHAKESPEARE

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail, sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it — but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor. — OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Genius is the art of taking pains. — CARLYLE

There is no defeat except from within. — EMERSON

What is defeat? Nothing but the first step to something better. — WENDELL PHILLIPS

Do the duty that lies nearest thee. Thy second duty will already have become clearer. — CARLYLE

My inheritance, how lordly, wide, and fair!
Time is my inheritance: to Time I'm heir.

GOETHE

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience. — GEORGE WASHINGTON

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it. — ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

LOWELL

Be as thou would'st be in thy own clear sight
And so shalt thou be in the world's, ere long.

LOWELL

The heights by great men reached and kept
  Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
  Were toiling upwards in the night.

LONGFELLOW

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
  That a noble deed is a step toward God,
  Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and broader view. — J. G. HOLLAND

The night has a thousand eyes,
  The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
  With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
  The heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
  When love is done. — F. W. BOURDILLON

THE SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS

WITH KEY TO MARKS USED IN THE VOCABULARY

ā as in nāme (=e̱)
ȧ as in senȧte
â as in câre (=ê)
ă as in făt
ă as in *ă*ccount
ä as in ärm
ȧ as in ȧsk
ȧ as in sof*ȧ*
ã as in cowãrd (=ẽ =ĩ=õ=û=ỹ)
ạ as in whạt (=ŏ)
ạ̈ as in ạ̈ll (=au=ô)

ē as in ēvening (=ï)
ė as in ėvent
ĕ as in bĕd
ĕ as in decĕnt
ẽ as in hẽr (=ĩ=õ =û=ỹ=ã)

e̱ as in pre̱y (=ā)
ê as in whêre (=â)
ee as in feet (=ē)
ew as in dew (=ū)

ī as in īce (=ȳ)
ĭ as in ĭt (= y̆)
ï as in machïne(=ē)
ĩ as in sĩr (=õ=û =ỹ=ã=ẽ)

ō as in ōld (=ow)
ȯ as in ȯbey
ô as in hôrse (=ạ̈)
ŏ as in nŏt (=ạ)
ŏ as in *ŏ*nnect
ȯ̆ as in sȯ̆ft
ọ as in wọlf (=o͞o=ụ)
ọ̈ as in mọ̈ve(=o͞o=ụ)
ȯ as in sȯn (=ŭ)

õ as in wõrk (=û=ỹ =ã=ẽ=ĩ)
o͞o as in fo͞od (=ọ̈=ụ̈)
ŏo as in fŏot (=ọ=ụ)

ū as in ūse (=ew)
ŭ as in ŭnite
û as in fûr (=ã=ẽ=ĩ =õ=ỹ)
ŭ as in ŭp (=ȯ)
ŭ as in circ*ŭ*s
ü as in German *grün*
ụ̈ as in rụ̈le (=o͞o=ọ̈)
ụ as in pụll (=ŏo=ọ)

ȳ as in flȳ (=ī)
y̆ as in mỹth (=ĭ)
ỹ as in mỹrrh (=ã=ẽ =ĩ=õ=û)

ç as in miçe (=s)
ch as in chorus (=k)
çh as in çhaise (=sh)
ġ as in caġe (=j)
d͡ü as in verdure
t͡ü as in nature

n̲ as in in̲k (=ng)
ṣ as in iṣ (=z)
x̲ as in ex̲act (=gz)
th as in then
N as in the French *ensemble*
K as in the German *ich*

When not marked, c is sounded as in cat (=k); ch as in child; g as in go; ph as in phantom(=f); qu as in quit (=kw); s as in so; th as in thin; x as in vex; ou as in out (=ow); oi as in oil (=oy).

Sometimes ci and ti have the sound of sh, as in gracious, nation.

Letters printed in italic type (*a*, *e*, *i*), without marks, are not sounded.

VOCABULARY

abstraction (ăb străc′tiŏn) : a quality considered apart from the object to which it belongs ; something which exists only in the mind.

access (ăc′çĕss) : approach.

acclamations (ăc clȧ mā′tiŏns): cheers.

acme (ăc′mē) : the highest point of attainment.

Adrammelech (Ȧ drăm′mē lĕch): a son of Sennacherib.

adversity (ăd vĕr′sĭ tȳ) : misfortune, affliction, often poverty.

aerial (ā ē′rĭ ȧl) : airy.

aftermath : a second mowing of grass.

aggregation (ăg grē gā′tiŏn) : a collection.

aghast (ȧ ghȧst′) : terrified, amazed.

aglee (ȧ glee′) : full of glee.

albatross (ăl′bȧ trŏss) : a sea bird common in the southern oceans.

Albyn (Ăl′bȳn): a name for Scotland.

Altdorf (Ält′dôrf) : a town in Switzerland.

ambling : proceeding at an easy gait.

Amherst (Ăm′ĕrst): a town and college in Massachusetts.

antagonist (ăn tăg′ ŏ nĭst) : one who contends with another.

antechamber (ăn′ tē chām bĕr) : an outer chamber.

antediluvian (ăn tē dĭ lū′vĭ ăn) : before the flood.

antipathy (ăn tĭp′ȧ thȳ) : dislike.

ape : to mimic, as an ape mimics.

apex (ā′pĕx) : the upper tip, point, or summit of anything.

apprehend (ăp prē hĕnd′): to fear.

apprentice(ăp prĕn′tĭçe): one who serves another in order to learn a trade.

Arcady (Är′cȧ dȳ): a beautiful, peaceful grazing region in Greece.

Ardennes (Är dĕnnes′) : a forest in France.

ardor (är′dŏr) : heat, flame.

ashen : pale, the color of ashes.

Ashur (Ä′shụr) : the chief god of the Assyrians ; used on page 329 for the country Assyria.

aspire (ăs pīre′) : to long for something high or great.

assize-town : a town where assizes or trials at law are held.

attested : witnessed, certified.

audience : a formal interview.

augur (ạu′gŭr) : to foretell.

aurigation : the act of driving a chariot.

avarice (ăv′ȧ rĭçe) : greediness.

aver (ȧ vĕr′) : to affirm, to declare.

Ayr (Âyr) : a town and river in Scotland.

azure (ăzh′ŭre) : sky-blue.

Baal (Bā′ȧl) : a god of the Eastern nations.

baldric (bạl′drĭc) : a belt.

bas relief (bäs rē lĭēf′) : sculpture in which the figure projects but slightly from the background.

Bassa (Băs′sȧ): pasha, a Turkish ruler.
bateau (bȧ tō′): a flat-bottomed boat tapering towards both ends.
beard: to seize by the beard; hence, to defy (page 286).
beechen: of the beech.
beget (bē̆ gĕt′): to be the father of.
beguile: to enliven.
behest: command.
bestir (bē̆ stĭr′): to stir, to arouse.
billet (bĭl′lĕt): a small stick of wood.
blanch: to become pale.
Blenheim (Blĕn′heĭm): a town in Bavaria.
blithe (blīthe): joyous, cheerful.
Blücher (Blü′kĕr or Blu̯′chĕr): a Prussian general.
boatswain (bōat′swāȧn or bō′s′n): a ship's officer having charge of the rigging, anchors, and cordage.
boding (bōd′ĭng): foreboding, foretelling.
Boswell (Bŏs̯ wĕll): Dr. Johnson's biographer.
bourn (bōurn): boundary.
Brabant (Brȧ bănt′): an old duchy in the Netherlands and Belgium.
brackish: salty.
brand: a sword.
briny element: salt water.
buckler: a shield; to "give the bucklers" is to yield oneself as defeated.
bunchberry: the fruit of the dwarf cornel.
burden: the chorus or refrain of a song (page 350).
burgomaster (bûr′gō̆ măs tĕr): the mayor or chief magistrate of a Dutch town.
Byrne (Bȳrne): an Irish name.
Bysshe (Bȳsh): an English name.
callous (căl′loŭs): hardened, unfeeling.
canvass (căn′vȧss): to consider.
cany (cān′ȳ): canelike, light.
capsheaf: the top sheaf of a stack.
cavernous (căv′ĕr noŭs): cavelike, or filled with caves.
cenotaph (çĕn′ō̆ tȧph): an empty tomb.
Centennial (Çĕn tĕn′nĭ ȧl): a one-hundredth anniversary; here, of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.
cerulean (çē̆ ru̯′lē̆ ăn): sky-blue.
chagrin (çhȧ grĭn′): anxiety, vexation.
Charybdis (Chȧ rȳb′dĭs): a whirlpool on the coast of Sicily opposite the rock Scylla.
chastising (chăs tīs̯′ĭng): punishing.
childing (chīld′ĭng): about to give birth to a child.
Chillon (Shē′yoɴ′): a fortress in Switzerland.
chivalry (çhĭv′ăl rȳ): gallant gentlemen.
choleric (chŏl′ĕr ĭc): hot-tempered.
circuitously (çĭr cū′ĭ toŭs lȳ): roundabout.
clift: old English for cliff.
climax (clī′măx): the highest point in an ascending scale or series.
clomb: old English for climbed.
clout: the center of a target.
cloven (clō′vĕn): cleft, split.
cohort (cō′hôrt): a body of soldiers.
Communipaw (Cŏm mū′nĭ pa̯w): a settlement made on land now occupied by Jersey City.
complaisant (cŏm′plǡ i̯ȧnt′): gracious, polite.
comply (cŏm plȳ′): to yield, to consent.
composing stick: a small metal tray in which type is set. It is held in

the hand, and when full the type is transferred to a larger tray called a galley.

compositor (cŏm pŏz′ĭ tŏr): a type-setter.

concentered (cŏn çĕn′tĕred): directed towards a center.

concise (cŏn çīse′): saying much in a few words.

concoct (cŏn cŏct′): to prepare or make.

condolence (cŏn dō′lĕnçe): sympathy.

conjecture (cŏn jĕc′tŭre): guess.

consecrate (cŏn′sē crāte): to make holy.

conservative (cŏn sĕrv′ā tĭve): opposed to change.

considerations: reasons.

consternation (cŏn stĕr nā′tiŏn): overwhelming fear.

constituted (cŏn′stĭ tūt ĕd): formed, made up.

constrained: compelled, obliged.

consummate (cŏn′sŭm māte): to complete.

convex (cŏn′vĕx): rounded outward.

convulsively: with convulsions or spasms.

copiousness (cō′pĭ oŭs nĕss): fullness.

Cordovan leather (Côr′dō văn): goat-skin tanned in Cordova.

corse: a corpse, a dead body.

corselet (côrse′lĕt): a light breastplate.

cotter: a cottager, a peasant or farmer living in a cottage.

covert (cŏv′ĕrt): veiled, concealed.

crackling: the crisp, browned rind of roast pork (page 295).

craven (crā′vĕn): a coward.

croft: a small inclosed field, a garden.

culling his phrases: choosing his words, speaking carefully.

Damascus: a fine steel made in Damascus. The blades of Damascus swords were engraved with various designs.

deal: pine.

dearth (dĕarth): scarcity.

death-fires: a kind of will o' the wisp seen at sea and supposed by superstitious sailors to foretell death.

decamp (dē căm′): to depart suddenly.

declivity (dē clĭv′ĭ tȳ): a slope downward.

dickering (dĭck′ĕr ĭng): bargaining.

deflowered: robbed of its flowers.

delectable (dē lĕc′tȧ ble): delightful.

depredation (dĕp rē dā′tiŏn): a plundering.

depression: a hollow.

de Ros (dē Rō′): a French name.

descry (dē scrȳ′): to spy, to catch sight of.

detention (dē tĕn′tiŏn): a hindering or keeping back.

devoted (dē vōt′ĕd): doomed (page 147).

dexterity (dĕx tĕr′ĭ tȳ): skill.

discomfited (dĭs cŏm′fĭt ĕd): balked, thrown into perplexity.

discomfiture (dĭs cŏm′fĭ′tŭre): confusion, defeat.

discreet (dĭs creet′): prudent.

discretion (dĭs crĕsh′ĭŏn): prudence.

disproportionately: out of proportion.

dissipate (dĭs′sĭ pāte): to scatter, to drive away.

distained (dĭs tāined′): stained, defiled.

distill (dĭs tĭll′): to change into vapor and then allow to fall in drops.

ditty: a short and simple song.

doggedness (dŏg′gĕd nĕss): obstinate determination.

domestic: pertaining to a home, home-like.

doublet (doŭb'lĕt): a close-fitting jacket.
dragoon (drȧ gōōn'): a cavalry soldier.
dramatic (drȧ măt'ĭc): vivid, like a play.
dryad (drȳ'ăd): a wood nymph.
Dumfries (Dŭm frīēs'): a town in Scotland.
duties: taxes paid on articles brought from one country into another.
dynasty (dȳ'năs tȳ): a succession of rulers belonging to the same family.

ecstasies (ĕc'stȧ sĭeȘ): raptures.
effected (ĕf fĕct'ĕd): accomplished.
eftsoons: again, a second time.
element: according to the ancients one of the four forms of matter: air, earth, fire, and water.
emboldened: made bold.
emergency (ē̇ mĕr'ġĕn çȳ): an unexpected occurrence that calls for prompt action.
enamored (ĕn ăm'ôred): in love.
encompassing: surrounding.
enjoined: commanded.
ensign (ĕn'sīgn): a flag or banner.
equable (ē'quȧ ble or ĕk'wȧ ble): uniform, even.
equipage (ĕk'wĭ pȧ̈ġe): a carriage.
equivocation (ē̇ quĭv ō̇ cā'tiŏn): an attempt to mislead or to evade.
Este (Ĕs'tę): a town in Italy.
ether (ē'thĕr): the upper sky.
Eton (Ē'tŏn): a boy's school or college in England.
execration (ĕx ē̇ crā'tiŏn): a curse.
expanse (ĕx pănse'): a wide extent or space.
expedient (ĕx pē'dĭ ĕnt): a means devised to accomplish a thing.
expiate (ĕx'pĭ āte): to atone for, to make amends for.
expostulation (ĕx pŏs t͡ū lā'tiŏn): a remonstrance, a protest.

fain: eager.
falcon (fą'k'n): a hawk used in hunting.
fantasies (făn'tȧ sĭeȘ): fancies, false appearances.
fantastic (făn tăs'tĭc): weird, fanciful.
farrowed: gave birth to (used of animals that produce several young at one time).
Faust (Foust): a drama by Goethe.
fawn: to seek favor by a cringing, servile manner.
fay: a fairy.
feint (fe͡int): a pretense.
felicity (fē̇ lĭç'ĭ tȳ): happiness.
fig: in exclamations "a fig!" means I don't care a fig, or a snap of the fingers.
fissured: having cracks or fissures.
flail: an instrument for threshing or beating grain.
Flanders: a country which in the Middle Ages included parts of Belgium, Holland, and northern France.
foible (foi'ble): a weakness, a failing.
font: an assortment of type of one size and style, having a fixed proportion of various letters and signs.
fowling-piece: a light gun used for shooting birds.
fraught: freighted, filled, burdened.
frequented (frē̇ quĕnt'ĕd): often visited, haunted.
Friesshardt (Frīēss'härdt): a soldier in "William Tell."
frigate: a sail-rigged war vessel.

fume: a vapor, usually with an odor.
Fürst: a character in "William Tell."
furze: a spring shrub with yellow flowers.
futility (fū tĭl′ĭ tȳ): uselessness.

gainsay: to contradict, to deny.
gala (gā′là): a festival.
gallant (găl lănt′): a gay, fashionable young man.
Gamelyn (Găm′ĕ lȳn): a character in the "Canterbury Tales."
gauge (gāuġe): a measure; to find the capacity of cisterns, barrels, etc.
gauntlet: a mailed glove covering part of the arm.
generated (ġĕn′ĕr āt ĕd): born or brought into being.
Gentile (Ġĕn′tīle): a name used by the Jews for those of any other race.
gig: a light two-wheeled carriage drawn by one horse.
Goede Vrouw (Gōede Vrouw): a Dutch vessel that brought over some of the early settlers of New York.
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von (Gû′tĕ, Yō hän′ Vōlf′gäng fōn): a German poet.
Goldinge (Gōld′ĭnge): an English translator of the classics who lived during the reign of Elizabeth.
gorge (gôrġe): to eat greedily.
gosling green: pale yellowish green.
gravity (grăv′ĭ tȳ): seriousness.
grenè shawe (grē′nĕ shạ′*wē*): old English for greenwood.
Guerrière (Gŭr yẹr′): a British frigate in the War of 1812.
guileful (*gu*īle′fụl): deceitful.
gunwale (gŭn″l): the upper edge of a boat's side.

habiliments (*hà* bĭl′ĭ mĕnts): dress, clothing.
habited (hăb′ĭt ĕd): clothed, dressed.
hackneyed (hăck′ne*y*ed): commonplace.
Hainault (ĕ nō′): an old province occupying southwest Belgium and northeast France.
halcyon (hăl′çȳ *ȯ*n): calm, peaceful.
hampered: burdened, encumbered.
harpies: mythical monsters that snatched away the property or the souls of their victims.
Hastings (Hās′tĭngs): the battle in 1066 in which William the Conqueror defeated Harold and conquered England.
haversack (hăv′ĕr săck): a bag or case for carrying provisions.
heath (hē*a*th): a tract of waste land.
Herr Geheimrath (Hĕrr Gĕ he*ī*m′räth): Sir Counselor, a German title.
higgle: to dispute about the price of a thing.
hollowed: hallooed, called aloud (page 131).
hospitable (hŏs′pĭt *à* ble): showing kindness to guests or strangers.
Ho-ti (Hō tĭ′): a Chinese name.
hymenæal (hȳ mē̇ nē′ăl): pertaining to marriage.

identified (ī dĕn′tĭ fī*e*d): proved to be the same.
idyl (ĭ′dȳl): a simple description or picture of country life.
ignoble (ĭg nō′ble): not noble.
ignominious (ĭg nŏ̇ mĭn′ĭ *o*ŭs): disgraceful, dishonorable.
illusion (ĭl lū′ẓiȯn): an unreal or misleading appearance.

imminence (ĭm′mĭ nĕnçe): the condition of impending or being about to happen.
impetus (ĭm′pē tŭs): momentum, impulse.
imposed upon: cheated.
imputed (ĭm pūt′ĕd): charged, attributed.
inanimate (ĭn ăn′ĭ māte): without life.
inaudible (ĭn aud′ĭ ble): not to be heard.
incendiary (ĭn çĕn′dĭ ā rȳ): one who burns the house or property of another.
inclemency (ĭn clĕm′ĕn çy): harshness, severity.
inconceivable (ĭn cŏn çēiv′ȧ ble): impossible to the understanding.
inconsiderable: trivial, small.
incredible (ĭn crĕd′ĭ ble): unbelievable.
incursion (ĭn cûr′ṣiŏn): a raid.
indulgent (ĭn dŭl′ġĕnt): disposed to gratify the wishes of another or to overlook faults.
inevitable (ĭn ĕv′ĭ tȧ ble): unavoidable.
inexorable (ĭn ĕx′ō rȧ ble): determined, not to be moved.
infamy (ĭn′fȧ mȳ): extreme disgrace.
infinite (ĭn′fĭ nĭte): boundless.
inflexible: unyielding.
infused (ĭn fūṣed′): filled, inspired.
inhospitably (ĭn hŏs′pĭt ȧ blȳ): in a manner discourteous to or careless of a guest.
inimitably (ĭn ĭm′ĭ tȧ blȳ): in a manner that cannot be imitated.
iniquity (ĭn ĭq′uĭ tȳ): injustice, wickedness.
inscrutable (ĭn scru′tȧ ble): not to be understood.
inspiriting (ĭn spĭr′ĭt ĭng): cheering.
installments (ĭn stȧll′mĕnts): parts.
instill: to pour in gradually, hence to introduce a thought gradually.
instinctively (ĭn stĭnc′tĭve lȳ): by natural impulse.
interminable (ĭn tĕr′mĭ nȧ ble): endless.
interval (ĭn′tĕr vȧl): a space of time between two events.
intimation: a hint, an announcement.
intolerable (ĭn tŏl′ĕr ȧ ble): unbearable.
intrepidly (ĭn trĕp′ĭd lȳ): fearlessly.
Iphigenie (Ē fē gā′nĭ ĕ): a drama by Goethe.
ire: wrath, anger.
irksome (ĭrk′sȯme): tiresome.
irruption (ĭr ṛŭp′tiŏn): a breaking in.

jargoning: a confused sound of voices, as of birds twittering.
jasmine (jăs′mĭne): a shrub bearing fragrant flowers.
Jena (Yā′nä): a town in Germany.
jerkin: a close-fitting jacket.
jet: a black mineral; hence anything black.
Joaquin (Wä kēn′): a Mexican name.
jocund (jŏc′ŭnd): joyful, gay.
jolly-boat: a small boat belonging to a ship and used for landing, etc.
joyance: old English for joyousness.
"jubious": dialect for dubious, doubtful.

Katahdin (Kȧ tä*h*′dĭn): a mountain in Maine.
Kecoughtans (Kē cō*ugh* tăns′): a tribe of Indians in Virginia.
ken: to recognize, to see.
Kill: Kill van Kull; the channel between Staten Island and Bayonne (page 131).

kirk: church.
kit: a small violin (page 209).
knell (*k*nĕll): the tolling of a bell to announce a death.
knuckle joint: a hinged joint like a knuckle.
Körner (Kûr′nĕr): a friend of Schiller.

languor (lăn̲′gûor): listlessness, dullness.
larder: a pantry.
laudable: praiseworthy.
lea (lē*a*): a plain, a meadow.
leadsman (lĕadṣ′măn): one who measures the depth of water by throwing out a lead plummet.
Leicester (Lĕs′tĕr): a county in England.
Lerici (Le̱′rĭ chĭ): a town in Italy.
letters: type (page 128).
Leuthold (Loi′tōld): a soldier in "William Tell."
levee (lĕv ee′): a river bank or landing place.
lever (lē′vĕr or lĕv′ĕr): a bar which is made to turn about a point or axis, as the bars of a capstan.
lichen (lī′kĕn): dry moss growing on rocks and trees.
limner (lĭm′nĕr): a painter.
Lincoln green: a cloth made in Lincoln, England, of the color of fresh green leaves, formerly much worn by huntsmen.
Line: the equator (page 260).
liquefied (lĭk′wĕ fī*e*d): changed into a liquid.
list: to wish, to choose (page 285).
lists: the field for a tournament or combat.
litter: a family of young animals brought forth at the same time.
livery: a uniform worn by retainers or servants.
loath: unwilling.
Lochiel (Lŏk ī*e*l′): a Highland chief.
lucid (lū′çĭd): clear, bright.

malignity (*mȧ* lĭg′ nĭ tȳ): violent enmity.
mandate: command.
maneuvering (*mȧ* neū′vĕr ĭng): handling with skill or strategy.
maniacal (*mȧ* nī′*ȧ* căl): mad, frantic.
manor (măn′ŏr): an estate the proprietor of which has tenant farmers under his authority.
Maria Louisa (*Mȧ* rĭ′*ȧ* Lo̱u ĭ′ṣ*ȧ*): an Austrian duchess.
mast: nuts, especially beechnuts and acorns, used as food for hogs or other animals.
matchlock (mătch′lŏck): an old form of gun fired by means of a burning cord.
Mattawamkeag (Măt *tȧ* wăm′kē*ag*): a town on the Penobscot River.
maw: stomach.
Melchthal (Mĕlk′täl): a Swiss patriot in "William Tell."
memorial: a statement of facts addressed to a government or high officer.
Mendes Pinto (Me̱n′dĕsh Pĭn′tō): a Portuguese traveler.
merrymen: retainers, companions.
Mignon (Mĭ′nyôn): an Italian girl in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister."
ministry (mĭn′ĭs trȳ): the profession of minister or clergyman.
minstrelsy: song.
minuet (mĭn ū ĕt′): a kind of slow, graceful dance.

minute (mĭ nūte′): very small.
Mohicans (Mō hĭ′cănz): a tribe of Algonquin Indians living originally along the Hudson River.
mooseberries: the fruit of the hobble-bush.
moosewood: the striped maple.
moral (mŏr′ăl): right, virtuous.
morris: an old game.
mull: to work a thing over mentally.
mutual (mū′tu̇ ăl): relating to two persons.

Nekayah (Nē kāy′äh): a princess in "Rasselas."
nether (nĕth′ĕr): under.
new-farrowed: newly born.
niche (nĭche): a hollow or recess.
Nisroch (Nĭs′rŏch): an Assyrian god.
noble: an old English coin worth 6 s. 8 d.
nocturnal (nŏc tûr′năl): of the night.

obdurate (ŏb′du̇ răte): hard, stern.
oblivious (ŏb lĭv′ĭ oŭs): forgetful of.
obnoxious: hateful, offensive.
Old Colony: the Plymouth colony.
Old Probabilities: a name given to the government weather forecaster.
orbèd (ôrb′ĕd): having the form of an orb, round.
orbit: the path of a planet or any heavenly body.
orderly: an officer whose duty it is to carry the orders of a superior officer.
overreached: outwitted, cheated.

pageant (păġ′ĕant): a show or procession.
palfrey (pal′freȳ): a saddle horse; often a small horse for ladies.
pall (pal): a fine cloth spread over something, especially over a coffin.
palled (pal′ed): became tasteless or disgusting by too large a quantity; cloyed.
pallid (păl′ĭd): pale.
paltry (pal′trȳ): petty, mean.
panel (păn′ĕl): a section of fence (page 63).
parley (pär′leȳ): a discussion with an enemy, usually regarding a truce.
parole (pȧ rōle′): a pledge given by a prisoner in consideration of which he is allowed freedom; also a paper granting freedom on such conditions.
parts: capabilities, talents (page 205).
pathos (pā′thŏs): tender sorrow aroused by suffering or distress.
peer: an equal.
Pekuah (Pē kū′äh): the princess's attendant in "Rasselas."
pelf: wealth, often ill-gotten wealth.
penny (*plural*, pence): an English coin worth about two cents.
pensive (pĕn′sĭve): thoughtful.
pent: shut in.
peppercorn: the small dried berry of the black pepper.
perturbation (pĕr tûr bā′tiȯn): agitation, disquiet.
pestiferous (pĕs tĭf′ĕr oŭs): harmful.
pibroch (pĭ′brŏʜ): a kind of martial music played on the bagpipe.
pike: a staff with pointed steel head used by foot soldiers.
pinnace (pĭn′nȧçe): a light sailing vessel, often schooner-rigged and sometimes using oars.
pitch: height (page 285).
placid (plăç′ĭd): peaceful, calm.
plain: old English for complain.

polar ray: the light from the polestar, or North Star.

portcullis (pȯ́rt cŭl′lĭs): a grating of iron or heavy timbers hung over the gateway of a castle and lowered to prevent passage.

portend (pŏr tĕnd′): to foretell something sad or evil.

posthumous (pŏs′*th*ŭ̇ *mo*ŭs): after death.

potent (pō′tĕnt): powerful.

pound: in English money 20 shillings, or in U. S. money about $4.86.

Powhatan (Pow *hȧ* tăn′): the chief of an Indian tribe in Virginia.

precarious (prē̇ cā′rĭ *o*ŭs): uncertain.

precedence (prē̇ cēd′ĕnç*e*): a going before in rank or dignity, priority.

preliminary (prē̇ lĭm′ĭ nȧ̇ rȳ): preparatory, introductory.

premonition (prē̇ mȯ̇ nĭ′tiȯn): a forewarning.

premonitory (prē̇ mŏn′ĭ tȯ̇ rȳ): warning.

presage (prē̇ sāġ*e*′): to foretell.

prior (prī′ȯr): before.

privily (prĭv′ĭ lȳ): secretly.

proboscis (prȯ̇ bŏs′cĭs): a long tube-like extension of the mouth of insects through which they suck their food.

procrastinating (prȯ̇ crăs′tĭ nāt ĭng) postponing, delaying.

proffer: offer.

proficiency (prȯ̇ fĭsh′ĕn çȳ): skill.

profound: deep.

profuse (prȯ̇ fūs*e*′): poured forth freely.

prolix (prō′lĭx or prȯ̇ lĭx′): long and tiresome.

protuberant (prȯ̇ tū′bĕr ănt): bulging.

provost (prŏv′*ȯ*st or prō′vō): a person having authority over certain matters, a president.

proximity (prŏx ĭm′ĭ tȳ): nearness.

pungent (pŭn′ġĕnt): sharp or stinging to the smell or taste.

Quatre Bras (Kȧ′tr' brȧ′): a Belgian village.

rack: thin, flying, broken clouds; wreck, destruction.

rapine (răp′ĭn*e*): plundering, pillage.

Rasselas (Răs′sĕ lăs): a story by Dr. Johnson.

ravages (răv′ȧ̇ ġĕş): ruin, waste.

razed: old English for grazed.

recoil (rē̇ coil′): to spring back.

redingote (rĕd′ĭn gōt*e*): a long, plain, double-breasted coat.

redoubtable (rē̇ dou*b*t′*ȧ* bl*e*): formidable.

redress (rē̇ drĕss′): making right.

refractory (rē̇ frăc′tȯ̇ rȳ): stubborn.

regal (rē′găl): royal, kingly.

regaled (rē̇ gāl*e*d′): feasted.

relinquish (rē̇ lĭn′quĭsh): to give up.

reposited: old English for deposited.

resented (rē̇ ş̣ĕnt′ĕd): received with anger.

resentment (rē̇ ş̣ĕnt′mĕnt): indignation.

respectively (rē̇ spĕc′tĭv*e* lȳ): in the order̆ named.

resume (rē̇ ş̣ūm*e*′): to take on or up again.

retributory (rē̇ trĭb′ŭ̇ tō rȳ): carrying retribution or punishment.

revelations (rĕv ē̇ lā′tiȯnş): disclosures, things brought to light.

revelry (rĕv′ĕl rȳ): merrymaking.

reverie (rĕv′ĕr ĭ*e*): a musing or meditative train of thought.

Rienzi (Rĭ ĕn′zĭ): a Roman orator.

roe: a small and very swift deer.
romantic (rō măn′tĭc): possessing wild, natural beauty; picturesque, poetic.
Rösselman (Rĕs′sĕl măn): a pastor in "William Tell."
roustabout (roust′ȧ bout): one who loads and unloads the cargo of a vessel.
rowel (row′ĕl): the small spiked wheel on a spur.
ruling passion: chief desire.
russet (rŭs′sĕt): a reddish brown.
ruthlessly (rụth′lĕss lȳ): without pity.

sacristan (săc′rĭs tăn): a church officer, sometimes a sexton.
sage: a wise man.
St. Helena (Hĕ lē′nȧ): an island in the Atlantic.
sallows: willows.
sally-lunn: a raised and sweetened tea cake.
sanguine (săn′guĭne): blood-red.
sarcophagus (sär cŏph′ȧ gŭs): a stone coffin.
satiety (sȧ tī′ĕ tȳ): fullness beyond desire, surfeit.
savanna (sȧ văn′nȧ): a grassy plain.
Saxon complexion: fair, blonde.
Schiller, Friedrich von (Schĭl′lĕr, Frĭĕd′rĭk fŏn): a German poet.
scimitar (scĭm′ĭ tăr): a saber with a curved blade.
scourged (scoŭrged): whipped, lashed.
scuttle: an opening in a roof or in a ship's deck covered by a lid; to run swiftly, to scurry (page 190).
seductive (sē dŭc′tĭve): tempting.
semblance (sem′blănçe): likeness.
Sennacherib (Sĕn năch′ĕr ĭb): an Assyrian king.
seraphic (sē răph′ĭc): like a seraph or angel.
seven stars: either the Pleiades or the seven stars in the Great Dipper.
shagreen (shȧ green′): a kind of untanned leather made in Russia and the East.
Shah (Shä*h*): the ruler of Persia.
Sharezer (Shȧ rē′zĕr): a son of Sennacherib.
sharper: a swindler.
shilling: an English coin equal to twelvepence, or about 24 cents.
shoal (shō*a*l): a crowd or multitude (page 121); also a place where the water is shallow.
shock: bushy hair (page 131).
shrieve: to shrive, to receive confession as a priest.
shrouds: ropes stretching from the masthead to the sides of a vessel as a support.
sightly: affording a fine view.
significant (sĭg nĭf′ĭ cănt): full of meaning.
silhouette (sĭl *hoụ* ĕtte′): a figure or profile like that cast by a shadow.
simultaneous (sī mŭl tā′nē *oŭs*): at the same time.
sinister (sĭn′ĭs tĕr): unlucky, evil.
sinuous (sĭn′ụ *oŭs*): wavy, winding.
sirrah (sĭr′*r*ȧ*h*): a form of address used to inferiors, and showing anger or contempt.
sith: old English for since.
slabs: the outside pieces of a log, usually with the bark upon them, sawed off when cutting it up into boards.
sloop: a single-masted vessel, rigged fore-and-aft.
soap-boiler: a soap maker.

soliloquy (sȯ̆ lĭl′ȯ̆ quȳ): a talking to one's self.
Southey (South′*eȳ*): an English poet.
Spezia (Spĕt′syä): a town in Italy.
status (stā′tŭs): a person's legal condition or standing.
Stauffacher (Stouf′fȧ кĕr): a Swiss patriot in "William Tell."
stentorian (stĕn tō′rĭ ăn): very loud; from Stentor, a herald in the Iliad, who had a loud voice.
stipulated (stĭp′ū̆ lȧt ĕd): made a condition to an agreement.
strand: shore.
strappado (străp pā′dō): an ancient instrument of punishment.
straths (strȧths): wide river valleys.
subaltern (sŭb ạl′tẽrn): any officer below the rank of captain.
succor: aid.
sumptuous (sŭmp′tu̯ŭ *oŭs*): luxurious.
supernatural (sū pẽr năt′u̯ŭ răl): beyond or above nature.
supremest (sū̆ prēm′ĕst): highest.
surmise (sûr mīẹ′): a guess.
swain: a young countryman.
swarthy (swạrth′ȳ): dusky, tanned.
swerved (swẽrv*ed*): turned aside.
swinglebar: a singletree, the pivoted or swinging bar to which the traces of a harness are fixed.
swound: old English for swoon.

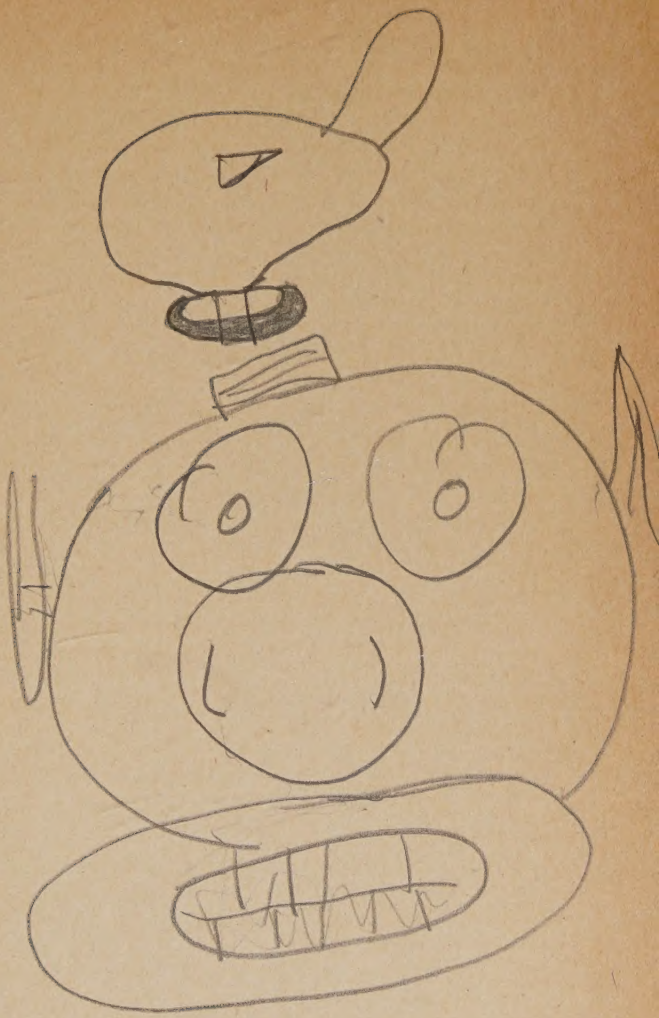
taciturn (tăç′ĭ tûrn): silent, reserved.
tallow-chandler: one who makes or sells tallow candles.
tannin: an acid found in nutgalls, oak bark, willow, etc. and used for tanning.
tawny: of a dull yellowish brown.
tenement: a dwelling house.
terminate (tẽr′mĭ nȧt*e*): to end.
theological (thē ȯ̆ lŏǧ′ĭ căl): pertaining to the science of God and religion.
theories (thē′ȯ̆ rĭ*es*): individual views that explain observed facts.
Thoreau (Thō′rȯ̆): an American naturalist.
thralldom (thrạl′dȯm): slavery.
thrid: to thread, to pierce through.
"thunder and lightning": a cloth of dark gray with white flecks.
tight: strong and well-formed (page 350).
till: a money drawer.
timbrel: an ancient tambourine.
torsion (tôr′siȯn): a twisting.
Toulon (Tou̯ lŏɴ′): a city in France.
traditions: customs handed down from father to son.
Trafalgar (Tr*ȧ* făl′*gȧr*): a Spanish cape.
transit: a passage through or over.
treacle (trē*a*′cl*e*): molasses.
tricolor (trĭ′cȯl ōr): the French flag, of blue, white, and red, adopted at the time of the French Revolution.
tumbling rods: rods which, by turning, carry power or motion to a distance, as in the thresher.

umbrageous (ŭm brā′*ǧeoŭs*): shady.
unapt (ŭn ăpt′): not likely.
unbeholden: unseen.
unbodied (ŭn bŏd′ĭ*ed*): freed from the body.
uncanny (ŭn căn′nȳ): weird.
uncouth (ŭn co*u̯*th′): strange and clumsy; sometimes dreadful.
undulating (ŭn′du̯ŭ lȧt ĭng): wavy, bending up and down in curves.
unfrequented (ŭn frē quĕn′tĕd): seldom visited.

uninclosed (ŭn ĭn clōẓed′): not shut in.
unmeet (ŭn meet′): unfit.
unpremeditated (ŭn prē mĕd′ĭ tāt ĕd): not thought of beforehand.
unscathed (ŭn scāthed′): unharmed.
untimely: before its time.
unwittingly: unintentionally, without knowing why.
unwonted (ŭn wōnt′ĕd): not accustomed.
Ursini (Ûr′sĭ nĭ): a Roman family.
Uttoxeter (Ŭt tŏx′ē tĕr or Ŭx′tĕr): a town in England.

vagaries (vȧ gā′rĭeẓ): freaks, whims.
valet (văl′ĕt or văl′ȧ): a manservant who has charge of one's clothes.
valves: hinges (page 176).
varlet (văr′lĕt): a rascal, a scoundrel.
vaunt: boast.
vernal: pertaining to spring.
vesper: evening.
vicar (vĭc′ăr): a clergyman of the Episcopal or Catholic Church having charge of a church or mission as the bishop's deputy.
viceroy (vīçe′ roy): a governor ruling as the representative of his king.
vindicated (vĭn′dĭ cāt ĕd): justified, made good.
virgin (vĭr′ĝĭn): young, unmarried.
vogue (vōgue): style, fashion.
voluptuous (vŏ lŭp′tū oŭs): full of pleasure to the senses.
vortex (vôr′tĕx): a whirlpool, or the center of a whirlpool.

wager (wāĝ′ĕr): a bet.
wake-robin: the trillium, a spring flower.
Wallabout (Wȧl′lȧ bout): a bay in East River, New York.
Wallenstein (Väl′lĕn shtēin): a drama by Schiller.
wan: pale.
wanton (wăn′tŏn): playful, sportive.
warder: a keeper, a guard.
Warrasqueak (Wär′ră squēak): a bay in the lower part of the James River, Virginia.
Warwick (Wȧr′ĭck): a noted English family.
Weimar (Vī′mär): a city in Germany, the home of Goethe.
well-conditioned (cŏn dĭ′tiŏned): sleek, fat, well-fed.
Werowocomoco (Wĕr ō wō cō′mō cō): an Indian village in Virginia where the Powhatan made his home.
Werther (Vĕr′tĕr): the hero of a story by Goethe.
whelp: a cub or puppy.
whittle: a knife.
wight (wīght): a person, a creature.
Wilhelm (Vĭl′ hĕlm): German for William.
Wilhelmine (Vĭl′hĕl mĭne): a German name, feminine of William.
wily (wī′lȳ): tricky, crafty.
wist: first person singular, preterit of *wit*, I knew.
woof: the cross threads of a woven fabric.
Württemberg (Vür′tĕm bĕrĸ): one of the south German states.

yeoman: an English farmer or freeholder.

zone: a girdle (page 336).